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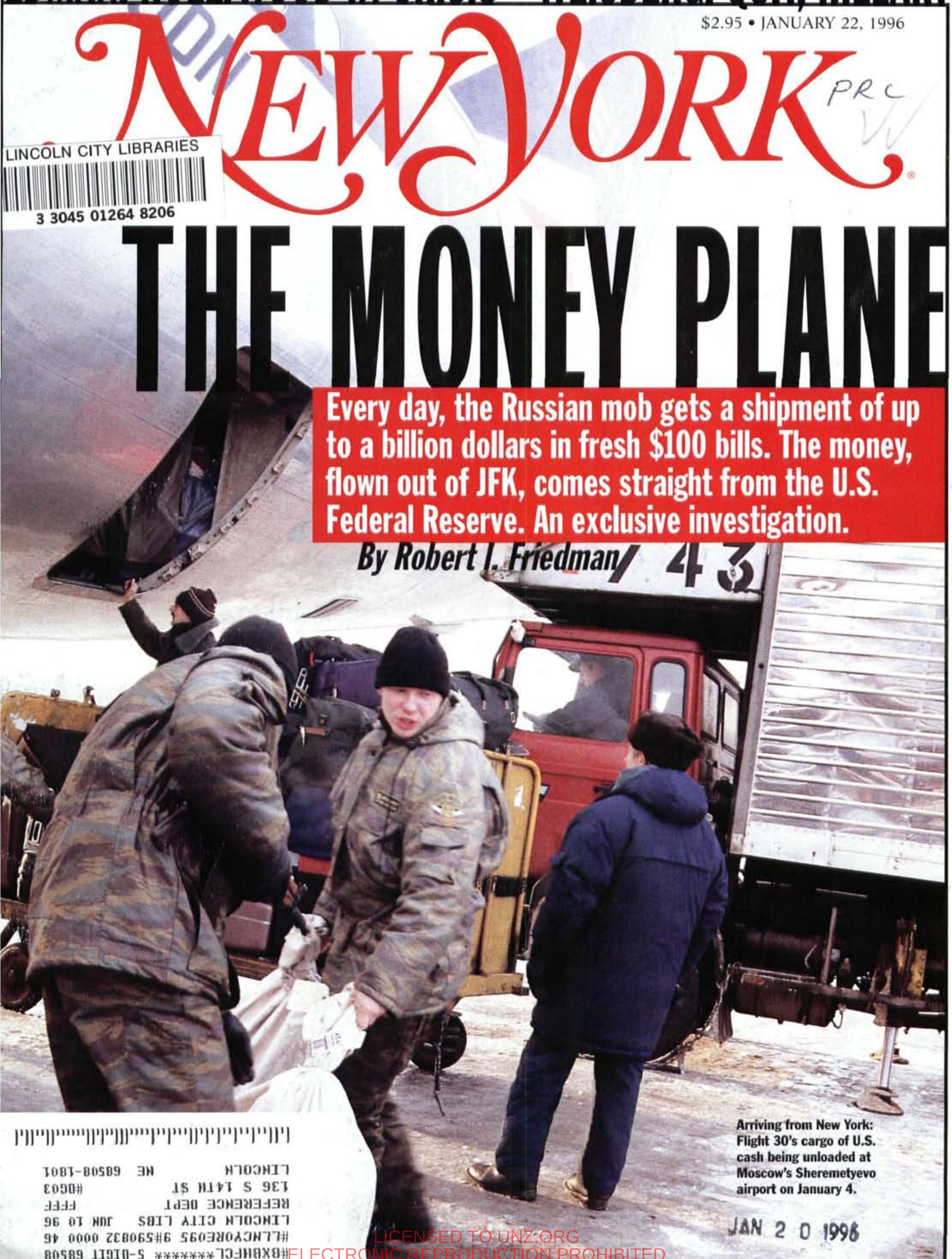
Every day, the Russian mob gets a shipment of up to a billion dollars in fresh $100 bills. The money, flown out of JFK, comes straight from the U.S. Federal Reserve. An exclusive investigation.

By Robert I. Friedman



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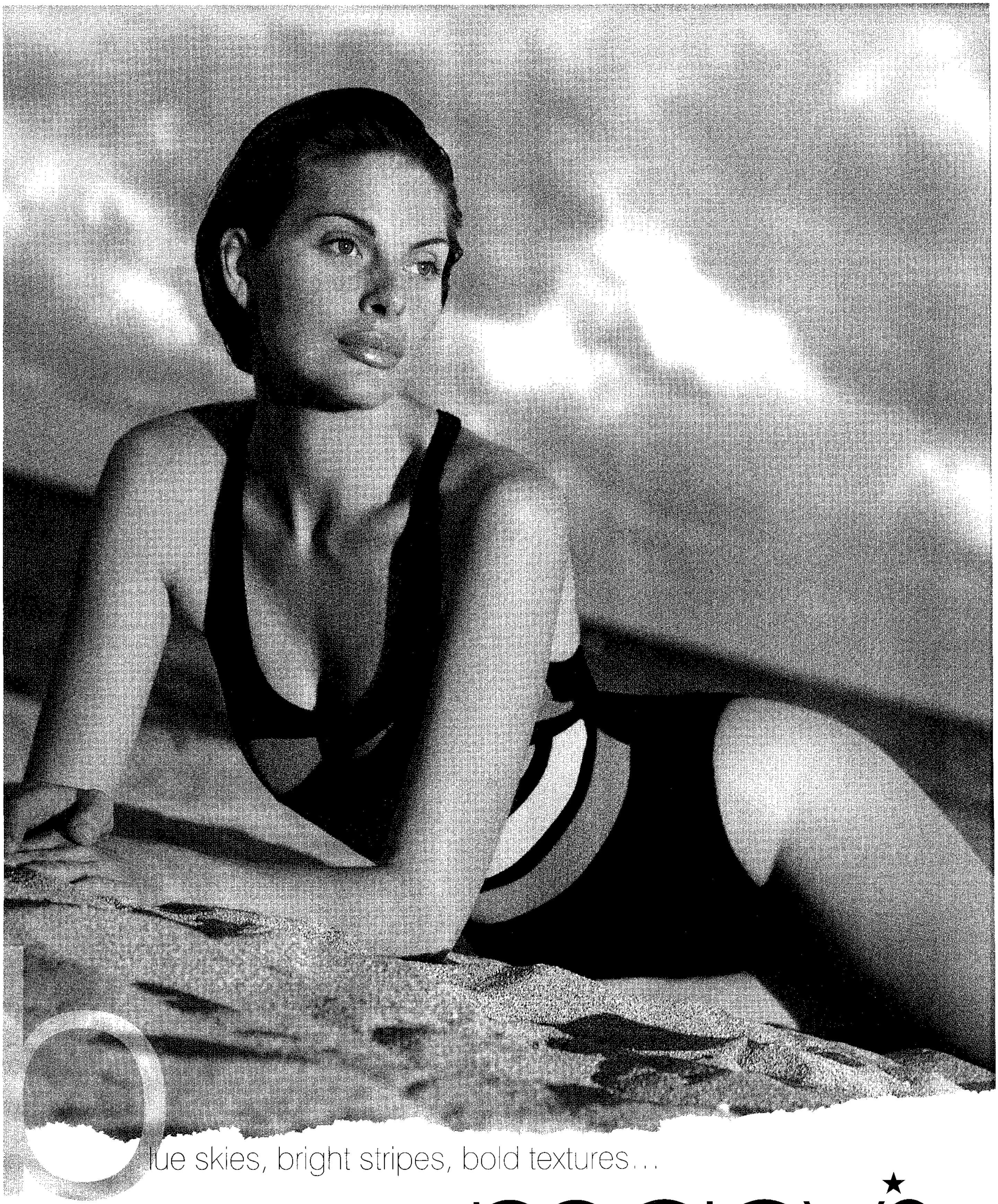
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"That's my responsibility, to make sure we don't sell to the banks that have organized-crime ties. That's the hardest thing to find. In fact, if you know of any, let me know."

Republic National Bank official, page 24

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By Robert I. Friedman

It sounds like the plot of a Robert Ludlum novel: More than a ton of $100 bills being flown almost every day out of JFK International Airport to Moscow, where Russian mobsters use it to expand their international crime syndicate. Their suppliers? Well, for starters, the Federal Reserve. A *New York* exclusive.

34 The Non-Fabulous Hamill Boys

By Colleen Quinn

With more than 70 years of covering New York from a studiously gritty, streetwise angle (and running the *Post* and hanging with Woody) under their collective belt, the Irish-American Hamill brothers—from left, Pete, Brian, Denis—have placed their family name indelibly on the history of journalism in this town. Over coffee, the troika talk about their relationships with the city and one another.

36 The Look of Power Now

By Mark Stevens

When you walk into art dealer Larry Gagosian's galleries on the Upper East Side, SoHo, and Beverly Hills, messages leap from their architecture about the nature of money and prestige. His carefully designed spaces, competing seriously with museums for influence over the direction of contemporary art, send a complex signal about how power sees itself in the nineties.

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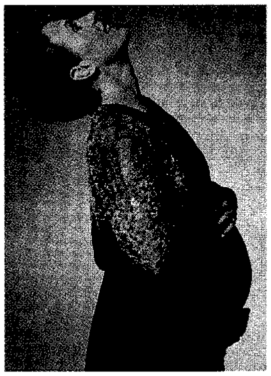
By Jade Hobson Charnin
Text by Randall Short



Cabaret star Andrea Marcovicci was delighted last year with the prospect of a new baby but less than thrilled about wearing an expectant mom's usual dopey flannels on the job: A working *chanteuse* owes her audiences that glamorous look. Calling on four of fashion's hottest names, we helped her put it together. Evening gowns, sexy slips: These aren't your mother's maternity clothes.

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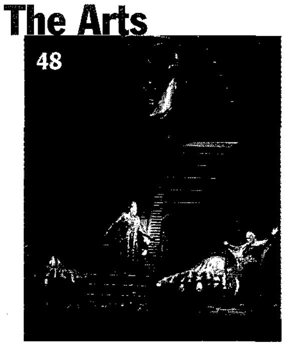

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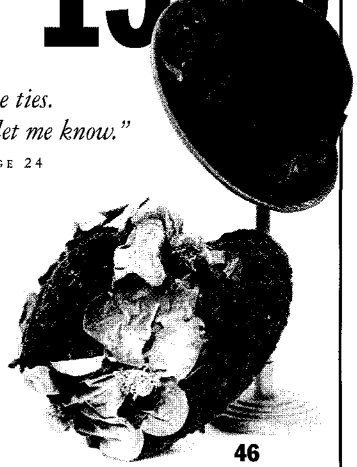

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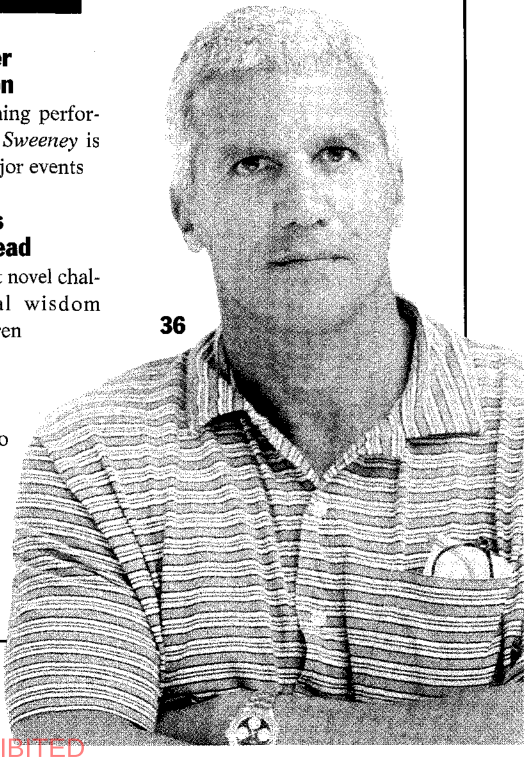
Join Pete Hamill, a journalist in the best New York (and *New York*) tradition, in conference on January 19 at 9 P.M. On CompuServe, *go* NYMAG.



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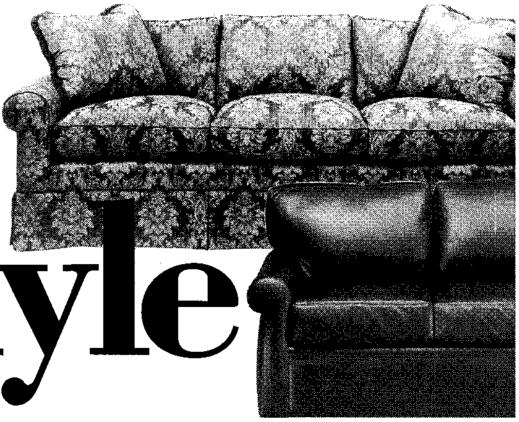

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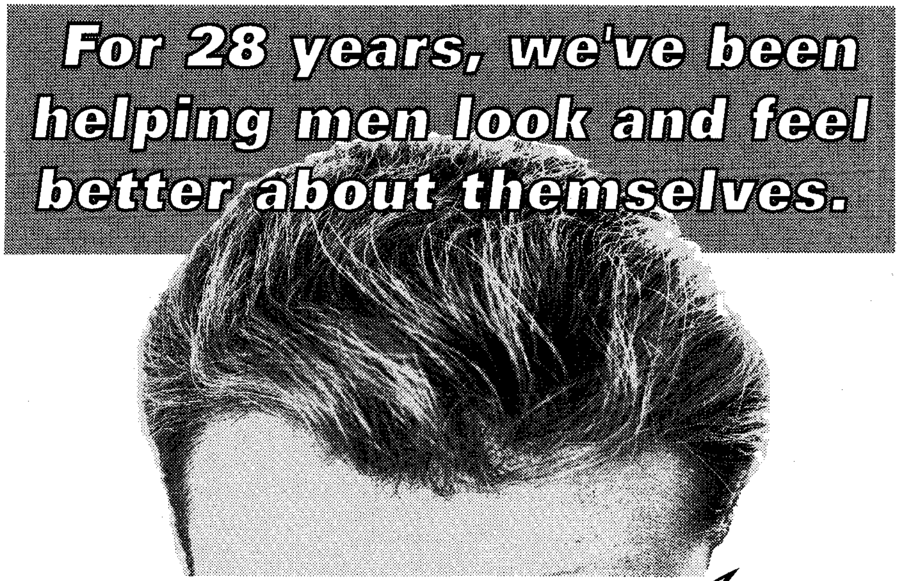
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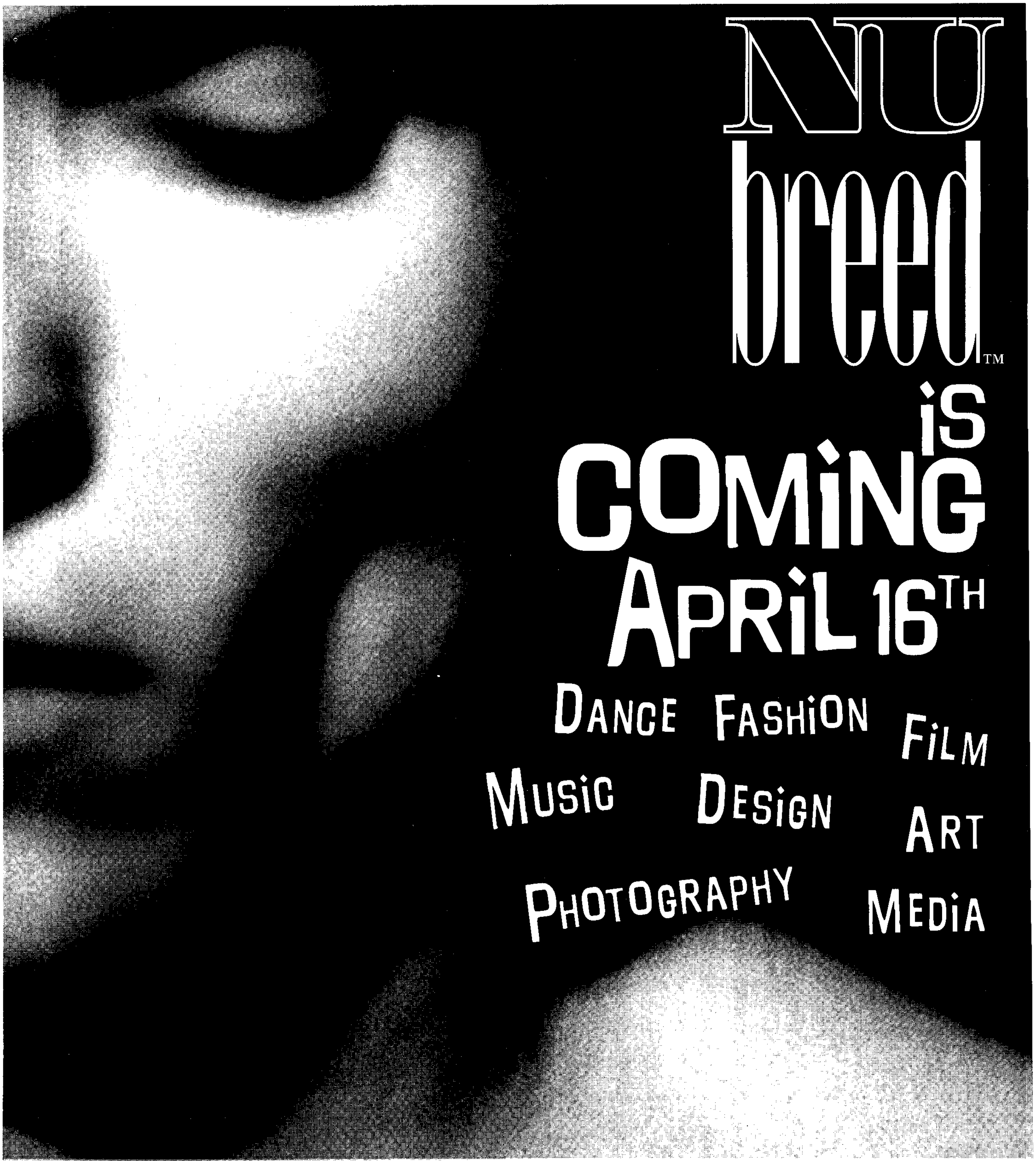
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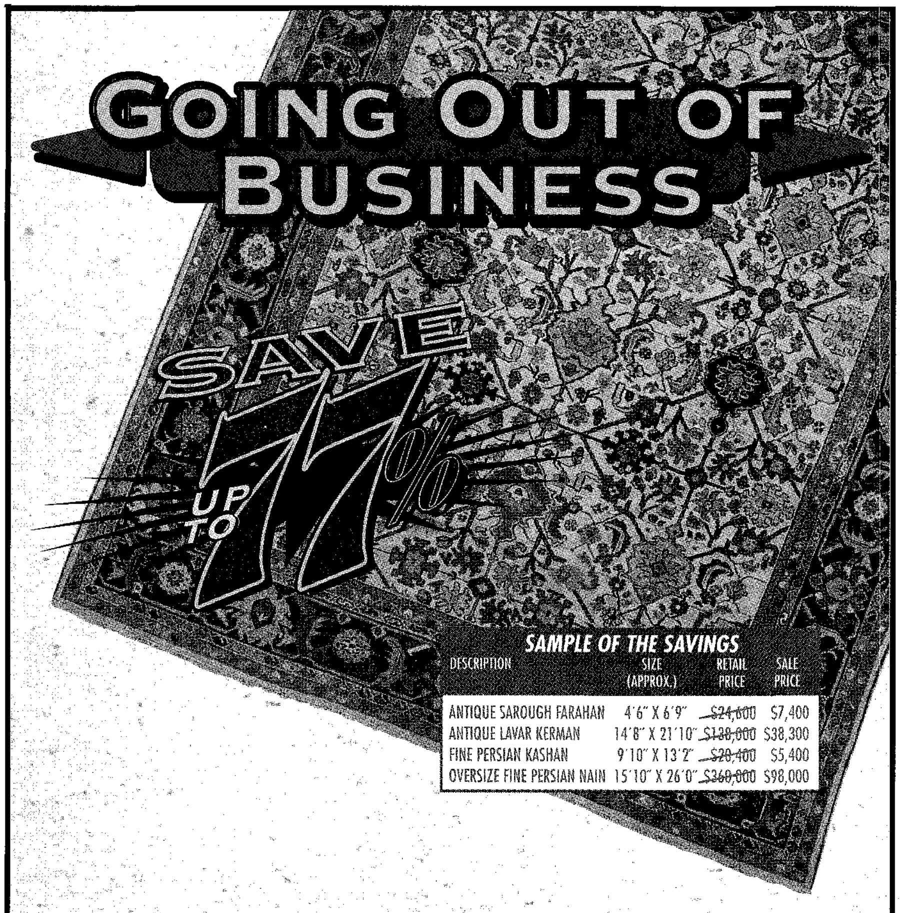

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Photo Finish

YOUR SPECIAL "PORTRAITS OF THE City" issue [December 25, 1995–January 1, 1996] did a great job of reminding this native Brooklynite why he's so proud of his hometown. In fact, the next time someone asks me, "How can you *possibly* live in New York City?" I'll whip out this issue and say, "How can you not?"

Anthony DeVito
BROOKLYN

POOR BROOKLYN! NARY A MENTION IN your otherwise lovely article on defining glimpses of the city ["How They Saw It"]. May I make this addition?

The smell of October leaves after a rainfall, in the very early morning on a quiet street called Orange in Brooklyn Heights.

Michael Scanlon
BROOKLYN

YOUR ARTICLE ON THE WATERFRONT IN New York ["Sea Change"] gave me a clear look at an area I usually stay away from. I bet the beautiful photographs inspired artists to visit the waterfront for ideas. My personal favorite is on page 72, a sunken tug long forgotten.

Michael Reed
WILBRAHAM, MASS.

I WRITE TO POINT OUT AN OMISSION IN THE year-end issue. Two ladies are featured on the cover page of "Social Science." The one on the left in ermine and orchids is Mrs. George Washington Cavanaugh of New York and Spring Lake, New Jersey, where she was known as "Our Lady of the Perpetual Smile." Her companion was Lady Decies, who fled England with her jewels to wait out the unpleasantness with Colonel and Mrs. Cavanaugh, among others.

Robert A.P. Longstreet
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Taxi Stand-off

TAXI "STOPS"? MIDTOWN TRAFFIC? PLEASE. If I, a black woman, could get a cab to stop for me without my black male date

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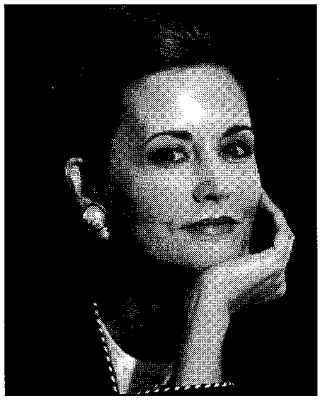

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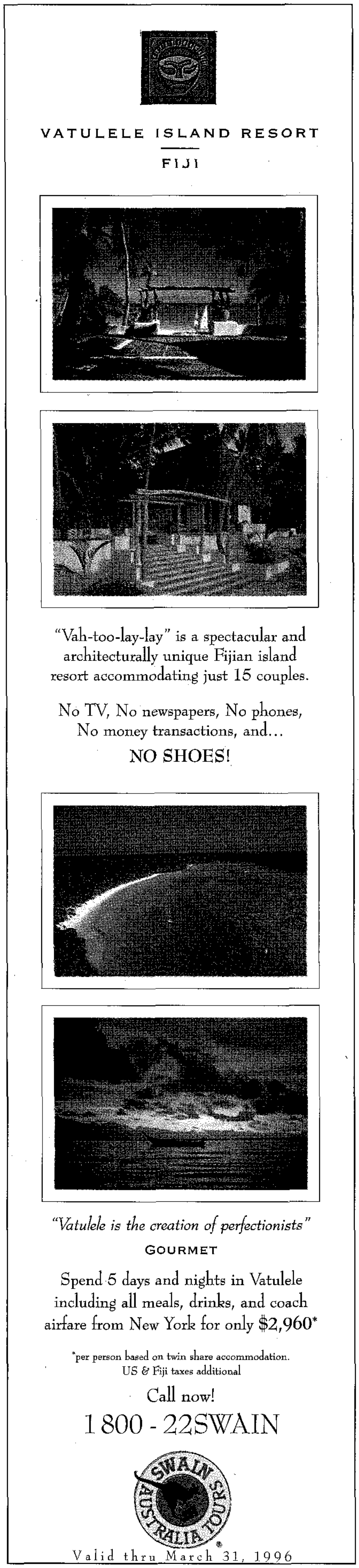
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having to stand behind parked cars so the driver will think I'm alone, I could begin to take the little taxi drama you covered in "Taxi Crabs" ["Gotham," January 8] seriously. If the average taxi driver would take me to my apartment in Fort Greene (as it says he should on the ragged signs stuck to the back of the seat) without negotiations that would probably lead to peace (or more war) in Bosnia, I wouldn't be laughing out loud right now at Mayor Giuliani, TLC chairman Christopher Lynn, taxi-drivers'-union official Lawrence Goldberg, and all the hacks out there who pass me by (hopefully on their way to hell).

Danyel Smith
BROOKLYN

Blue Note

RARELY DOES COVERAGE OF AN ARTIST ASsociated with jazz make it past the pages of "Cue" in *New York* magazine. So I hope the pop-music piece based on my interview with Chris Norris [Pop Music: "President Carter," December 4, 1995] represents a trend that continues. The same week it ran, I was performing at the Village Vanguard, where I actually took note of faces I'd never seen before at my New York performances. And a lot of them were talking about the article. To me, this meant a new crowd was checking out my craft because of what they read in *New York*.

Because I appreciate the weight such coverage carries, I feel I must address the ending of the piece, which read, " 'Joshua left. . . . But his girlfriend stayed.' " Since the publication of those comments, I have learned my account was wrong. The woman I was referring to actually left, and from my vantage point on the stage I just did not see it. The fact that she was hurt by these words was enough to prompt me to set the facts straight here.

James Carter
MANHATTAN

Cross Casting

I TOTALLY DISAGREE WITH READER ERIC Schnall's casting suggestions for a movie about the inevitable Manhattan quake ["Letters," January 1]. It should be much more upmarket, with Sandy Bullock, a Schwarzenegger or two, and Demi Moore as herself (the disaster interrupts her latest nude magazine-cover shoot).

Oh, and don't forget the wailing song "Survival"—a groundbreaking duet with Whitney Houston and Mariah Carey.

Steven Schreibman
MANHATTAN

Lit Snacks

CONGRATULATIONS ON ANOTHER WONDERfully readable issue (December 18, 1995). As usual, I mentally inhaled it cover to cover, only occasionally coming up for breath to replenish my supply of nutritionally necessary finger foods.

Although I am aware that *New York* targets an uncommonly intellectual readership, I worry about the bourgeois masses upon whom the financial success of the magazine indubitably rests. How, I fret, will typical *New York* readers continue to sink a portion of their paltry wages into a publication that sports such cerebral delicacies as "an omnibus catchall that welcomes beneath its endlessly capacious epistemological tent the anthropological findings of Claude Lévi-Strauss, the almost incomprehensible psychotextual maunderings of Jacques Lacan, and the quasi-fraudulent 'neo-historicist' lefty panderings of Jean Baudrillard" [Books: "The Whole Wired World," by Michael Hirschorn]?

Of course, I verily embrace such choice cuts of literary beef as this.

Miriam Schwartz
BROOKLYN

Stress Case

AS BOTH AN ATTORNEY AND A PRACTICING psychologist who treats many attorneys, I have had an opportunity to assess some of the reasons for what seems to be disproportionate job dissatisfaction for attorneys of both genders ["Nolo Contendere," by Amy Bach, December 11, 1995]. One of the main sources is the great disparity between job expectations based on television and movies and reality.

Attorneys are often portrayed as courtroom litigators leading exciting and glamorous lives. The reality is that they may never see a courtroom; they may go through reams of mundane papers and work long and often unpredictable hours, which take a toll on their personal lives. Finally, contrary to myth, many do not make a great deal of money.

Sylvan Schaffer
MANHATTAN

Clarification In the "Intelligencer" item "NPR, the PLO, and Full Disclosure" (October 23, 1995), *New York* did not intend to suggest that the media-watchdog organization CAMERA has formal organizational links to Israel's Likud Party.

Correction In Gael Greene's "Where to Eat Now" (January 8), an incorrect address was printed for Vong. The correct address is 200 East 54th Street. ▬

BY BETH LANDMAN AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

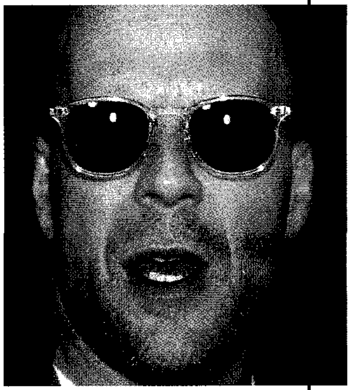
INTELLIGENCER

A BITTER BATTLE OVER NOBEL PURSUIT

A long-simmering feud between legendary Nazi hunter **Simon Wiesenthal** and writer and historian **Elie Wiesel** has finally erupted in public. The antagonism between the two Holocaust survivors apparently dates back to 1986, when Wiesel was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Last month, in a never-published interview with New York journalist Stewart Ain, the 88-year-old Wiesenthal said he had expected to share the prize jointly with Wiesel and was angered by Weisel's relentless campaign to snag the award for himself. "For him to get the Nobel Prize, one of his friends went around to lobby for it," Wiesenthal said bitterly. "I never made a propaganda [for the prize]. When the announcement was made that it went to Elie Wiesel, I walked out of my office and my secretaries were crying. I said nothing. I thought the prize was going to be shared." Wiesenthal said his final break with Wiesel came after the writer effusively praised a 1993 book called *Betrayal,* which accused Wiesenthal of helping to cover up the SS connections of former Austrian president Kurt Waldheim. For his part, Wiesel acknowledges the rivalry but says he won't play along. "I don't comment on hatred," he says.

PULP FRICTION CHAFES TARANTINO

Is **Bruce Willis** trying to distance himself from Miramax's four-director flop *Four Rooms*? Sources say the Actor Formerly Known as Bruno was reluctant to appear in promotions flogging the movie—not because of its reviews but because of a snub by the project's overexposed organizer, **Quentin Tarantino.** In happier days, Willis apparently asked the (then) hot director to lure high-end audiences to last year's *Die Hard With A Vengeance* by touting him as a "great" and "true" actor. Insiders report that the media-saturated Tarantino claimed exhaustion and declined. Willis spokesman Michelle Bega denies any tension: "Their relationship is unstrained. Bruce went into *Four Rooms* without any intention of doing much publicity; it was a labor of love." Meanwhile, their fortunes have traded places: As of last week, the roundly panned *Rooms* has grossed less than $3.5 million, while Willis's *12 Monkeys* has topped box-office charts. Tarantino may be too distracted to notice. The director recently split with video-store sweetheart Grace Lovelace and has taken up with *Mighty Aphrodite*'s **Mira Sorvino.** The two met at the Toronto Film Festival, where "they were making out in front of everyone." The squeaky-voiced Harvard graduate—Mira, not Quentin—was also on hand for last week's screening of Tarantino's *From Dusk to Dawn,* and was spotted with him a few nights later at The Four Seasons's bar.



Bruce Willis: Taunting Tarantino

JESSE HELMS'S SCHMEAR CAMPAIGN

Jesse Helms usually steers clear of Sodom-on-the-Hudson, but apparently breakfast at Zalman's is too much for him to resist. On Wednesday, **Zalman Bernstein,** founder of top money-management firm Sanford Bernstein, is hosting an 8 A.M. fund-raiser at the company's Fifth Avenue offices for the paleoconservative senator from North Carolina. Bernstein, a longtime supporter, recently sent colleagues an effusive invitation to break bagels with Helms. "It has been my pleasure to have personal contact with the Senator, a deeply religious man," Bernstein writes. "I love him." In 1990, Helms tarred his opponent, **Harvey Gantt,** with his New York connections, taking not-so-subtle swipes at the city's gay and lesbian population. But with liberal groups making the senator's defeat their No. 1 priority, the race is shaping up as one of the most closely watched of 1996. Recent polls show Gantt now leading Helms by a razor-thin margin. Once again, New Yorkers are planning a slew of parties to give Gantt a leg up, which means the senator may be back for bagels a few more times before November.

MADONNA: A LOVER *AND* A FIGHTER?

If that stalker ever *does* catch up with **Madonna,** at least the chanteuse will be well prepared. Sources say the security-conscious pop star has spent the past few months taking intensive self-defense lessons from martial-arts instructor and low-budget movie star **Paul Mormando.** Mormando—a tenth-degree black belt—is taking a vacation from the Brooklyn apartment he shares with his parents to continue their private lessons in Buenos Aires, where the newly single songstress is shooting *Evita.* The handsome 25-year-old Mormando's self-defense skills should come in very handy, indeed.

Madonna: Defending herself

Photographs: top right, Gerardo Somoza/Outline; bottom left, McIntyre/Outline; bottom right, Gerardo Somoza/Outline.

Andre Harrell:
Big ideas

AIN'T NO MOTOWN HIGH ENOUGH

Not everyone is happy with **Andre Harrell** since he took over Motown Records in October. Sources close to the company say that Motown's latest multiplatinum act, the wildly popular Boyz II Men, is looking for a way out of its contract with the company. "They've met with Andre several times," according to one source, "and they don't like him or his plans for Motown—they're appalled." Apparently, the squeaky-clean group is worried that Harrell's brash ghetto glitz will tarnish its image. "They're dead set against the thuggish image of groups like Jodeci," says a source. "They didn't like what Andre represented at [his former label] Uptown, and they're afraid he'll bring the same kind of acts to Motown in an effort to make it current." In the meantime, the music business is tittering over a series of ads that Harrell has commissioned to celebrate his new CEO status. A print ad shows nothing but the back of a wing-back chair with an arm holding a cigar hanging out, and a new television spot shows Harrell in a relay race receiving the torch from a Berry Gordy lookalike before outracing **Sean "Puffy" Combs,** a onetime Harrell protégé who now heads up rival Bad Boy Entertainment for Arista. "It's a bit much," snipes a rival record-company president. "I mean, most of us actually do something before we brag about it. Maybe he should try having a hit record first."

Cosima von Bülow:
Wedding belle

DISNEY TO ABC: PUBLISH AND PERISH

Ever since the Walt Disney Company announced plans to gobble up Cap Cities/ABC last summer, rumors have run rampant that one casualty of the new super Disney would be Cap Cities' eclectic publishing division—owner of such disparate titles as *Los Angeles* magazine, *Institutional Investor, Motor Age, Skin and Allergy News,* and Fairchild's *Women's Wear Daily.* The rumors seem to be true. For the past four months, says a source, Goldman, Sachs has been quietly preparing to sell the company's print holdings, having decided that they clash with Disney's family-oriented publishing arm. One insider says the company would like to sell off the division as a whole, but other publishing sources say Disney could do better by shopping various properties separately. Official spokespeople at both Cap Cities/ABC and Goldman, Sachs refused to comment. Meanwhile, sources say talk of a sale is creating jitters among editors and executives, which could explain rumblings that longtime Fairchild honcho **Patrick McCarthy** is mulling an offer to move to a top slot at Hearst.

LEMON SQUEEZE; COSIMA AGREES

ON THE ROPES: When they opened their hot restaurant the Lemon last month, **Roy Liebenthal** and **Frederick Le Sort** vowed to keep the place a democracy. So what's with the new velvet ropes? "He's not giving preferential treatment to models or celebs," swears an associate. "He's even letting in Upper East Siders." Liebenthal insists the ropes are there for security. "We *are* letting everyone in," protests Liebenthal, "except for jerky guys who arrive drunk."

LEAH'S JOURNEY: Leah Rabin is returning to New York at the end of the month, but she's scheduled to meet with publishers, not politicos. The wife of the late **Yitzhak Rabin** is writing an autobiography, and word is she's looking for a seven-figure deal to be orchestrated by Washington, D.C., attorney **Robert Barnett,** who has represented the likes of **Bob Woodward, George Will,** and **William Bennett.**

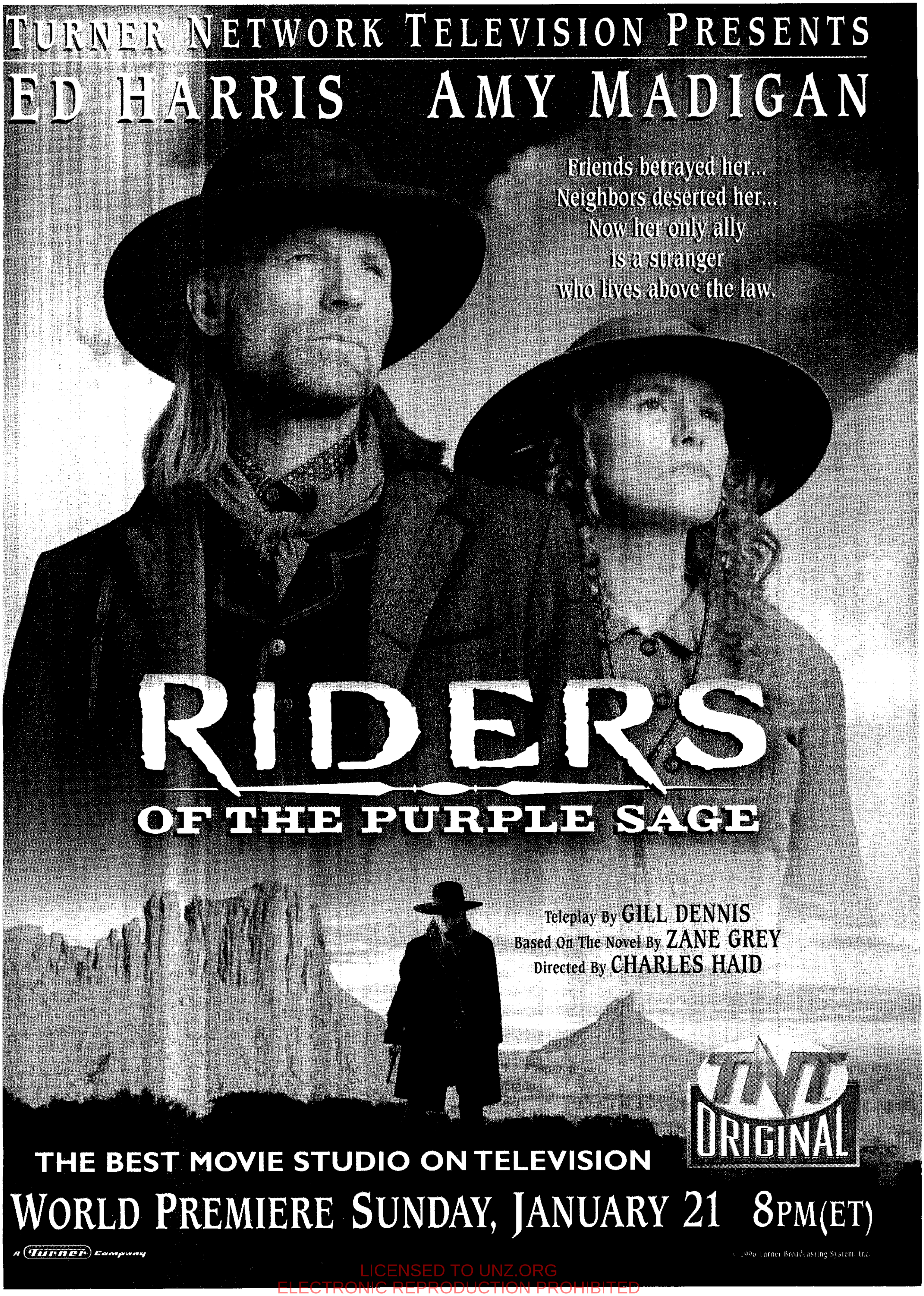
COSÌ, COSÌ: Romance has been a zero-sum game lately for the **Claus von Bülow** family. On the plus side: Claus's 28-year-old daughter, **Cosima,** is engaged to marry **Riccardo Pavoncelli,** a 38-year-old Neapolitan financier formerly married to glamorous British portraitist **Emma Sargent.** Pavoncelli was introduced to his second bride by mutual friends in London, where Cosima is working as a freelance writer for *The Spectator.* On the other hand, Claus and his longtime girlfriend, socialite **Louise Duncan,** have broken off their relationship after four years. Says one Duncan friend: "He was starting to give her the creeps."

Additional reporting by Sam Pratt; Anne Adams Lang is on leave.

TRUMP'S TOWER OF BABBLE

Donald Trump bitching about publicity? Strange but true. It seems an article in the New York *Times* has so enraged Trump that he has gone to court in an attempt to ferret out its source. Last May, the Paper of Record reported on a lawsuit filed against Trump by his Empire State Building partners. The story—which reported charges that Trump was losing control of his empire and deeply in debt—appeared just as the Donald was desperately trying to unload $160 million of stock in his casinos. Trump claims the bad publicity shaved $20 million off his deal and personally cost him $8 million. Out for blood, Trump claims the story was secretly leaked by **John Scanlon,** the ubiquitous, high-profile P.R. man who represented Ivana as well as Trump's Empire State Building partners. Last month, Donald went to court to force Scanlon to give a deposition to find out whether he had a case against the publicist. "It was pointless," reports Scanlon's attorney, Jerry Harper. "Trump's lawyers sat in the room with John Scanlon for less than an hour [asking whether he was the leaker] . . . and the answer was basically no." That's not the way Trump's attorney, **Jay Goldberg,** sees it. Though Scanlon admits he mentioned the impending suit to a friend at the *Times, he* claims he told the reporter the story wasn't newsworthy. "Patently ridiculous!" replies Goldberg, who says he's going to court to force another deposition—this one from the *Times.*

Photographs: top left, Geoffrey De Boismenu; center left, Steve Finn/Globe Photos; bottom right, J. L. Bulcao/Gamma-Liaison.



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RIDERS
OF THE PURPLE SAGE

Teleplay By GILL DENNIS
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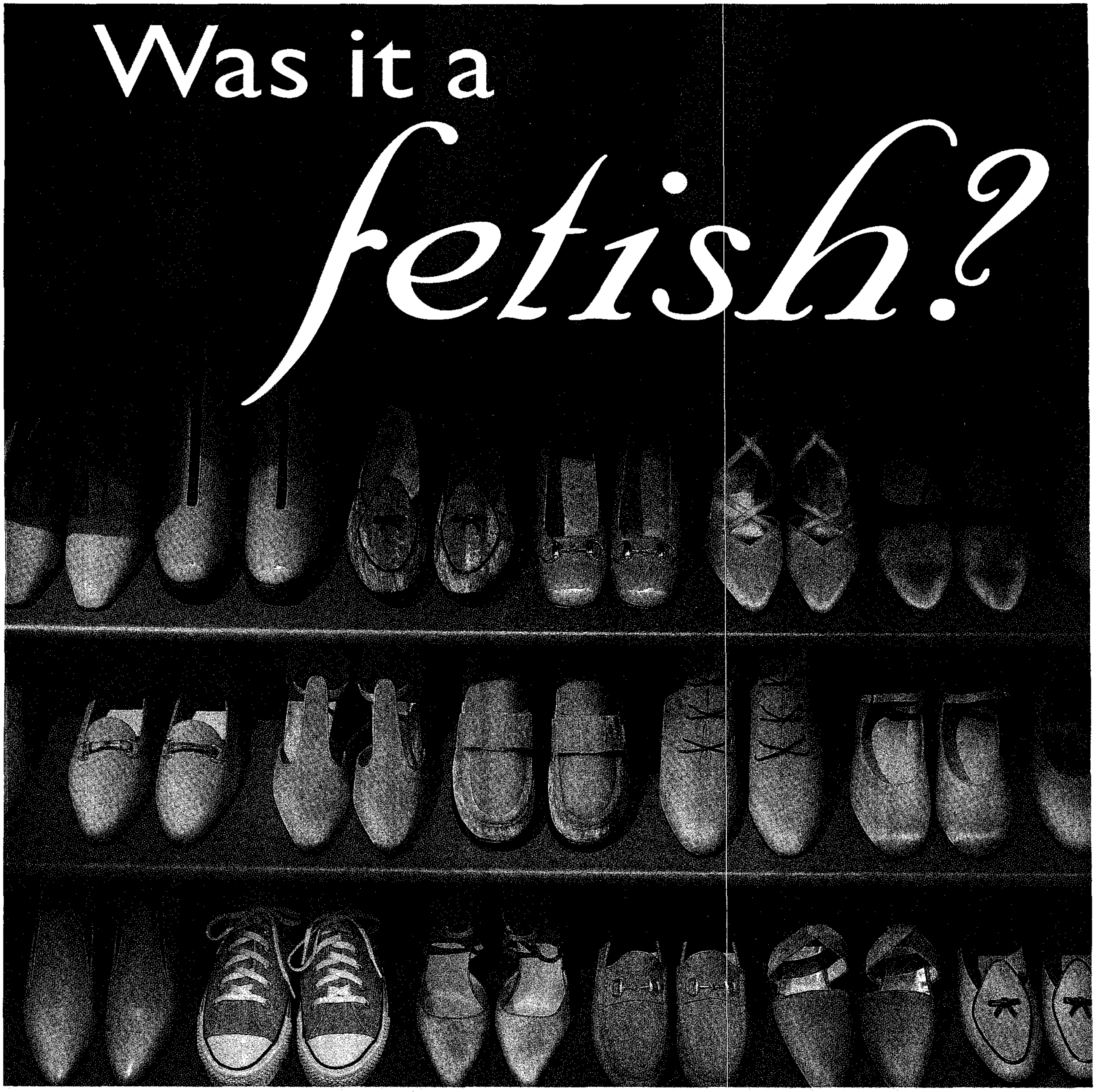

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GOTHAM

The ultimate of human gregariousness—*Ernest Gruening*

THE FRONT PAGE

Give ’Em Heck, Willy

Bill Clinton doesn’t even do a good impression of a president.

It’s probably not a good sign that whenever Bill Clinton does act presidential, he has to then remind people which president he is acting like. It suggests the same thing as when a political cartoonist scrawls CANDIDATE GRAMM across a generic caricature of a fat politician, or when a stand-up comic introduces an impression by saying, *Ladies and gentlemen, let’s welcome to our stage the Duke, Mr. John Wayne:*

A poor imitation.

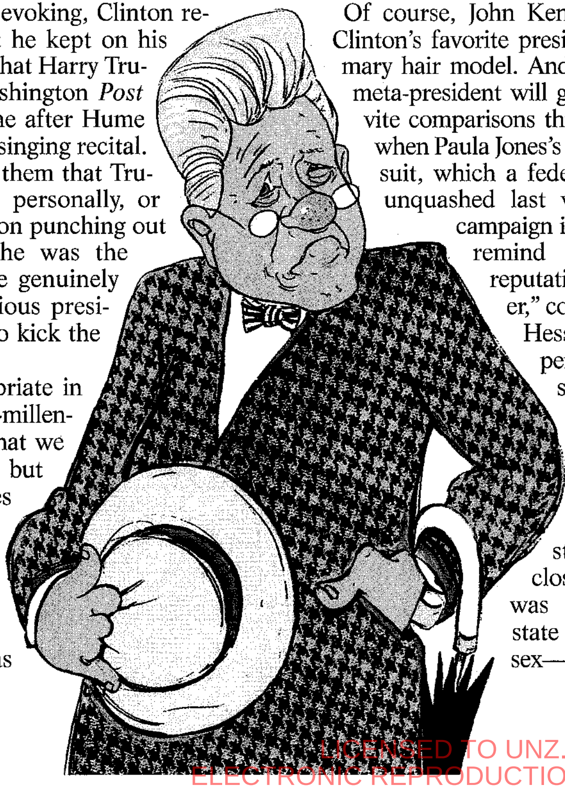
Last week, Clinton had an official presidential hissy after William Safire called his wife a congenital liar. Rather than calling the “On Language” columnist on his seemingly incorrect use of the word *congenital* (“Webster’s Tenth,” the rarely ill-spoken Safire would have shot back), the president responded through a spokesman: “The president, if he were not the president, would have delivered a more forceful response to that on the bridge of Mr. Safire’s nose.”

In case anyone failed to recognize the president he was currently evoking, Clinton reminded reporters that he kept on his wall a copy of a letter that Harry Truman once sent to Washington *Post* music critic Paul Hume after Hume panned his daughter’s singing recital. Clinton didn’t remind them that Truman wrote the letter personally, or that he seemed intent on punching out Hume even though he was the president. Or that the genuinely salty and actually furious president also threatened to kick the critic in the balls.

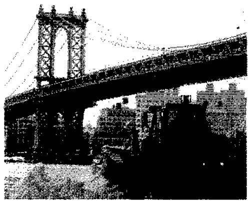
Perhaps it is appropriate in these postmodern pre-millennial buzzwordy days that we have a meta-president, but Clinton often comes across like a lounge lizard singing *Everybody Else’s Greatest Hits,* a not even credible simulation.

Let’s see: There was that New Deal for the nineties, the New Contraption or whatever the hell he called it; there was the new Peace Corps, which if memory serves had the word *national* in the title; there was the next National Malaise, the Total Bummer or something. Even Clinton’s presidential scandals are lightweight copies of the real thing. Reagan sells arms to a terrorist nation and diverts the money to fund a secret illegal war; Clinton diverts patronage jobs to some Arkansas buddies. The retro-coined Travelgate gave the New York *Post*’s “Page Six” a reason last week to reminisce about Clinton’s supposed *Air Force One* flirtation with Sharon Stone, who is nothing if not our post-Madonna replicant Marilyn Monroe.

Of course, John Kennedy was always Clinton’s favorite president, and his primary hair model. And it looks as if the meta-president will get a chance to invite comparisons this coming election when Paula Jones’s sexual-harassment suit, which a federal appeals panel unquashed last week, becomes a campaign issue. “It’s going to remind people of . . . his reputation as a womanizer,” commented Stephen Hess, a worth-every-penny Brookings Institution scholar. More likely, it will remind people that while JFK was banging Mamie Van Doren standing up in a closet, Bill Clinton was begging a lowly state employee for oral sex—and striking out.



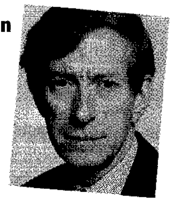
BEACH BUMMER “With recycling and garbage sitting uncollected on the streets, it’s likely that a lot of ‘floatables’ and other garbage is getting scooped up, too. If so, we’ll see bottles and cans floating up onto the beaches of Staten Island and New Jersey later this winter.”—Dennis Suszkowski, science director of the Hudson River Foundation, on the city’s practice of dumping plowed snow into the Hudson River



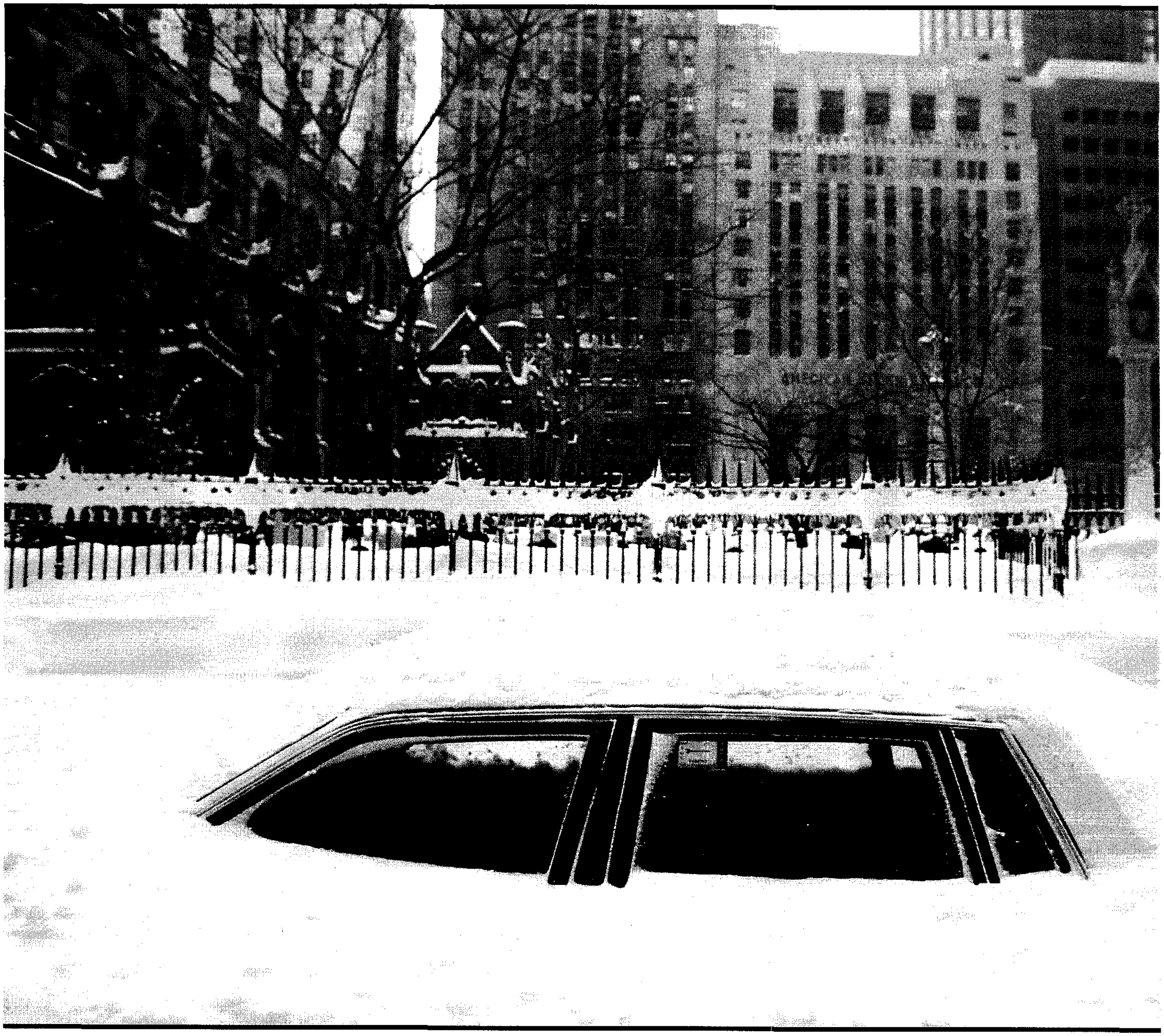
OVERHEARD

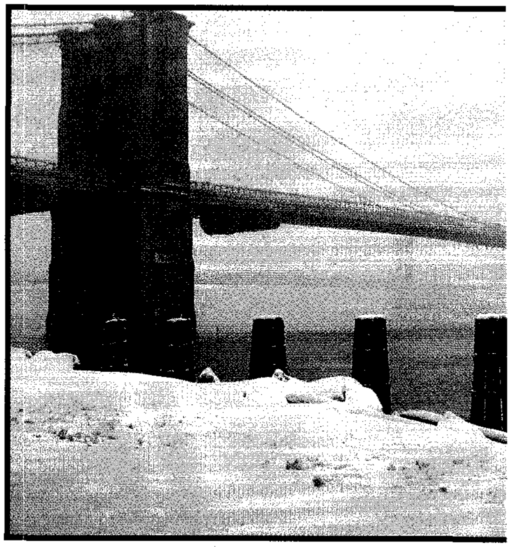
Sergey is a difficult name
To slip into the limerick game
But we have to admit
That he looks so fit
That he puts the whole
Council to shame

—A poem British ambassador Sir John Weston composed and then read aloud to the U.N. Security Council last week on the return of Russian ambassador Sergey V. Lavrov, who was in Florida during the storm and then returned last Wednesday with a great tan



WELCOME SIGN Recently, a sign appeared in the window of the Honey Bunch Pets store on lower Third Avenue that read DON’T WORRY, THE NASTY OLD MAN IS GONE. “[A former employee] was very, very rude,” explains a current Honey Bunch employee. “He was literally throwing customers out of the store, and he almost ran the store into the ground. Now people come in just to tell us about things he used to do. We’re getting new customers every day because people come in to find out what the sign means.”





PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOMAS MUSCIONICO
FOR *NEW YORK*

Weather

NOTES FROM THE UNDERPLOWED

Tomorrow: light snow by afternoon.
—New York *Times,* Saturday, January 6

Snow Tao

"Traditionally in Japan, Zen monasteries are very cold, and the industry of the monks is proverbial. So from a strict Zen point of view, [one should] grab a shovel and start digging."—Clark Strand, senior editor, *Tricycle: The Buddhist Review,* discussing the Zen perspective on the snowdrifts

The Iceman Commenth

"It's a madhouse, that's all. I'm selling rock salt and ice at the same time. Not too many people want the ice now."—"Chilly" Willy D'Ariano, president, Chilly Willy's Emergency Ice Service

One Artist's View

"Everything is visually different—all the shapes have changed, and everything is bathed in the same kind of light. It's just an even, quiet light—clear, not harsh—bouncing off the walls of the buildings, and everything is very sharp and distinct without being glaring. The snow is equalizing; it gives everything the same weight. It's a lot like paint—it tends to make things visible that you wouldn't ordinarily notice."—Artist Robert Ryman, whose large, all-white canvases were shown in a MOMA retrospective two years ago

How Former Non-Olympic Skier Ivana Amused Herself

"Like most New Yorkers, [Ivana] decided to shovel some snow, and she injured her back. She was just shoveling in front of her house on 64th Street, right opposite Versace's. So [Sunday night] she just sat in front of the fire with popcorn and watched her movie *Ivana Trump's For Love Alone* on TV."—Catherine Saxton, Ivana's spokeswoman

Blizzard Tips From Martha Stewart, Who Was Stuck in Miami For Three Days En Route From a Trip to the Galápagos Islands

"I love shoveling snow. It's my favorite thing to do. I'm a real fanatic about making the paths neat and the walls of snow really perpendicular."

"Always leave at least an inch of snow so it looks nice and white. Aesthetics are very important in snow removal."

"Don't pee in the snow, and if your dog does, bring a little broom with you to clean it up."

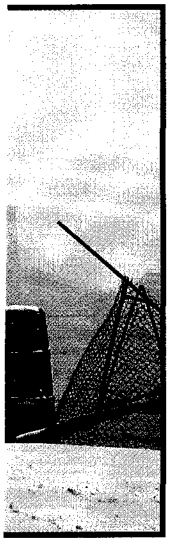
"I can't believe that people did not go to work; you can cross-country-ski to work, snowshoe to work; you can walk."

"Older people should stay at home. I suggest they do something they haven't done for a long time, like wash the china."

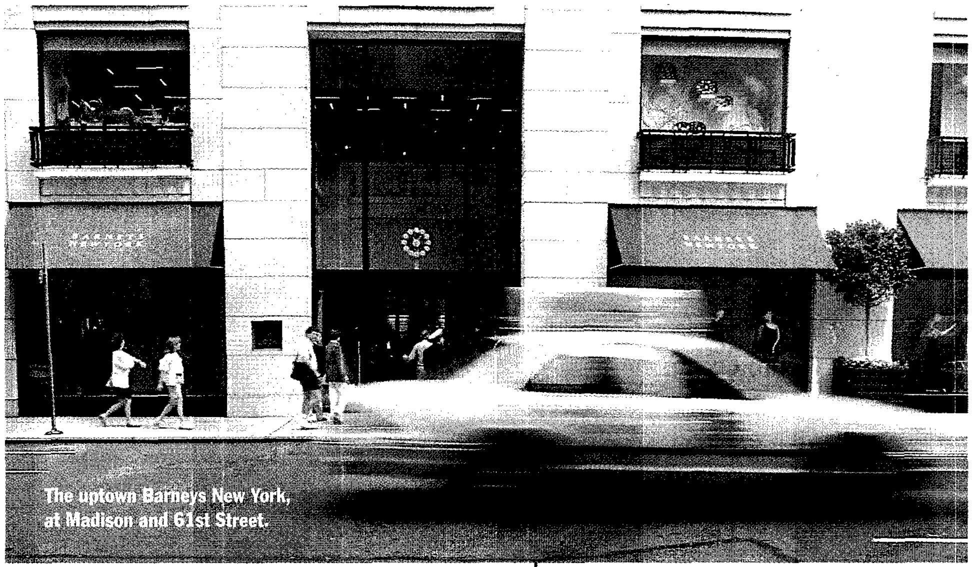
The Yellow Lining

"I was collecting all the snow and putting it in my freezer so I wouldn't have to make any ices in the summer. All I had to do is squeeze some lemons on it and look out for the yellow spots."—Ben Faremo, Lemon Ice King of Corona

Ariel Kaminer and Alex Williams



Monday morning, January 8, 1996. **Top: A car parked in front of Trinity Church near Wall Street. From left: A woman outside Federal Hall; the Brooklyn Bridge seen from lower Manhattan; a man walking on lower Broadway, near Chambers Street.**



The uptown Barneys New York, at Madison and 61st Street.

Business

DON'T EXPECT ANY GOING-OUT-OF-BUSINESS SALES

THE BARNEYS SALESMAN WITH THE GOATEE that appears to have been trimmed one hair at a time is acting only a little superior today.

"You can't exactly compare us to *Macy's*, can you?"

Perhaps not, but only hours earlier, he, along with fellow salesmen in Dolce and Gabbana shirts and saleswomen in Calvin Klein skirts, had been called to the eight-floor Barneys flagship on Madison Avenue to hear the news. Barneys New York, that quintessentially au courant high-end retailer, had run into an au courant sort of trouble—filing for protection from creditors under Chapter 11. Barneys was apparently a victim of its own optimism, expanding from its original Chelsea store to eighteen internationally at the onset of a prolonged recession, one that claimed the overleveraged Bonwit Teller and B. Altman and drove even the venerable Macy's temporarily into Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection (Macy's was later bought by Federated). So perhaps the strange optimism percolating through the store today is not uncharacteristic, or unwarranted.

"I'm not terrified at all," shrugs a young salesman in an impeccable gray suit. He offers a countermyth. "I think it's all just—" he waves his hand, searching for the words—"finance."

The only visible chaos today comes outside, where pedestrians slip through gritty hillocks of snow as bundled-up film-crew workers exhort them to move along quickly. The crew is shooting the Barneys entrance—not for the news but as an exterior for the film *First Wives Club,* starring Bette Midler and Goldie Hawn. Hollywood has used Barneys before as a location emblematic of upscale New York.

A quartet of businessmen—one in a suit and duck boots—slips through the glass door to the restaurant's cafe, mad.61. On floor four, a rakish, long-haired Doppelgänger of cool Barneys co-chairman Gene Pressman fingers through racks of Hugo Boss suits. On one escalator, blonde Los Angeles designer Holly Sharp carries a Barneys bag in each hand. "I think it's really sad," she says.

But as sales-staff members huddle in small groups throughout the store, no one seems remotely apocalyptic. One salesman mentions "the day's events" as if they were a petty annoyance, even as he prepares to discuss those events at a second meeting, this one at 12:30. Behind several counters, lone salespeople engage in long, murmury telephone conversations. Others rush around, converting the stock for spring.

"I had a great day yesterday," says one cosmetics salesman, unconcerned. "The day after the blizzard, we had all the Japanese tourists knocking on the glass trying to get in." The irony: Barneys claims it was the soured relationship with the store's Japanese partner, Isetan Company, that forced management into filing under Chapter 11. Barneys is suing Isetan, saying the company improperly withdrew $50 million of its investment.

"I actually think this is all going to be good for Barneys," the cosmetics salesman reasons, adding pertly, "Companies do this kind of thing a lot before they go public."

ALEX WILLIAMS

Health

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO ODDLINESS

ADVICE FROM "LEADING SCIENTISTS" IN *USA Weekend's* January 7 issue, " '96 Special Report: Health":

In public restrooms . . . to avoid "re-germing" clean hands, use a paper towel to open the door, then dispose of it.

When away from the home, carry alcohol wipes to swab public phones before using.

Dish towels spread microbes.

Use egg substitutes in recipes that call for raw eggs.

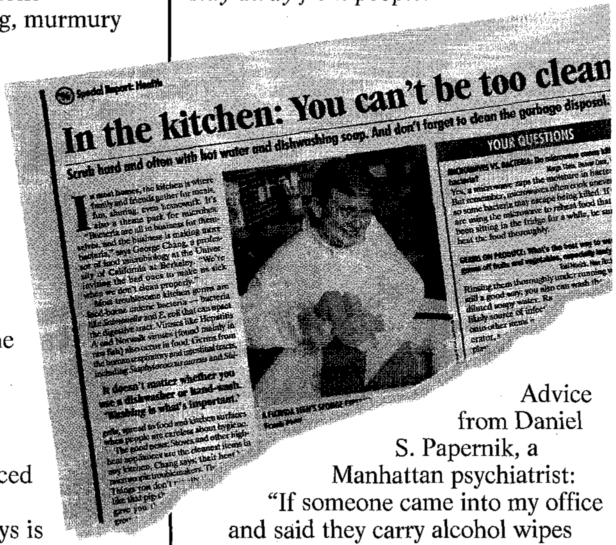
On hand washing: You don't want to get the water, grease, and dirt on your wrists, because it may not get rinsed off.

On dish washing: There is no need to use anything but dishwashing liquid and hot water when washing dishes . . . but ammonia can't hurt.

The chief danger from kissing [your dog or cat] is contracting intestinal parasites or worms.

Don't wait to clean up, no matter how romantic the evening is.

If you want to avoid colds altogether, stay away from people.



Special Report: Health

In the kitchen: You can't be too clean

Scrub hard and often with hot water and dishwashing soap. And don't forget to clean the garbage disposal.

YOUR QUESTIONS

It doesn't matter whether you use a dishwasher or hand-wash. Washing is what's important.

Advice from Daniel S. Papernik, a Manhattan psychiatrist: "If someone came into my office and said they carry alcohol wipes for public phones or doorknobs, I'd say they might be suffering from an obsessive-compulsive disorder. Of course, if you read it in a respected newspaper, it's different than if you came up with it yourself. But to stay away from people—that's bizarre. That's very extreme and one-sided—highly suspicious, moving into the

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

paranoid range. And say you have a romantic date. To interfere with a natural body function and natural instinct is completely bizarre. Following these prescriptions will make people very isolated and suspicious, very withdrawn from their fellow human beings, and make them appear peculiar. I would recommend therapy."

Fashion

LA DONNA WANNABES

WOMEN LIKE DONNA KARAN. SECRETARIES stop her on the street. In-store events become lovefests. Women know that although she dresses the president and hangs out with Barbra, she is still just little Donna from Long Island.

"Women feel like Donna is a friend of theirs," explains Patti Cohen, senior vice-president of public relations for the Donna Karan Company. "They want to ask her questions about everything: Where does she vacation? Does she color her hair? Is she gaining weight? How is her daughter? Does she believe in short or long?"

And for those women, and not a few men, there is now *Woman to Woman,* a large-format newsletter that reads a whole lot like *Teen Beat.* Fifty thousand copies of the premiere issue were mailed to preferred customers. Another 5,000 copies were distributed in DK stores and boutiques. The seven-page, four-color newsletter was an immediate success. About one fifth of the women who received *WTW* responded to a reader questionnaire. The overwhelming request? *Tell us more about yourself, Donna.*

And Donna does. *WTW* readers discover, among other things, that a manicurist named Gloria comes to Donna's office every Monday to do her nails; that Donna works out daily with a personal trainer (stretches, aerobics, machines); that Donna enjoyed flirting with a gaggle of handsome hunks while filming a recent Mercedes-Benz commercial; and that in order to save time while traveling, Donna sends her bags ahead by FedEx ("Who wants to waste time at the airport waiting for luggage?").

"I like Donna because, unlike a lot of other designers, she leads such a normal life," says Rosalyn Gershell, a *WTW* reader who estimates that she spends $20,000 a year to maintain her DK wardrobe. "She has a family and a career, a successful marriage; she is involved in charities; she is spiritual. . . ." But when asked how "normal" it was to FedEx one's luggage while traveling, Gershell became indignant. "So what if she FedExes her bags. She should. She's earned it."

RENE CHUN

Good to Be Bad

Sisterhood is powerful at the opening of Rainbow & Stars's new show.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

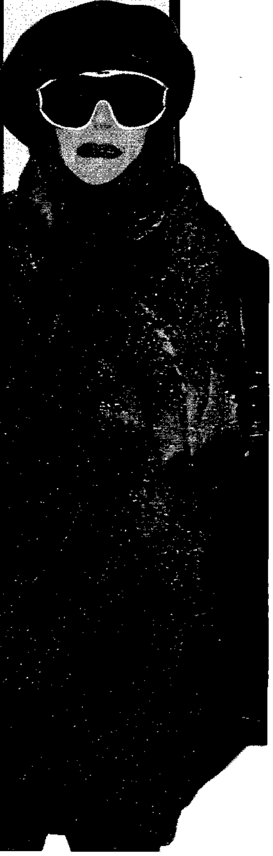
MILES ABOVE THE SLUSH, A STYLISH crowd emerged from their parkas to toast the opening of Rainbow & Stars's "20th Century Pop." "It's terrible to bring a child into the world in the middle of a blizzard," said Steve Paul, the cabaret's producer, "and yet, what a child and what a blizzard and what a world." And what a lineup: Marianne Faithfull, Darlene Love, and Merry Clayton.

One of these women is not like the other ones. Love and Clayton radiate positive energy and speak often of the Lord, whereas Faithfull, with her husky voice and dangerous air, will always resemble the bad girl she was—Mick's girl, a woman on the verge, and by any reckoning, an unlikely presence amid the swanky propriety of the Rainbow Room regulars. "I think the voices complement each other," said Clayton. The singers themselves were also complimenting each other, liberally spreading their mutual admiration and sisterly love.

"I feel like I'm watching a Terry McMillan screen test," carped one audience member. But if anyone was waiting to exhale, it was Faithfull, who—despite the strictly enforced no-smoking rule—ostentatiously lit up during "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." She was bad, and she knew it.

Top, at the opening-night reception for Rainbow & Stars's "20th Century Pop," Columbia A&R chief Peter Asher and featured performer Marianne Faithfull. Above, Pia Zadora and daughter Kady with Vincent Sardi at the unveiling of his restaurant's latest caricature.

Above, Gay Talese, Dominick Dunne, and Brendan Gill at Metronome for the Truman Capote Literary Trust's first award of lifetime achievement in literary criticism. Inset, Mercedes Ruehl and Terry Gilliam at the New York Film Critics Circle Awards at the Rainbow Room.



Right, Sylvia Miles braving the elements outside the New York Film Critics Circle Awards.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST **JACOB WEISBERG**

Why She Should Resign

The Hillary-bashers have been right about one thing: Power without accountability is dangerous. But there is an honorable way out.

THE HILLARY HATERS HAVE GENERALLY BEEN AN EASY bunch to dismiss. The background buzz of misogyny is usually audible in their complaints; their political motivations are ill-concealed. But in the early days of the administration, the anti-Rodhamites raised one valid concern about the First Lady's role. Because she is not elected, Hillary could only be held accountable through her husband. By sharing his power with her, the president was taking a big risk. If his wife screwed up in any of the infinite ways high officials do, he would have to absorb full responsibility himself.

Hillary Rodham Clinton's policy-making failures have made clear that the much-vaunted two-for-the-price-of-one presidency is no bargain. Her disastrous health-care proposal may have cost Democrats control of Congress in 1994. And now the administration finds itself facing a full-bore First Lady crisis. If Mrs. Clinton were a Cabinet secretary, her resignation would have been offered and accepted long ago. As it is, the president's only recourse has been to threaten William Safire, the New York *Times*'s alliterative pundit, with promiscuous pugilism. But there is a better way to deal with the Hillary problem. Before she does irreparable harm to the presidency, Mrs. Clinton should tender a virtual resignation. Then Mr. Clinton should accept it.

There are two separate Hillary scandals, each of which has now transcended all possibility of benign interpretation. The first is the travel-office affair, where what appears to have been bungled public relations turned a pimple into a gangrenous sore. Because the seven employees dismissed from the White House travel office were political appointees, the president would have been within his rights to replace them with hometown hacks and fifth cousins without giving any reason. But patronage-as-usual was not a message the First Lady cared to convey a mere four months into the new administration. That's why her henchpersons called in the FBI (which was improper), tried to get the FBI to say it was investigating (which was foolish), and then announced the probe itself (which was improper and foolish).

Had the missteps been limited to those, one might forgive the episode as a medium-size blooper resulting from inexperience and overzealousness. But the First Lady—who, let us remember, began her career as a Watergate investigator—was sticking with her doctrine of personal infallibility. Through White House counsel Neil Eggleston, Mrs. Clinton told General Accounting Office investigators that she "had no role in the decision to terminate the employees."

Thanks to the appearance of the David Watkins memo, we now have every reason to doubt that claim. "[Vince] Foster regularly informed me that the First Lady was concerned and desired action—the action desired was the firing of the Travel Office Staff," Watkins wrote. The undated nine-page memo, which is stamped DRAFT, is one of those deeply revealing documents that emerge every so often in a presidency, as suggestive in its way as young Bill Clinton's 1969 thanks-for-getting-me-out-of-the-draft note to Colonel Holmes. Taking the form of a point-by-point rebuttal to the internal review that reprimanded Watkins, it affords a glimpse into the climate of fear and dishonesty that surrounds the First Lady. Watkins didn't want to fire anyone summarily, but the pressure from Mrs. Clinton was too great. "If I thought I could have resisted those pressures, undertaken more considered action, and remained in the White House, I certainly would have done so," he writes. Even after seeing the memo last week, Hillary was still suffering from precision amnesia. "I just don't have any memory of that," she told *Newsweek*.

In the second matter, which relates to Whitewater, we again see spin control spinning out of control. There is still no basis for thinking Hillary Clinton, though she did legal work for Madison Guaranty, had any role in the bank's collapse, which cost taxpayers $60 million. But wishing to avoid the cheese-ball taint of James McDougal, Hillary has been disingenuous (to put it nicely) in understating her connection to Madison. In April 1994, at what the *Wall Street Journal* likes to call her "pink" press conference, she said it was an associate at the Rose Law Firm, Richard Massey, who "did all the work." She told FDIC investigators the same thing, and also failed to remember any involvement with Madison's sale of a property called "Castle Grande" (a glorified trailer park, actually) to Clinton crony Webb Hubbell's father-in-law, Seth Ward. Investigators have called the deal a scam.

In 1992 there existed two copies of the Rose Law Firm records that might have backed up Mrs. Clinton's story. In 1993, neither could be found in response to a subpoena. Last week, a copy miraculously turned up, a day after the Watkins memo was discovered. Mrs. Clinton, it turns out, billed Madison for 60 hours of work in 1985 and 1986, arguably more than she had implied. She had fourteen phone conversations with Seth Ward, which appear to have been about Castle Grande. This is hard stuff to forget, given the inherent political sensitivity of a governor's wife's

H.R.C.: The First Lady can tender a "virtual resignation" and give up her policy-making powers.

Photograph by Cynthia Johnson/Gamma-Liaison.

helping an institution that was trying to wiggle around state regulations.

The circumstances surrounding the disappearance and reappearance of both documents also give pause. One theory is that James Stewart's forthcoming book on Whitewater and other Clinton scandals flushed out the travel-office memo; thinking Stewart had it, the administration may have acted to preempt him. As for the Rose billing records, we have no idea how *two* copies vanished in the first place, one from the Rose Firm's Little Rock office, the other (the memo found last week) from the possession of the Clintons. Carolyn Huber, one of the First Lady's flunkies (and the former office manager of the Rose firm), happened upon it while cleaning out her own office, the White House says.

Vince Foster's handwriting appears on the Rose billing records, but the White House has stated categorically that they were not removed from Foster's office after his suicide—a prospect that has chief Whitewater gadfly Al D'Amato very, *very* excited. How do the Clintons know where the papers weren't if they don't know where they were? Because, according to Clinton spokesman Mark Fabiani, they are unmentioned in two inventories of Foster's papers, one before his suicide, the other two days after. This is hardly conclusive. Until a chain of custody is established for the records, suspicions of a cover-up will remain.

The evidence that the First Lady lied, possibly under oath and on more than one occasion, is now substantial enough that it ought to bring a swift end to her current, singular political career. Hillary has nothing to resign from, but she can do the equivalent by removing herself from a position of authority at the White House. Here's how a virtual resignation would work: Mrs. Clinton calls a press conference and announces that henceforward she will take no role in policy-making or appointments. That's it: She will sit in on no meeting at which substantive matters are discussed, nor will any member of her staff. She can't promise not to influence her husband. But from now on, no one else at the White House need fear the direct expression of her wrath.

Mrs. Clinton has in the past year been moving in this direction, anyway. She is now touring friendly locales to promote her book *It Takes a Village* (which wags are calling *It Takes a Subpoena*). She produces a weekly newspaper column about domestic life. All she needs to do now is formalize her exit. Then Bill Clinton can run in November as a one-for-the-price-of-one candidate. He should make clear that he loves his wife, but that if the voters reelect him, he's the only one they'll get. ■

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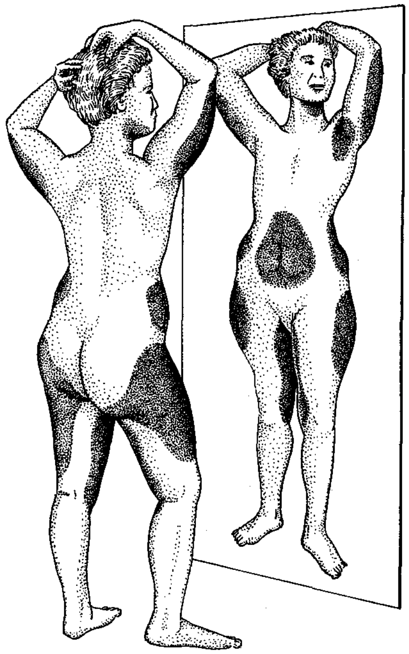
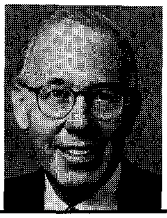


Shaded areas show where it is possible to use liposuction to improve the shape of your body.



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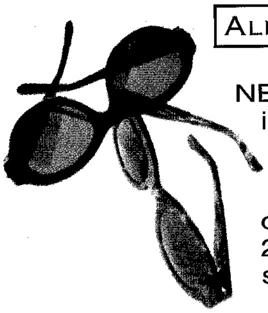

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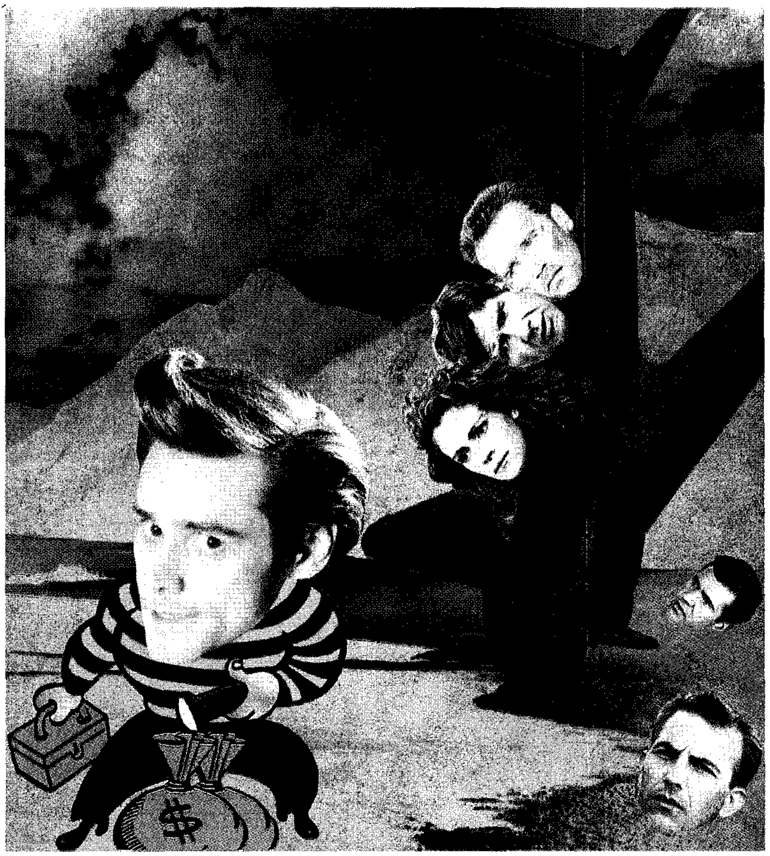
NEW YORK MAGAZINE

THE BIG PICTURE **WILLIAM GOLDMAN**

Apocalypse Now

That 1995 was a horrid year for movies augurs very badly indeed for the future of the industry. But how about that Jim Carrey?

HOLLYWOOD IS HEADED STRAIGHT off a cliff; the crash will occur in the next eighteen months, and very painful it will be—like sitting through *Four Rooms* twice. But before we get to the carnage, let's turn to a sexier subject (and a not unconnected one), that being our annual discussion of this most important of all questions: Who is the biggest star in the world?



Three years ago, it was Arnold. Because not only had his previous four movies, *Terminator 2* among them, taken in more than a billion dollars at box offices worldwide—all four had also *opened.* (Please remember that as far as the studios are concerned, a star is responsible not for what a movie ultimately grosses, or even what it costs, but for how it draws that first, crucial, opening weekend.)

A half-step behind Schwarzenegger came Kevin Costner. Also with four straight hits, among them *Dances With Wolves.*

And then three in a dead heat: Mr. Cruise, Mr. Gibson, and Miss Roberts.

The next year found *six* in a dead heat, Schwarzenegger and Costner having taken small hits that brought them back to the pack. The reigning six were—billing alphabetically, of course—Arnold, Harrison, Julia, Kevin, Mel, and Tom C.

Last year, Costner fell out of it with *Wyatt Earp* and *The War,* and Julia Roberts was damaged by *I Love Trouble,* leaving the other four—Cruise and Ford and Gibson and Schwarzenegger—tied.

Tied for third, that is.

Tom Hanks had rocketed past them and was now the biggest star in the world—the biggest *acting* star. Because Steven Spielberg sat on the throne, uncontested, the biggest star of all—the first time ever for a nonperformer.

This year, a really remarkable changing of the guard.

Cruise didn't have a picture.

Harrison Ford: "Of course *Sabrina* hurt him." This from a *Premiere* 100 Hollywood-power-broker type. "It didn't open. Put him in a Clancy, *Indiana Jones,* one of those—he's as big as ever. The guy's good for years—but no more romance. Action is where it is for him now."

To my mind, *Sabrina* is the curio of the year. Whose horrible idea was it to do it again? All that talent toiling for what?—it could never touch the original. As far as I'm concerned, you only remake *Sabrina* if Julia Ormond played it the first time and Audrey Hepburn suddenly happened.

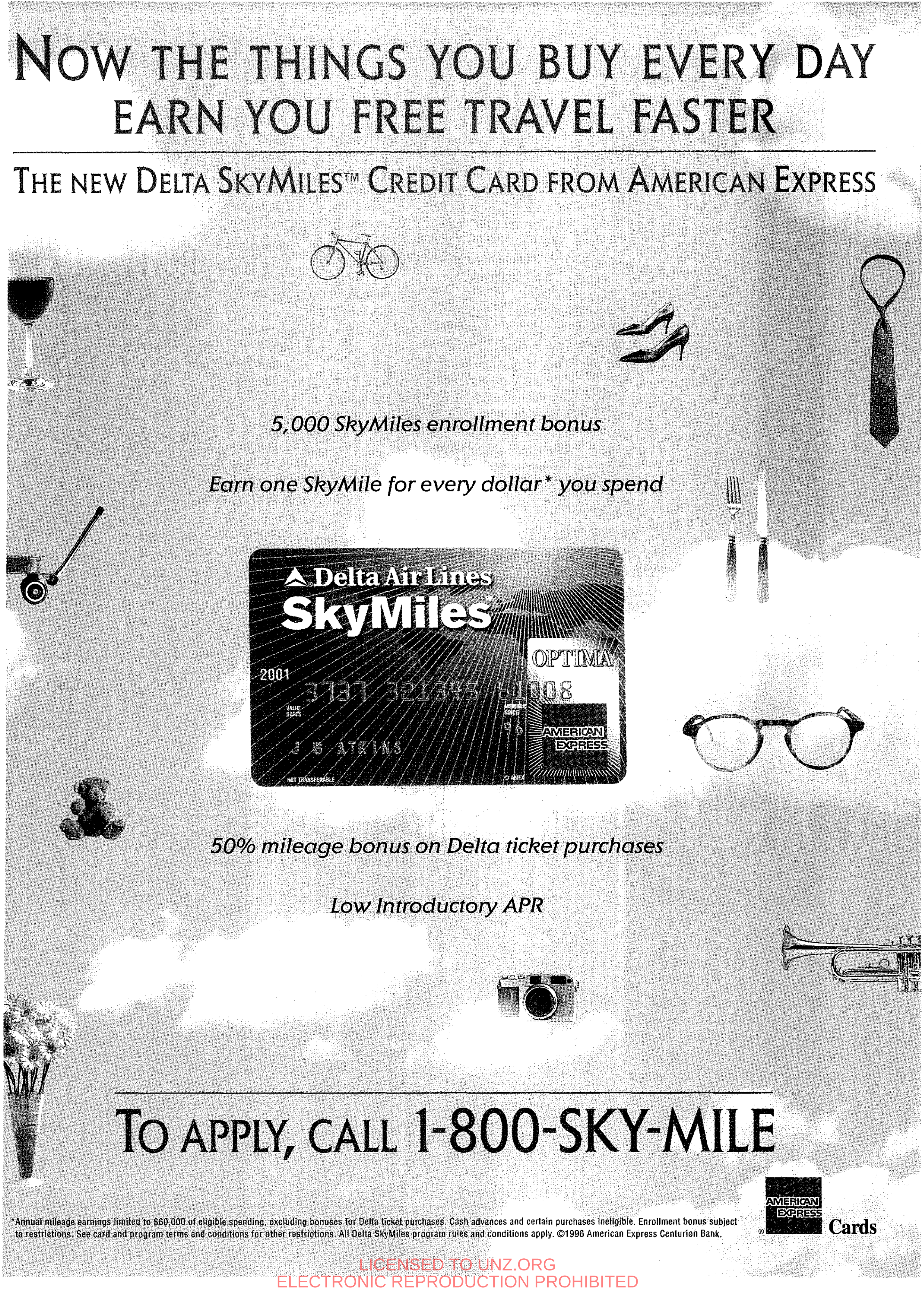
Mel Gibson? The *Premiere* 100 guy again: "A great year for him as an artist, a good year only as a commercial star. *Braveheart* sets him up as a major director—I think he may get a nomination for it, and I think he should—but it cost a fortune and didn't make one. Everyone was saying 'at least a hundred million at the box,' and what did it do, two thirds of that? He's starting into what will be a major career, but I don't think anyone would put him at the very top of the list; soon, maybe, just not this year."

Schwarzenegger was wonderful, I thought, in *Junior,* but his public wasn't there. Said an agent who would kill to have him, "I think he'll have hits in the future, sure, but only violence films. A few years ago we thought his fans would follow him anywhere—comedy, you name it—but now it's clear they won't. He's just another blood star."

Spielberg is out of it for the present—hasn't screamed "Cut!" for very nearly three years. A waste of a prodigious and important talent, but maybe not unexpected. A friend of his said this when *Schindler's List* came out: "If he wins, I think it will rock him. All his life he's wanted to be accepted, and God knows, that's happened. But be careful what you wish for; you might get it. I think he's going to win and I want that for him, but I wouldn't be surprised if it was years before he worked again."

Leaving Tom Hanks. He was the biggest acting star last year, and he continued a genuinely phenomenal streak. Five movies in four years. And here they are:

Illustration by Francisco Caceres.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(TIMES MAGAZINE, January 16, 1995)

"What the drugs do is take away the thinking about food."
(WASHINGTON POST, December 6, 1994, Dr. Michael Weintraub, FDA)

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A League of Their Own
Sleepless in Seattle
Philadelphia
Forrest Gump
Apollo 13

Twenty nominations, with a bunch more to come this year. Two consecutive Best Actor awards, with another nomination to come this year. Five critical and commercial successes. So if he was the biggest acting star last year, when you throw in *Apollo 13,* doesn't he have to be the biggest acting star this year?

Sorry, Charlie.

There may never before have been anything like Jim Carrey. Certainly not since *Jaws* changed everything by ushering in the "blockbuster" era, which is still, alas, very much with us.

Like Hanks, Carrey has had five consecutive hits. But Hanks has worked with famous directors, famous co-stars. Excluding *Batman Forever,* Carrey's been out there alone. Can you think of anybody he's worked with who's been nominated for anything? And Hanks gets great notices, which he deserves.

Carrey does, too—who else can do what he can?—but for now, it's easier to take potshots at him. (Three pictures down the line, when he does *The Truman Show* directed by Peter Weir, that's all going to change.)

Oh, yes—almost forgot—most amazing of all, Carrey's done all this *in eighteen months.* "It's not supposed to be like that," said a studio minion. "One movie a year is supposed to be tops. You make one and sell the shit out of it, and then the next year you make another and sell that. Jim Carrey has broken every rule, and all that happens is he gets more popular. It's a freak thing. Can't last forever."

Only agents last forever, but right now, if you want Jim Carrey to make you rich, you will have to fork over $20 million, that being the price Columbia paid him for *Cable Guy.* "Those assholes," a competitive studio fellow said. "They ruined it. Do you know what they did?—at least what I hear they did? They flat-out offered him the money—no negotiations—just 'Here, please take it.' Once that happened, then everybody started getting twenty. It's insanity. Where in hell does it end?"

It ends this year, when somebody gets $25 million for a flick. And then every male name mentioned so far will demand and receive $25 million for a flick.

And then—straight off a cliff.

None of this is meant to blame the actors. Nor is it meant to indicate that what's ahead is because of their deals. But the movie business has crashed twice in the past 30 years—late sixties, early eighties—and each time, the cry has been the same: "Those goddamned greedy actors are ruining us!"

No single element is destroying movies. Historically, Hollywood has never been as fiscally sound as widget-making. But events are happening now that simply have never happened before.

The Japanese caused a lot of it when they took over Sony and paid a ton to get Peter Guber and Jon Peters, successful producers, to run things. Being a studio head used to be a lousy job—terrible pressure and not that much money, and humiliation when you got canned.

Now it's a great job. Private jets and unlimited spending and huuuge salaries. And, and, and—it's *wonderful* when you fail.

Peters left Sony early on; Guber stayed until they ripped off his epaulets. Sony took a write-off of more than $2.5 billion. Making Guber one of the least successful movie executives of all time.

But wait—do not think Fox or the Brothers Warner also lost money during that same period; these were golden times. Guber managed to piss away $2.5 billion while other studios were earning amazing amounts of money. Making Guber not just one of the least successful movie executives of all time but one of the least successful business executives of all time—*and he was rewarded.*

When Sony finally changed administrations, it gave Guber arguably the best deal of any producer's in history. He's still with the company, and it gave him the keys to the vault. An agent familiar with the negotiation called it "astonishing, unprecedented."

But Guber is in the business of entertainment, not entertainment itself. So let's touch on a recent holiday movie: *Cutthroat Island.* No one doubts it will eventually lose $100 million—Geena Davis and her husband, director Renny Harlin, have managed to bust a company (Carolco) and put their thumbprints on arguably the biggest stiff in American movie history.

And they are rewarded.

At the moment, they are working together again on a script by Shane Black, the hottest young screenwriter going, and—I'll bet the farm on this—they both got raises.

Put it in a sports context: Make Peter Guber the coach of the Giants. If he managed to lose, say, 32 consecutive games, as well as bankrupt the franchise, his life would not be safe on the sidewalks of New York. In Hollywood, they make him commissioner of the league.

Okay, why give him that contract?

Well, among other things, the studios are making too

(continued on page 64)

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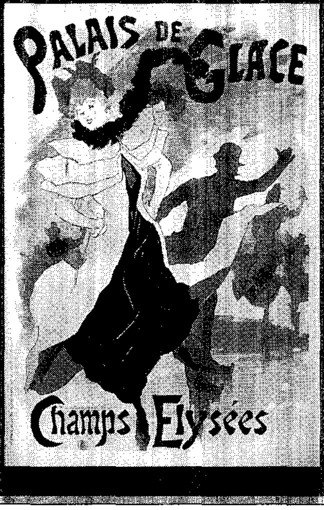

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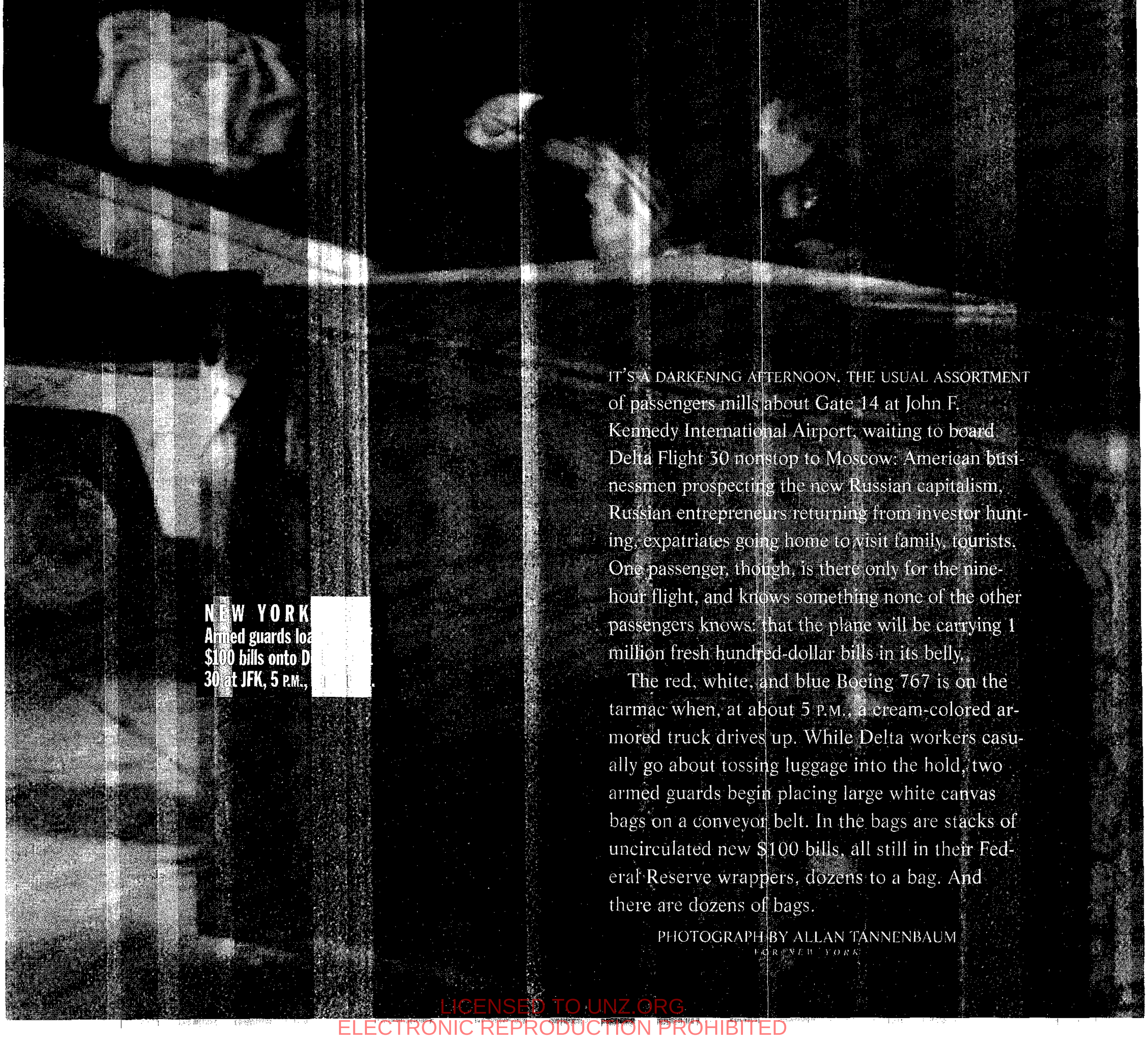
THE MONEY P

Five nights a week, at least $100 million in crisp new $100 bills is flown from JFK nonstop to Moscow, where it is used to finance the Russian mob's vast and growing international crime syndicate. State and federal officials believe it is part of a multi-billion-dollar money-laundering operation. The Republic National Bank and the United States Federal Reserve prefer not to think so. By Robert I. Friedman



NEW YORK
Armed guards loa
$100 bills onto D
30 at JFK, 5 P.M., .

IT'S A DARKENING AFTERNOON. THE USUAL ASSORTMENT of passengers mills about Gate 14 at John F. Kennedy International Airport, waiting to board Delta Flight 30 nonstop to Moscow: American businessmen prospecting the new Russian capitalism, Russian entrepreneurs returning from investor hunting, expatriates going home to visit family, tourists. One passenger, though, is there only for the nine-hour flight, and knows something none of the other passengers knows: that the plane will be carrying 1 million fresh hundred-dollar bills in its belly.

The red, white, and blue Boeing 767 is on the tarmac when, at about 5 P.M., a cream-colored armored truck drives up. While Delta workers casually go about tossing luggage into the hold, two armed guards begin placing large white canvas bags on a conveyor belt. In the bags are stacks of uncirculated new $100 bills, all still in their Federal Reserve wrappers, dozens to a bag. And there are dozens of bags.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLAN TANNENBAUM
FOR NEW YORK

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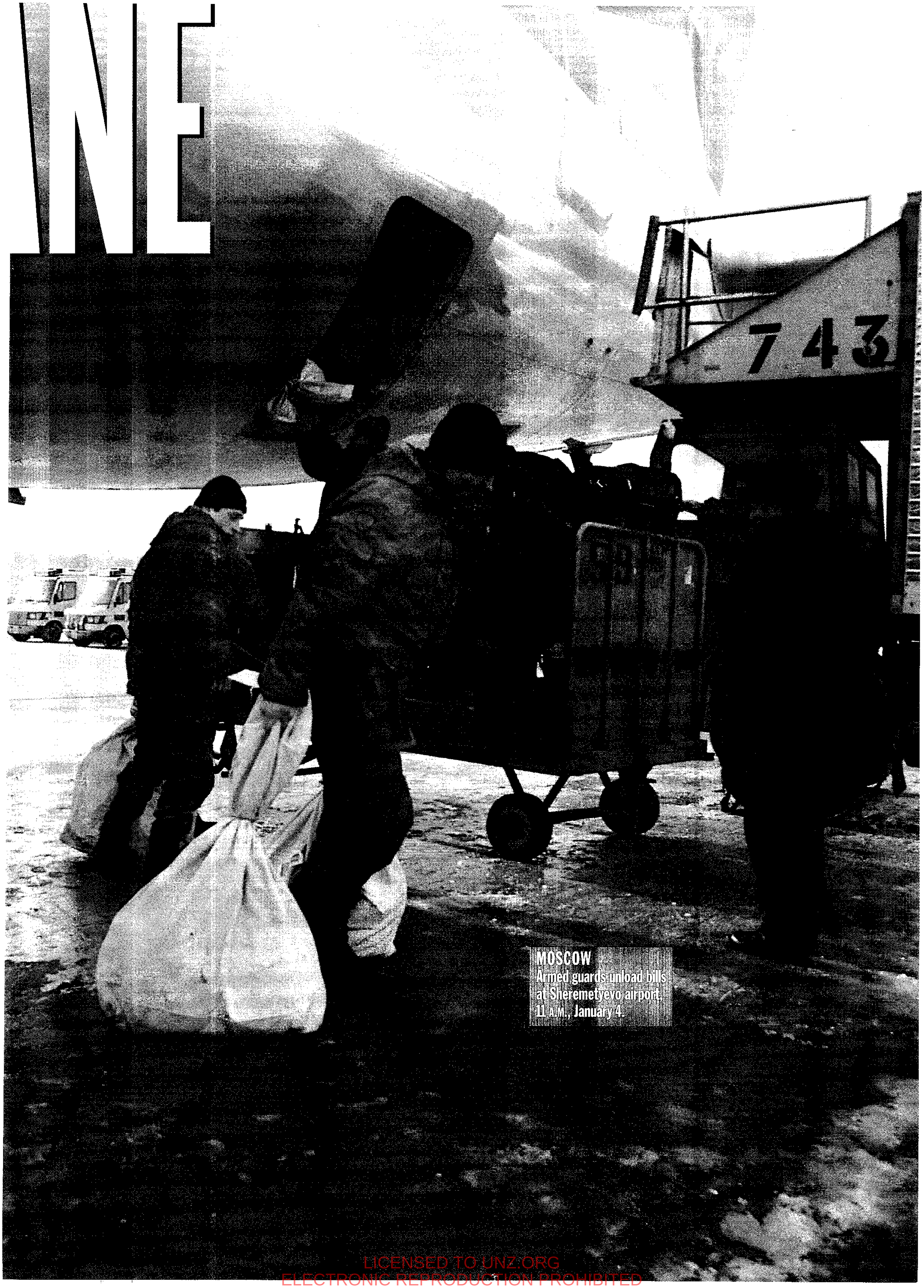
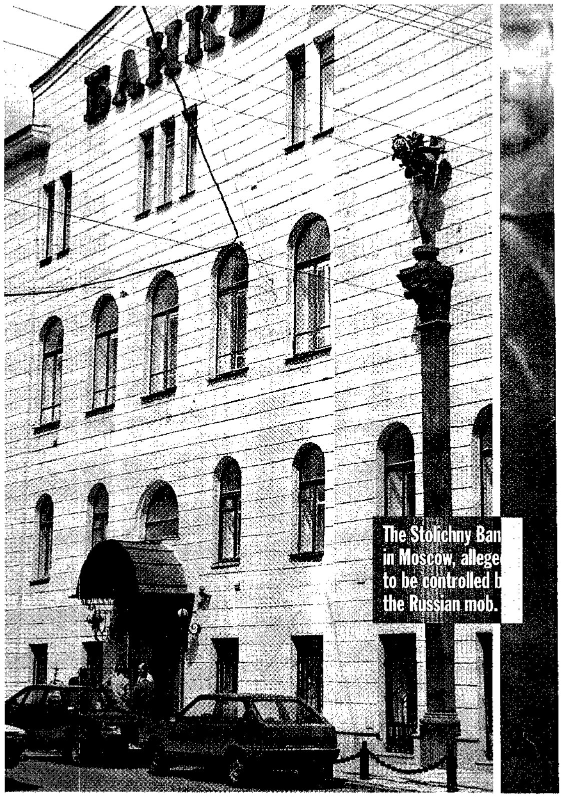


MOSCOW
Armed guards unload bills at Sheremetyevo airport, 11 A.M., January 4.

August 1995 funeral o
Ivan Kivelidi, preside
of Ross Business Ban
who was poisoned.



The Stolichny Ban
in Moscow, allege
to be controlled b
the Russian mob.

“That money is used to support organized crime; it’s u
personal opinion, this is an abomination. Yet it appears

A few minutes later, another armored truck rolls up and unloads another series of even larger bags. In total, this flight will carry about 2,300 pounds of $100 bills, or $100 million.

The plane departs JFK at 5:45 P.M. Throughout the flight, an unarmed courier for the Republic National Bank of New York unwinds in the passenger cabin while the money “sits all by its lonesome” in the cargo hold, according to one law-enforcement source. Upon arrival at Sheremetyevo airport at 10:55 A.M. Moscow time, the money is transported by more armored trucks to Russian banks, which have purchased the $100 bills on behalf of clients, who typically pay for the cash with wire transfers from London bank accounts.

Rather remarkably, no one has ever tried to hijack Delta Flight 30, even though it has left JFK at the same time five days a week—rarely carrying less than $100 million and sometimes more than $1 billion—for more than two years. Since January 1994, federal authorities estimate more than $40 billion—all in uncirculated $100 bills, hundreds of tons of cash—was shipped to Russia. That far exceeds the total value of all the Russian rubles in circulation. All that money has remained safe only partly because of security; another reason is that anybody who might be inclined to pull off such a heist is also well aware of who is buying all those $100 bills.

“If you rip off Russian banks, you rip off the Russian mob,” says one Mafia source here in the United States. “And no one’s got big enough balls or a small enough brain to do that.”

The Russian mob, according to numerous well-placed law-enforcement sources interviewed by *New York,* has been using an unimpeded supply of freshly minted Federal Reserve notes to finance a vast and growing international crime syndicate. American C-notes are the unofficial currency of Russia, of course, and can get things done there that rubles cannot; but the hundreds are also being used to fuel the Russian mob’s flourishing dollar-based global drug trade, as well as to buy the requisite villas in Monaco and Cannes. The Russian *Mafiya* has also used laundered funds to set up operations abroad, including its American offshoot in Brooklyn’s Brighton Beach (“The Organizatsiya,” *New York,* November 7, 1994) and has begun investing in legitimate businesses across Europe and in the United States.

The Russian mob’s monstrous growth has been aided considerably by its ability to quickly and easily launder its dirty criminal proceeds into clean—and now supposedly counterfeit-proof—U.S. hundreds. Russian banks have been eager to assist, which is not terribly surprising given that a good number are owned outright by Russian mobsters. “Almost all Russian banks are corrupt,” Major General Alex Gromov of the Russian tax police told a September 1994 international conference on Russian organized crime co-sponsored by Financial Crimes Enforcement Network, which tracks money laundering for the U.S. Treasury. FINCEN director Stanley Morris is more blunt today: “Russia’s banking system is a cesspool.”

In fact, the Russian banking system, little over six years old, has already become one of the world’s leading money-laundering centers, replacing Panama as the favored dirty-currency exchange of the Colombian cartel and the Italian Mafia. A 1994 CIA report identified ten of the largest Russian banks as mobbed-up fronts. And in his speech to the United Nations last October, President Clinton declared money laundering a threat to national security. “Criminal enterprises are moving vast sums of ill-gotten gains through the international financial system with absolute impunity,” he said, signing a presidential directive ordering the attorney general and the Treasury to identify individuals and organizations involved in global financial crime and seize their assets here and abroad.

So then why are Republic National Bank and the U.S. Federal Reserve continuing to supply millions of crisp, clean $100 bills to banks that so many money-laundering experts agree are tainted? “Republic’s guilty of willful blindness, though not in technical violation of any existing law,” says a former New York State Banking Department official. “That money is used to support organized crime; it’s used to support black-market operations,” agrees an official at the federal Comptroller of the Currency office, which regulates Republic. “In my per-

Photographs by R. Dmitriev/MIR Agency.

[illegible]

support black-market operations,” says one federal official. “In my
east part of the federal government sees nothing wrong with it.”

sonal opinion, this is an absolute abomination. It should not exist. Yet it appears that at least part of the federal government sees nothing wrong with it.”

A provision in the 1992 Annunzio Wylie Anti–Money Laundering Act requires banks to make sure that they’re not knowingly doing business with criminals or their agents. For the record, the Republic National Bank, which makes millions off the currency sales, insists it is certainly not *knowingly* selling $100 bills to mobsters.

“That’s my responsibility, to make sure we don’t sell to the banks that have organized-crime ties,” says Richard Annicharico, one of Republic’s compliance officials. “That’s the hardest thing to find. In fact, if you know of any, let me know.”

And the U.S. Treasury, which makes $99.96 off of any $100 bill that leaves the country and never comes back, is similarly, blissfully ignorant. “What do we know of Republic’s customers?” says New York Fed spokesman Peter Bakstansky. “We don’t. It’s their responsibility to know who they are sending it to.”

“I’ve run out of places to check,” says Republic’s Annicharico, a retired FBI agent. “Someone tells me [the banks are corrupt] and gives me substantial reason why—you know, *anything,* really—we don’t sell to them. I mean, anybody who tells us not to, we’ll stop them tomorrow.”

Annicharico acknowledges that a federal money-laundering task force had contacted him about Republic’s currency trade with Russia. “The task force told me that they think Russian organized crime is involved in money laundering. But so what?” he says. “Who? What? Who? No one’s been prosecuted. What’s the crime? Tell me—I’ll stop. I always tell them, ‘Tell me which banks, and we’ll stop.’ I can’t find them. I’m not being facetious.”

WHEN THE SOVIET UNION FELL apart in 1991, so did the entire government-controlled banking system. Replacing the government banks were private institutions chartered and supposedly regulated by the new Russian Central Bank. But as Major General Gromov told the international conference, the application to charter a new bank typically consisted of making a $100,000 bribe to a banking official. “A grossly underregulated banking sector sprang up virtually overnight,” says Harvard economist Jeffrey Sachs. “Now you have 2,000 banks, many of which are deeply undercapitalized, and therefore everything is possible.”

The mob saw the possibilities. Also known as the *Vorovskoi Mir,* or Thieves’ World, a loose federation of Soviet mobsters immediately grasped that the end of Communism heralded a glorious new world criminal order. By 1992, crime was the only growth industry in Russia, with illicit cartels controlling as much as 40 percent of the nation’s wealth; the country had become, in the words of one former CIA director, a “kleptocracy.” And having conquered Russia, the *Vorovskoi Mir* was eager to expand.

On July 2, 1993, two chartered jets touched down in Yerevan, the capital of the former Soviet republic of Armenia, and disgorged a panoply of wiseguys from the United States, Germany, Turkey, Italy, and South America. They had been called there by Rafik Svo, “the gangster equivalent of an international diplomat,” according to Russian organized-crime expert Stephen Handelman. Svo was determined to bring order and mutual prosperity to the Thieves’ World by ending bloody turf wars and forging alliances with the Sicilian Mafia, the Brighton Beach gang, and Colombian drug lords, all of which sent emissaries. At the meeting it was decided that the Russian banking system, new and vulnerable, would be used to launder funds, make favorable loans to “friends,” and supplant Zurich as a haven for dirty money. The big joke at the Armenian conclave was, “Why rob a bank when you can own one?”

(At another 1993 summit, between Russian and Sicilian mobsters in Prague, the Russians agreed to launder Mafia drug profits in exchange for a franchise on choice narcotics-smuggling routes through central Asia. Then, last January in Puerto Rico, a third super summit was called to settle increasingly internecine battles and

Photographs by AP/Wide World Photos.

to carve up the Russian drug trade. Shortly before the meeting, a Russian banker in New York was overheard on an FBI wiretap saying he was going to Puerto Rico "to discuss who we will kill.")

Russia, not exactly unschooled in the ways of corruption, quickly took to the new system; politicians, cops, and government bureaucrats joined the fold. The country was already awash in dirty money, and not just as a result of traditional organized-crime activities. Soviet generals ransacked military arsenals and sold them to shadowy arms dealers or even shadowier terrorists. (Just last month, Admiral German Ugryumov warned that the Russian *Mafiya* was looting weapons from the Russian Pacific Fleet's arms depot in Vladivostok, after security agents arrested a navy officer and confiscated nine pounds of plastic explosive and a large quantity of ammunition.) U.S. officials privately complain that billions in aid have gone into Russian banks, never to be seen again. In the first two years after the fall of Communism, between $60 billion and $70 billion worth of rubles, gold, and other material assets were spirited out of the former U.S.S.R. by the criminal elite, a mélange of gangsters and black marketers, unemployed KGB spies, and Communist Party hacks.

At the center of the looting is the Russian banking system. Since there are no regulatory controls over proprietorship, even felons are permitted to own banks. What's more, there are no money-laundering laws, regulatory agencies, or depositor insurance. The Russian Central Bank is notoriously lax in exercising control over the nation's nascent financial system—a point Russian central-banking officials readily concede. Last September 13, in a meeting in Moscow with State Department envoy Jonathan Winer, Viktor Melnikov, the Central Bank's director for foreign-exchange control, "expressed great concern about the state of the Russian banking system, citing estimates that anywhere from 50 to 80 percent of Russian banks were under the control of organized crime," according to a State Department cable obtained by *New York*. Melnikov also warned that "much of this [imported U.S.] money was being used for illegal purposes, including narcotics trafficking" and currency smuggling.

Initially, the mob used Russian banks just to park their money. Then they began to "buy banks, to find out who has big deposits so they knew who to kidnap," says Jack Blum, a Washington lawyer who directed Senate investigations into money laundering in the late eighties. Then mob-controlled Russian banks took in huge deposits of narco-dollars from South America, converting them to rubles, then back into dollars through European and U.S. banks. In essence, the Russian banking system had become a giant Laundromat.

"It's very difficult to tell from the outside what a transaction [with a Russian bank] really means," says the State Department's Winer. "There are not a lot of public documents. You can't go to an SEC to look at a balance sheet for a Russian firm the way you can in the United States. You can't go to a bank regulator and [find out] what kinds of loans have been made, what the underlying source of capital is, or any other number of key issues, let alone who their customers are.

"These are issues which the Russian Central Bank is concerned about," Winer says. "These are issues which the Russian Association of Bankers is concerned about, because they are not unrelated to the murder of the bankers."

More than a dozen Russian bankers have been killed since 1994—one for simply refusing a loan. Many more have been threatened. The deputy superintendent of the New York State Banking Department, Robert H. McCormick, says he has heard stories of Russian bank examiners being chased out in a hail of gunfire.

"It's very frightening," says Dan Gelber, minority chief counsel of the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations, which has held hearings on Russian crime. "What [do] you do with a bank that from top down is not honest? I mean, it almost creates a situation where there is no remedy."

More savvy Russian hoods have hired sophisticated money managers and international lawyers to move their dirty money. Increasingly, they have purchased European companies with histories of legitimate banking activity and then used them as conduits to pass illicit funds into the international banking system. More ominously, they have acquired hidden control of banks in Austria, Germany, France, Switzerland, and England, according to U.S. law-enforcement sources. Americans doing business in Russia have had to contend with "a banking system that's so bizarre and rudimentary it's hard to believe," says Blum. "It's sort of like the Wild East."

Meanwhile, swaggering Russian dons wearing thirties-style Capone garb have ratcheted up prices on the luxury-housing market from Rio to London's Soho district, paying for million-dollar properties with minty new $100 bills.

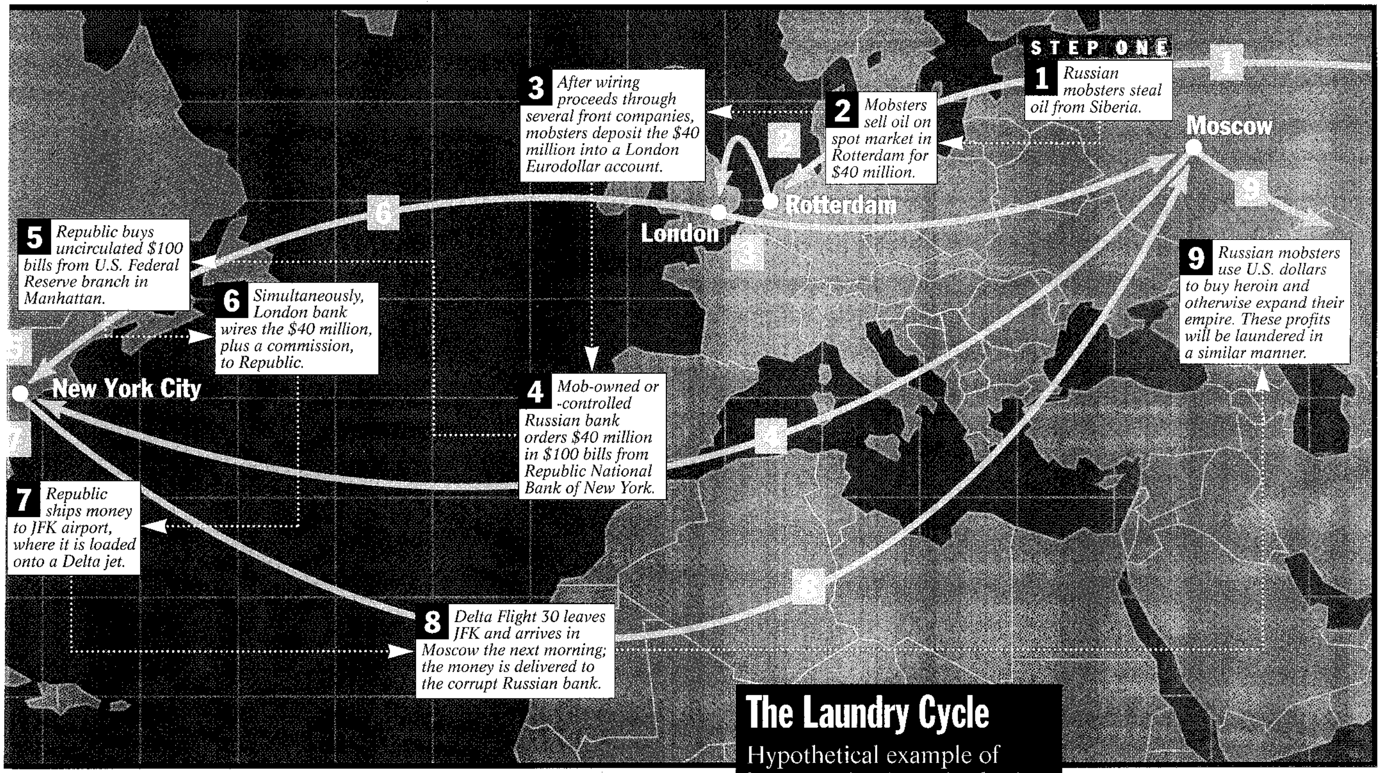
It was only a matter of time before those hundreds started coming home to America, and the *Vorovskoi Mir* with them.

AMERICA HAS BEEN A BEACON FOR the Russian mob since the Brezhnev era, when Jewish gangsters in the thousands were lifted out of the Gulag and given visas to emigrate to the U.S. under refugee status. One of the biggest was Marat Balagula, a brainy black marketer originally from Odessa who made an art of evading state and federal excise tax on gasoline by passing it through a daisy chain of dummy corporations. "Marat said he read about capitalism, and he knew he could do well over here," says Robert Eisenberg, Balagula's self-confessed consigliere and a New York lawyer who later testified in federal court against Getty Oil executives for setting up gasoline-bootlegging schemes with Russian gangsters. (In 1991, the Long Island–based Getty became the first oil corporation in recent history to be convicted for gasoline bootlegging.) "He said he came here because he hated European languages. He said German grated on him."

By the mid-eighties, hundreds of millions of dollars of illicit Russian bootleg money was flowing into the U.S. banking system, where it was cleansed and used to acquire legitimate businesses. One of the Russian mob's principal conduits to legitimacy was Marvin E. Kramer, a Brooklyn lawyer who helped the bootleggers evade paying billions of dollars in gasoline taxes from the mid-eighties through the early nineties. Whole walls of his office on Avenue U, near Coney Island, were lined with black binders containing the paperwork for dummy corporations; Russians walked in and bought the dummy companies literally off the shelf, and used them to set up daisy chains to avoid paying taxes on the gas they sold. Around the same time, Kramer was doing corporate work for a number of legitimate businesses, including the up-and-coming beverage maker Snapple; the Russian bootleggers would hang out with Snapple executives in Kramer's office, where they were under surveillance by a state-and-federal gasoline-bootlegging task force. "Every time I went in there, there was people in there from Snapple—you know, big shots, the owners or managers," says a senior law-enforcement source who worked on the case. "And they were always in there with these Russians." It is unknown whether the Russians ended up investing in the then–privately held company (Quaker Oats later bought Snapple in 1994 for $1.7 billion, after which the brand promptly tanked), but it's unlikely that Snapple executives would have known any investment money was dirty, the source says.

Last January, Russian mobsters met in Puerto Rico to
a Russian banker in New York was overheard on an FB

Photograph by Jose Molina/Graphistock.


STEP ONE
1 Russian mobsters steal oil from Siberia.
2 Mobsters sell oil on spot market in Rotterdam for $40 million.
3 After wiring proceeds through several front companies, mobsters deposit the $40 million into a London Eurodollar account.
4 Mob-owned or -controlled Russian bank orders $40 million in $100 bills from Republic National Bank of New York.
5 Republic buys uncirculated $100 bills from U.S. Federal Reserve branch in Manhattan.
6 Simultaneously, London bank wires the $40 million, plus a commission, to Republic.
7 Republic ships money to JFK airport, where it is loaded onto a Delta jet.
8 Delta Flight 30 leaves JFK and arrives in Moscow the next morning; the money is delivered to the corrupt Russian bank.
9 Russian mobsters use U.S. dollars to buy heroin and otherwise expand their empire. These profits will be laundered in a similar manner.
Moscow
Rotterdam
London
New York City

The Laundry Cycle

Hypothetical example of how Russian organized crime turns illicit proceeds into crisp, new $100 bills.

The Russian bootleggers' bank of choice was Republic, whose suspect client accounts were subpoenaed by federal officials in the late eighties. Balagula and dozens of other Russians—the ones who hadn't been killed in turf battles—were subsequently convicted of gasoline bootlegging. Kramer himself escaped prosecution, testifying for six hours before a Long Island grand jury about the bootleggers under a grant of immunity. "The grand jurors wanted to hang him," says the source. "He came out in a stretch limo, parked it right in front of the window."

The bootlegging prosecutions proved only a temporary setback. Long envious of their Jewish cousins in crime, the *Vorovskoi Mir* dispatched Vyacheslav Ivankov to Brighton Beach in 1992. Ivankov was a *vory,* or godfather, and one of the most feared gangsters in Russia; once in New York, Ivankov quickly muscled in on the Russian Jewish mob's empire, taking over its extortion racket and its lucrative narcotics trade. He formed "combat brigades" run by an ex–KGB officer to collect tribute from legitimate businesses worldwide, arbitrate disputes between Russian businessmen, and murder rival mobsters. He forged alliances with other Russian gangs across North America and set up a front company in New York called Slavic, Inc., to launder drug money, while his son Eduard, based in Vienna, "conducts a wide array of financial and banking transactions throughout Central and Western Europe (including England) in an effort to launder proceeds of Ivankov's illegal activities," according to an FBI affidavit obtained by *New York.*

Ironically, it was a Russian bank that proved to be Ivankov's downfall. In the autumn of 1994, Bank Chara in Moscow collapsed, and depositors lost more than $30 million. Some $3.5 million of the money had been invested in Summit International, a New York investment house set up by two of Chara's Russian board members. Soon after the bank's collapse, Chara's president, Vladimir Rachuk, was killed by unknown assailants in Moscow. Last spring, his successor, Roustam Sadykov, flew to New York to ask Summit's directors to return the bank's missing funds. When the directors refused, Sadykov allegedly asked Ivankov to collect the debt. The following month, Ivankov and two henchmen visited Summit's Wall Street offices. Summit's owners and former Chara officials, Alexander Volkov and Vladimir Voloshin, fled in terror, eventually informing the FBI that they were being extorted by Ivankov. The men were later kidnapped at gunpoint from the bar of the Hilton hotel in Manhattan and forced to sign a contract promising to pay one of Ivankov's associates $3.5 million. As an inducement, the father of one of the men was shot to death in Moscow.

Early on the morning of this past June 8, the FBI yanked a startled Ivankov from his mistress's bed in Brighton Beach and charged him with extortion. As he was being led into the FBI building, a defiant Ivankov kicked and spit at reporters. "Let them put me on the chopping block—let them crucify me on a cross," the *vory* later told a Moscow newspaper. "I'm tough. I will survive."

In a sense, Ivankov does survive. The money-laundering colossus he helped establish now circulates tens of millions of dollars annually in the New York area, according to law-enforcement sources, who are more than a little concerned. "Any time that dirty money can find its way into the U.S. financial system, it poses a risk to us," says Jerry Rowe, the IRS's chief officer of narcotics and money laundering. "It can, in fact, give criminals an opportunity to operate in a legitimate arena, whether it be in the political arena or buying up businesses. I mean, we could end up with those companies in some way supporting political candidates that they think will help them in one way or another."

Among those indicted with Ivankov was one of his high-ranking associates, Yakov Volovnik. Volovnik's father-in-law, Roman Kaplan, owns the Russian Samovar restaurant, a popular Russian-mob haunt in midtown that was also named in the FBI affi-

their increasingly bloody turf battles. Shortly before the meeting, tap saying he was going down there "to discuss who we will kill."

Map by John Tomanio.

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RUSSIAN S

The Samovar in midtown, a popular Russian restaurant frequented by Russian mobsters.

An investigator from the State Banking Department couldn't believe us, it was like a sore on Cindy Crawford's face," he says. "I said, 'G

davit as a prime base for Ivankov's shakedowns. And Kaplan—along with the owner of the National Restaurant in Brooklyn, another mob hangout—is a member of the Russian Advisory Council, a mostly honorary committee set up last October by Brooklyn district attorney Charles J. Hynes. "The owners of the restaurants are decent persons, but the Russian *Mafiya* hangs out there," says Alexandre Grant, an editor of Brooklyn's *NRS Russian Daily*. "They are good places to eat, but Hynes should not be associated with them. It sends out a bad message to the Russian-American community."

Hynes has also reached out to the Russian community for campaign contributions. One of the members of both his finance and campaign-steering committees was Barry Slotnick, a flamboyant lawyer who also represents a veritable catalogue of the local Russian mob, including Ivankov and Balagula.

Hynes, who has been criticized in the past by federal officials for failing to take Russian organized crime in his jurisdiction seriously, declined comment.

IN BANKING, REPUTATION IS EVERYTHING. SO when agents of the Criminal Investigation Bureau of the New York State Banking Department learned two years ago that Republic National Bank was selling tens of billions of dollars' worth of federal currency to as many as 50 corrupt Russian banks, they became alarmed. "This posed a question to us: If there are legitimate reasons—and there very well may be—for this money to be going over to Russia, why is it being sent to entities which have been determined, rightfully or wrongly, and I believe rightfully, to be controlled by organized crime?" says a source close to the Banking Department's investigation. "It just didn't make sense to me. The analogy I always use is that it would be like sending money to [John Gotti's] Bergen Hunt and Fish Club. Why are we doing that?"

State banking officials were so concerned by the Criminal Investigation Bureau's findings, the source says, that they urged federal agencies to probe Republic's banknote trade with Russia. But "right down the line" from the FBI to the CIA, "basically, the response that we were getting was, 'Yeah, it looks like we've got a potential problem here, but you know what? It's not *our* problem.'

"To us, it was like a sore on Cindy Crawford's face! I mean, it was there. And I said, 'Geez, isn't someone curious about how that sore got there?' "

If American law enforcement was slow on the uptake, the Russians certainly knew what was going on. At the September 1994 conference, a Russian general was asked why Russian banks were buying billions of dollars in U.S. currency. According to a participant at the meeting, he chuckled, and said," 'Oh, that's money laundering.' Then he went, 'Hey, we're being ripped off in our country; the money is coming over here, being cleaned, and being brought back.' "

State Department officials say the money laundering works something like this: Russian assets, such as oil, are stolen by underworld figures or corrupt plant managers and sold on the spot market in Rotterdam. The proceeds are wired through front companies on the Continent and deposited in London banks. Gangsters place an order for, say, $40 million in U.S. currency through a bank in Moscow. The bank wires Republic, placing a purchase order for the cash. Republic buys the currency from the New York Federal Reserve. Simultaneously, Republic receives a wire transfer for the same account from the London bank. Republic pockets a commission and flies the cash from New York to Moscow. It is then used by mobsters to buy narcotics or villas, or run political campaigns. Republic's contacts are with the corresponding banks in London and Moscow and not necessarily the customers of those banks. As far as Republic is concerned, if there is a problem with the customer, it's up to the bank in London and Moscow to warn it. "All that's incumbent upon the American bank is to see if the other bank is a duly constituted bank, recognized by the central bank of that country," says the New York State Banking Department source. "To me, looking at it as someone who has been in law enforcement all my life, do I think maybe we might have some willful blindness here, or blinking, or looking the other way? I think so. Can I prove it? No."

In any case, the question is moot. The New York State Banking Department has no jurisdiction over Republic because it is a federally chartered bank regulated by the Treasury's Comptroller of the Currency.

Officially, the Treasury and the Fed back the sale of U.S. dollars to Russian banks,

Photograph by Ludmila Kudinova.

saying that market forces and geopolitics—and not the priorities of law enforcement—should drive the trade. A high-level meeting of Fed and Treasury officials was convened in Washington last year, specifically to discuss the huge dollar sales by Republic to Russia. Fed officials defended the trade, saying that other than through direct loans, it was the best way to bulk up the sagging ruble and help Russia enter the global free market, according to one participant. (Further, the Fed maintains that the U.S. Treasury earns $15 billion a year from dollar sales abroad, the difference between the 4 cents it costs to print the hundred-dollar note and the remainder of the face value on the bill that is pocketed until the note is redeemed, which in many cases will be never. "It's an interest-free loan to the U.S.," says Edgar Feige, a University of Wisconsin economics professor and a consultant to the Fed.)

When one official at the meeting suggested that Republic might be doing business with banks controlled by organized crime, another vigorously defended Republic, saying it does a tremendous amount of due diligence to make sure the Russian banks are legitimately operated.

"And that in itself is a big laugh," says the participant. "There is no possible way for anybody to conduct due diligence on a Russian bank. There were people there from the Fed who have no common sense at all."

The dissent reaches all the way into the Comptroller of the Currency's office. When one senior official there was asked about Republic's dollar trade, he replied, "What I understand is that they are aiding in organized-crime activities out of the former Soviet Union through their so-called correspondent bank relationships."

Indeed, *New York* has learned that an interagency federal task force on economic crime made a preliminary finding that Republic's dollar trade with Russia is consistent with money laundering, according to the Comptroller of the Currency source and another investigator with knowledge of Republic's activities. Drafts of working papers prepared by task-force analysts stated this finding, but the charges were "tempered substantially" in the final drafts that go to senior policy-makers, says the official.

New York: "Have you gotten any word of working reports that have accused Republic of money laundering and working with Russian organized crime?"

Comptroller of the Currency official: "Not phrased that way. No."

New York: "How do they phrase it?"

Comptroller of the Currency official: "Well, what they do is, they indicate that the volume of new money being transferred out of Republic Bank into Russia is beyond that which is needed to support the normal use of U.S. dollars in the former Soviet Union, and that a further study needs to be made as to the actual use of those funds. But then the individuals who are in charge of researching all that state that this is, in fact, used to support the black market and organized crime. But that does not appear [in] the final report that is submitted to the policy-makers."

So far the only action taken regarding mobbed-up Russian banks has come at the state level. "We frankly have had a number of expressions of interest from Russian banking institutions," says Robert H. McCormick, who heads the foreign-commercial-banks division at the New York State Banking Department. However, McCormick says, "there is a whole potpourri of problems connected with the Russian banks, [including] money-laundering activity and underworld connections. So we generally discourage Russian banks from applying for branch or agency licenses." Because of strict state and federal licensing standards, only four Russian banks have applied for representative-office status in New York, which would allow them to do P.R. work but not operate as banks; other Russian banks backed off, after learning they would have to submit to a rigorous investigation by the state and the Fed's Board of Governors. "We have to be concerned about the competence of the people running the bank, their experience, their background," says McCormick, "And sometimes when we check that very briefly, the news is not good."

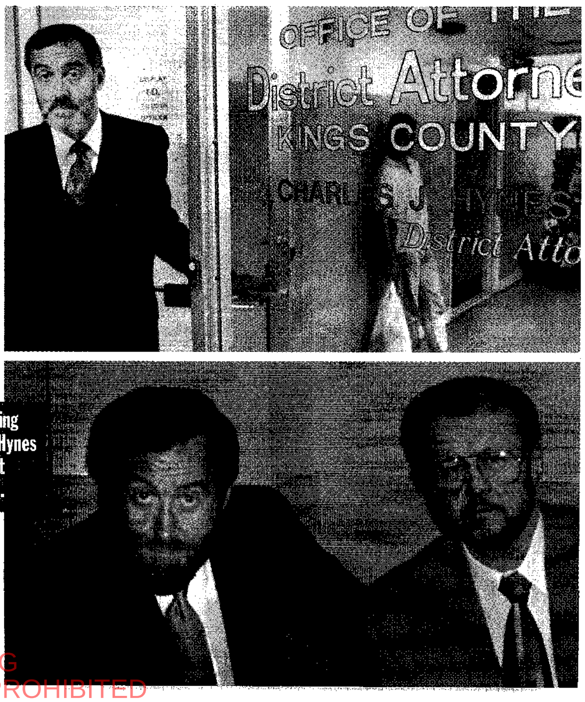
In 1992, Stolichny Bank, one of Russia's five largest private financial institutions and a major recipient of cash from Republic, met with state banking officials to inquire about a charter. After being discouraged, it never followed up with an application. Stolichny is identified in a classified CIA report as a front for organized crime; the respected Austrian newsweekly *Wirtschafts Woche* has cited police records that alleged Stolichny's owner, Alexander Smolensky, was an international drug dealer in the top echelon of the Russian *Mafiya.* Two other allegedly mob-linked banks that buy cash from Republic—Inkombank and Promstroy—have submitted applications. Promstroy's license to open a representative office was approved by the state banking department in June but is pending with the Fed. Inkombank's April 24 application is pending at both agencies. "Why is it that there are so few Russian banks that operate in New York?" asks the banking-department source. "The primary reason is that none of them are trusted."

DESPITE ALL THE INVESTIGATIONS and all the high-level meetings and international conferences that seem to involve Republic National Bank of New York, compliance officer Richard Annicharico insists the bank has never been officially accused of selling money to a mobbed-up Russian bank. "No. I never heard that," he says. "But the innuendo is there because we sell to [Russia]. But so what?"

Asked about a recent classified CIA report that named ten major Russian banks—among them many Republic clients—that are run by organized crime, Annicharico replied, "We looked at that, and we stopped doing business with some of those banks as a result of that." In fact, Annicharico says, Republic would completely shut down the dollar trade if federal officials ever showed it hard evidence that its client banks in Russia are corrupt. "Believe me, I wish they would," he says. "But you have a large faction of the U.S government that thinks it's great! You have some of the law-enforcement people who are negative on it. So you have a dual thing."

Many law-enforcement officials say they are not surprised Republic seems to be involved in such a controversial banking practice. "Republic has had a checkered past," says the New York State Banking Department source. "They've been a subject of suspicion over the years. . . . People

l officials had done nothing about the money sales. "To
't someone curious about how that sore got there?' "



Barry Slotnick leaving meeting with Brooklyn D.A. Charles Hynes (above); Slotnick with client Vyacheslav Ivankov (below).

Photographs: top, Charles Bwnzelberg/N.Y. *Post;* bottom, Alexander Grant/Novoye Russkoye Slovo.

headquarters
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ic Bank owner
pposite).

have sort of grinned when they heard Republic's name linked to mobbed-up banks in Russia."

Proclaimed by *Institutional Investor* to be "perhaps the most successful banking entrepreneur of the postwar era," Republic's owner, the 63-year old Edmond Safra, has built up a $50 billion global empire while amassing a personal fortune exceeding $2 billion. A Lebanese-born Orthodox Jew descended from generations of Syrian traders, Safra was also a financial prodigy. By the age of 21 he had founded Banco Safra in Brazil, which became a magnet for Jewish-flight capital from the volatile Middle East and later South America. In 1966, he founded Republic National Bank in New York with a scant $11 million in capital and a single branch in a Manhattan brownstone. Republic quickly became known on the street as a bank that would send an armored car to pick up large sums from its more secretive customers—no questions asked. The bank grew rapidly and is now the twentieth largest in the U.S., with assets of $42 billion and more than 70 branches in New York, California, and Florida. An arm of Safra's Geneva-based Trade Development Bank (TDB), Republic had a net income for the nine months ending September 30, 1995, of $193.8 million.

Safra specializes in niches that most other banks eschew, such as trading gold and banknotes. Though its commission on banknote sales is not publicly divulged, "it's always profitable," Safra once told told *Institutional Investor.* According to Charles Peabody, a bank analyst at UBS Securities, "it's been increasingly significant" to Republic's revenue stream. "It's a volume business, and it ties into the relationships they have with the central banks of the world . . . and I think Republic does have good relationships with the central banks of the world, probably built up through their gold-trading operation."

"The Pan Am people were panicky about a bon
in one of those blast containers, and explo

In the mid-eighties, Safra became the victim of a smear campaign orchestrated by American Express, which had bought Republic's Swiss parent, TDB, for $520 million in 1983. (Safra regained control of TDB five years later.) American Express hired a convicted felon to spread false stories in the international press depicting Safra as an unscrupulous operator involved in everything from Iran-contra to money laundering. Safra successfully sued two newspapers in France for libel and eventually won a public apology from American Express and $8 million, which went to four charities, including the International Red Cross and the Anti-Defamation League. Though Safra was stung by the accusations and character assassination, they helped inoculate his bank against subsequent money-laundering allegations that later emanated from legitimate law-enforcement inquiries, as well as scare away reporters.

Around the same time American Express was disseminating these malicious falsehoods, the DEA, Customs, and the Swiss police were investigating Safra's banks in Switzerland and New York for laundering Colombian and Turkish drug money. "I can say on the record that the sense I got from the agent with respect to Republic was that they were concerned about its activities," says William von Raab, the U.S. commissioner of Customs from 1981 to 1989. (Despised by the banking industry for his bluntness, von Raab had accused bankers at a 1982 conference in Miami of knowingly washing cartel drug money. "I am ashamed of all of you. You and your banks are engaging in sleaze," he shouted. A few years later, the crusading von Raab helped draft America's first money-laundering law.)

A bizarre event had led investigators to Republic. On Thanksgiving Day, 1987, two Armenian brothers arranged to fly to Zurich on KLM out of L.A., after checking their baggage through to Zurich on Pan Am. "The Pan Am people were panicky about a bomb," Greg Passic, then a DEA supervisor and now with FINCEN, told *New York.* "The bomb squad put the suitcases in one of those blast containers, and exploded them, and $2.2 million went flying out the top of the thing."

The suitcases were addressed to the Magharian brothers, big-time currency traders. They had been depositing drug money into Shakarchi Trading Company of Zurich, which allegedly wired it as well as the funds of many other drug dealers into account number 606347712 at Republic. According to *Newsday,* the account was "the junction of two major narcotics-money-laundering investigations spanning four continents." Customs agents were convinced that Republic was complicit. "The agents were really, really down on Republic," a top-level Customs source says. "I think they just felt it was a rotten bank."

A classified DEA investigative report written by a field agent in Bern, Switzerland, and approved by the DEA's Passic, dated January 16, 1988, described the link between Shakarchi, Safra, and Republic: "Shakarchi Trading Company of Zurich, Switzerland, operates as a currency exchange company and is utilized by some of the world's largest trafficking organizations to launder the proceeds of their drug-traf-

Photograph by Greg Miller.

ficking activities. Its director, Mohammed Shakarchi, has been closely associated with the heads of these criminal organizations and assists those criminal organizations.

"Shakarchi Trading maintains accounts at the Republic National Bank of New York, a bank which has surfaced in several previous money laundering investigations.

"While he was alive, Mahomoud Shakarchi (Mohammed's father) maintained a close relationship with Edmond Safra, owner of the Safra Bank and founder of the Trade Development Bank as well as the owner of approximately 38 percent of the stock in Republic National Bank of New York. All of those banks surfaced in Mahomoud Shakarchi's alleged drug laundering activities."

In March 1989, the Magharians were indicted in Los Angeles for money laundering; two years later, Shakarchi's records were subpoenaed by Swiss and American police, who also confiscated Shakarchi's account at Republic, through which more than $800 million had passed over a five-year period. Neither Republic nor Safra nor Shakarchi was indicted, though Shakarchi later told Israeli journalist Rachel Ehrenfeld that he was convinced that the DEA was going after him to get him to flip against Safra.

The case against Shakarchi was quietly dropped in 1990, after the U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District concluded that there wasn't enough evidence to prove the money in the Republic account was drug proceeds, Robert Cozzolina, deputy special agent in charge of the U.S. Customs Service in Manhattan, told *New York*. Ehrenfeld, who investigated the case, alleged in her book *Evil Money* (HarperBusiness, 1992) that a corrupt U.S. government official purposely put errors in the subpoena so Shakarchi's attorneys could easily quash it and stop the investigation. To this day, Passic says he believes Shakarchi Trading was willingly doing business with drug traffickers. Customs agents who investigated Safra said they didn't want to talk about him because of his power. "If you go after somebody like Safra, you had better dot every *i* and cross every *t*," says one of the Customs agents who worked the Shakarchi case.

Passic, who says he "investigated the hell out of Republic," paid the bank a backhanded compliment, saying it used more due diligence than he had initially thought. "When we went up and talked to them and saw the programs they had in place, actually, we were surprised. Because if you look at the activity that the bank had through various corners of the world with these traffickers' accounts, you know, it kinda raised our eyebrows.

"One of the things they did that we were unaware of—they are one of the largest vendors of banknotes in the world. They actually buy and sell dollars. And you know, we were totally ignorant about the whole process, and when we heard that a courier was flying out with $25 mil in an airplane, you know, we kind of freaked out. When we sat down and saw that a lot of the business that they did was in conjunction with the Fed, and it was part of the legal sales and purchase of U.S. dollars, they explained, at least to my satisfaction, that they're trying their damnedest to keep the dope money out of their bank."

Others are less charitable. Buddy Parker, an assistant U.S. Attorney in Atlanta who has prosecuted major laundering cases, says: "Well, let's say Republic always had some very interesting customers who find the government looking at them, more so than maybe other banks.

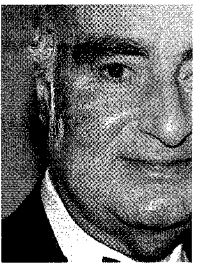
"I know that a number of customers of Republic Bank have been targets, some of which have been prosecuted, some of which haven't. . . . Well, they seem to have more than their lion's share of these kinds of accounts. And these kinds of accounts, if you look at the way their activity has been conducted, would say, 'You know, gee, this stuff stinks. This smells. I've got to be suspicious about who this account holder is. I need to find out a little bit more.' "

As for Republic's dollar trade with mobbed-up banks, von Raab says with characteristic bluntness, "That's the smell that was always coming off Republic."

"Speaking as someone who has been a law-enforcement person my entire life," says the state-banking-department source, "it may be overly simplistic, but I'll put it like this: If you identify bad guys, and you're sending money to bad guys, I mean, to me that's not good!"

ys a U.S. Treasury official. "The bomb squad put the suitcases

m, and $2.2 million went flying out the top of the thing."



COMBATING MONEY LAUNDERING may be a top priority of the Clinton administration, but it's virtually impossible to stop. There are about 700,000 wire transfers a day, totaling $2 trillion. Some $300 million of that—less than one sixtieth of one percent—is laundered funds hidden by the huge volume of legitimate transfers, says a September 1995 report by the Office of Technology Assessment. The report concludes that there is no existing technology capable of identifying all but the most obvious trade anomalies. "There is no way you can program the system to say, 'I want you out of these 700,000 transfers to look for [dirty] banks,' " says Rayburn Hesse, a State Department senior policy adviser who chairs a federal task force on money laundering. "The result is that we have an international banking system that knows no horizons. It operates around the clock. Our laws, however, know horizons called national boundaries."

The Treasury Department has started a program called Operation Outreach to recruit banks to help stop money laundering. "All of the major banks in New York were receiving drug monies and still are today. Our prior strategy was to try to get evidence on them and see if we could jam them up," says Passic, the former DEA official who runs the program. "Sometimes we found out there were just very minor people in the bank that were involved, that the upper management really was not involved, as we initially thought. So what we've been trying to do lately is work with them, and see if we can encourage them to develop patterns and profiles on accounts that they have, and basically close the accounts down [of money launderers] and chase them out."

Republic is on the board of Operation Outreach, and its cooperation has been laudable, says Passic. But well-informed sources say Republic pressed law enforcement for documentation about mob links to Russian banks only after being contacted by *New York* late last year.

No one in government with even rudimentary knowledge about Russian organized crime doubts that it has penetrated the international banking system. Many say that selling dollars to mobbed-up Russian banks is morally indefensible, regardless of whether the trade is sanctioned by the Federal Reserve. And if the dollars are bought with wired funds derived from asset-stripping, narcotics, stolen U.S. aid, or the black-market sale of arms or nuclear materials, then it's money laundering. "Even though you can't fault Republic as to the current interpretation of the law, it doesn't necessarily mean that it's legal," says a Treasury source.

"It just means that some of the questions that you ask [are] ahead of where we have gotten," adds the State Department's Winer. "We are grappling with it. We are trying to put it together. But all of this has happened very quickly, and it's taking us some time to get adequate answers."

As part of that effort, the Treasury helped the Russian Central Bank draft money-laundering laws. But the Russian Parliament has dozens of convicted criminals among its members. The legislation has stalled. ■

Photograph by Gerardo Somoza/Outline.

Straight Out of Brooklyn

The *New York* Interview

With Denis's new novel—being produced for the movies by Brian—and Pete's new collection, the Hamills are in overdrive. At the Lion's Head, they talked about writing and drinking and the city of their youth. By Colleen Quinn

Colleen Quinn: *How is it that three first-generation Irish-Americans from a working-class Brooklyn neighborhood became journalists?*

Denis: Well, I've often thought that if Pete, as the oldest, had become a fireman, we might have become firemen or cops or something. When Pete was a reporter at the *Post* and we were little kids, he would get us tickets to the circus, but he would assign compositions to us, and in addition to our schoolwork, we had to work for Pete. He encouraged us to make words from our experiences.

Pete, you describe New York as "the lost city" in an essay in Piecework. *How do you reconcile the place you grew up with the city now?*

Pete: I don't think one is at war with the other. People my age remember a clearly defined other city—because there really was another city with three baseball teams and seven newspapers and 1 million more blue-collar jobs. That city existed, and it's underneath the way I see the city. It has to be if I'm going to be honest about the way I live here. When *A Drinking Life* came out, I went to a book-signing in Park Slope, and I discovered that people who moved to Park Slope in the last ten or fifteen years read my book like it was a guide to Palenque. They said, "Holy gee, Junior Persico lived in that building."

Denis, in your Daily News *column, you describe both you and Brian being stabbed in fights when you were younger. Is the city really more violent now?*

Brian: We did most of our fighting with our fists or at most a garrison belt or a knife. Now they pull out Mac-10s and Glock 19s and blow you away if you look at them wrong. There's more money around and crack, but it still comes from not knowing what your future is. If it wasn't for Pete, I might have wound up in jail, because I hung out with the wrong people.

Pete: What Brian said makes sense. I notice the lack of optimism in teenagers. They don't have a sense of a narrative or a story, and Saturday night is the great distant future. So the idea of saying "Gee, if I work my ass off, I can maybe become something" is gone.

Why do you think that is so?

Pete: I think the welfare system took over a lot of the functions that were once part of families'. The authority that comes with the father putting a check on the table extends to other basic questions like "Did you do your homework?" On an August night I would hear my father weeping in pain because he was an amputee and had blisters on his stump, and you were not going to do anything to disgrace him. You had to honor that. If you don't have that father, your natural rebellion against him is then directed at something faceless, your schoolteacher or a cop.

You are all nondrinkers now—did you all become alcoholics?

Brian: Until I went away to college in Rochester, I thought everybody drank. We came from a dysfunctional neighborhood.

Denis: When I was an altar boy, I'd see the priest putting vodka in the chalice instead of white wine at eight in the morning. But he was one of our tribe; he was an Irish priest. We didn't think it was abnormal. We thought people who didn't drink were weird.

Pete: I don't like the word *alcoholic* as a noun; I think it's a very useful adjective. But I think if you say, "Are you an alcoholic?" it's like saying, "Are you gay?" You can be gay but also be many other things. We knew all kinds of alcoholics. If you just stood at the bar here at the Lion's Head in the old days, you'd see nine different kinds of drunks; you'd see a morose Jew talking to a morose Irishman in whispers, and then violent drunks, and happy drunks, and journalists who for about four or five sentences were actually pretty good drunks. They were counting on sober editors. We've got a wall here with all of these book jackets, and among those are some of our honored dead. I learned a lot at the bar of this place and other bars down by the newspapers. It was like a floating seminar, but at a certain point you reach diminishing returns and you can't remember what you learned.

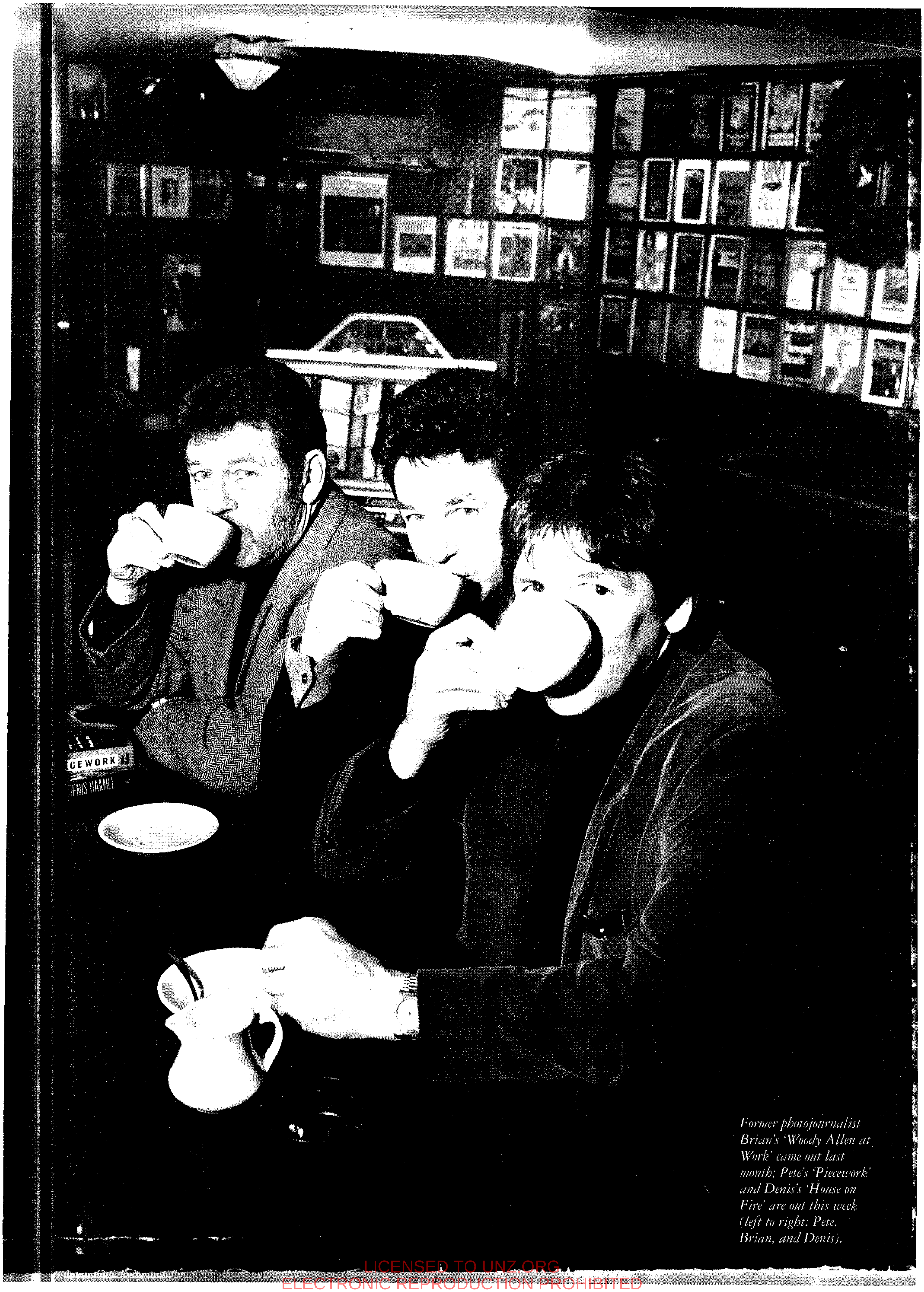
Do you celebrate Saint Patrick's Day?

Denis: I always thought it was sort of an amateur act. Now that I don't drink, I try to avoid it. I usually spend the day visiting my mother in the nursing home. I bring her tea and soda bread.

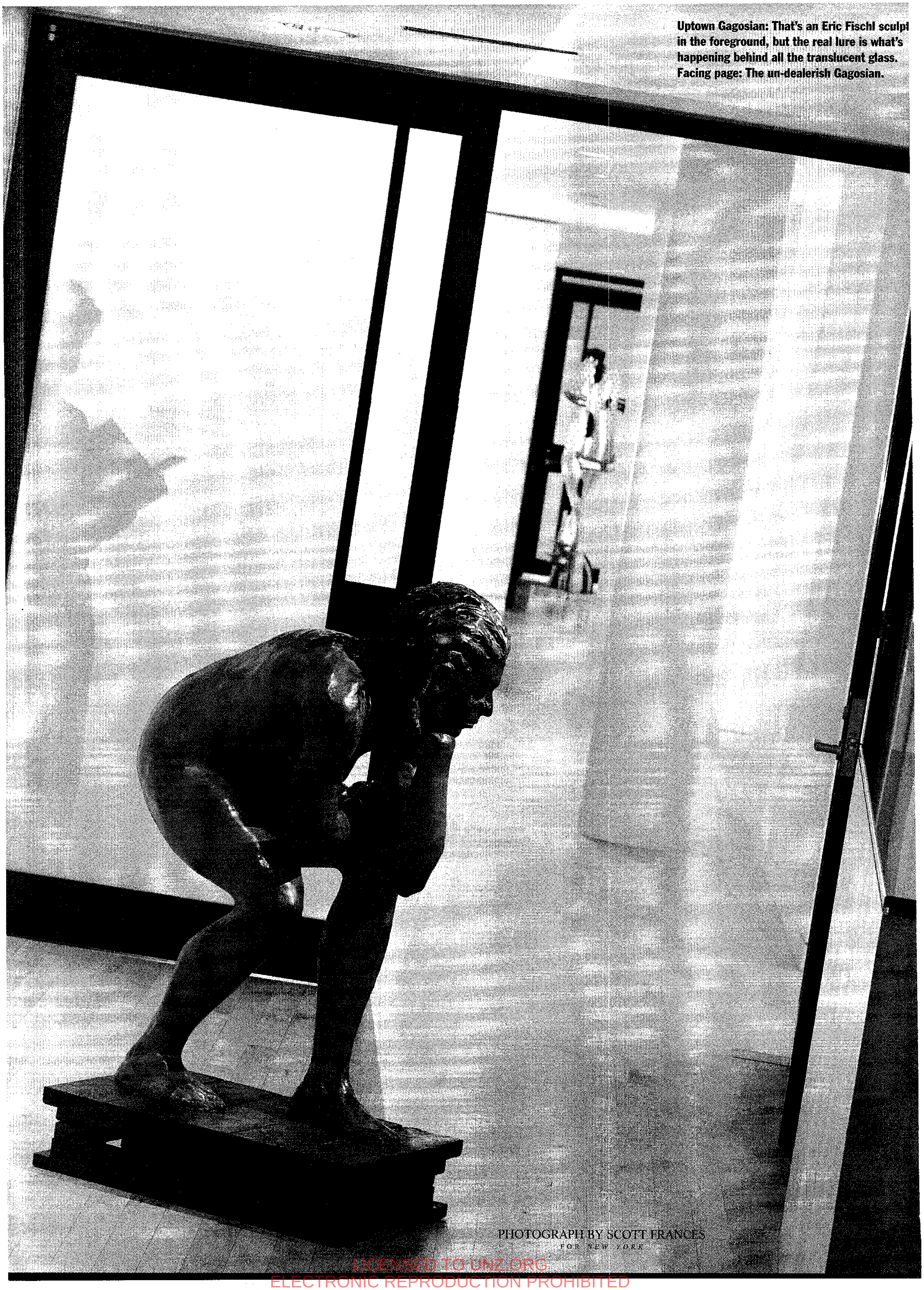
Pete: I like the idea of the day, but for more than twenty years I've hated the insistence of the "Order of Ancient Hibernians" that it's a Catholic parade and not an Irish parade. They've used that as a way to keep the gay contingent out. Also, it's an outrage because in Northern Ireland, they're trying desperately to assure the Protestants that religious rules won't dominate the country when it unifies. And the organizers are also saying, in effect, that there is no room for Yeats and Wilde, just to name

(continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN SHUNG
FOR *NEW YORK*


CEWORK
DENIS HAMILL

Former photojournalist Brian's 'Woody Allen at Work' came out last month; Pete's 'Piecework' and Denis's 'House on Fire' are out this week (left to right: Pete, Brian, and Denis).



Uptown Gagosian: That's an Eric Fischl sculpt
in the foreground, but the real lure is what's
happening behind all the translucent glass.
Facing page: The un-dealerish Gagosian.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT FRANCES
FOR *NEW YORK*

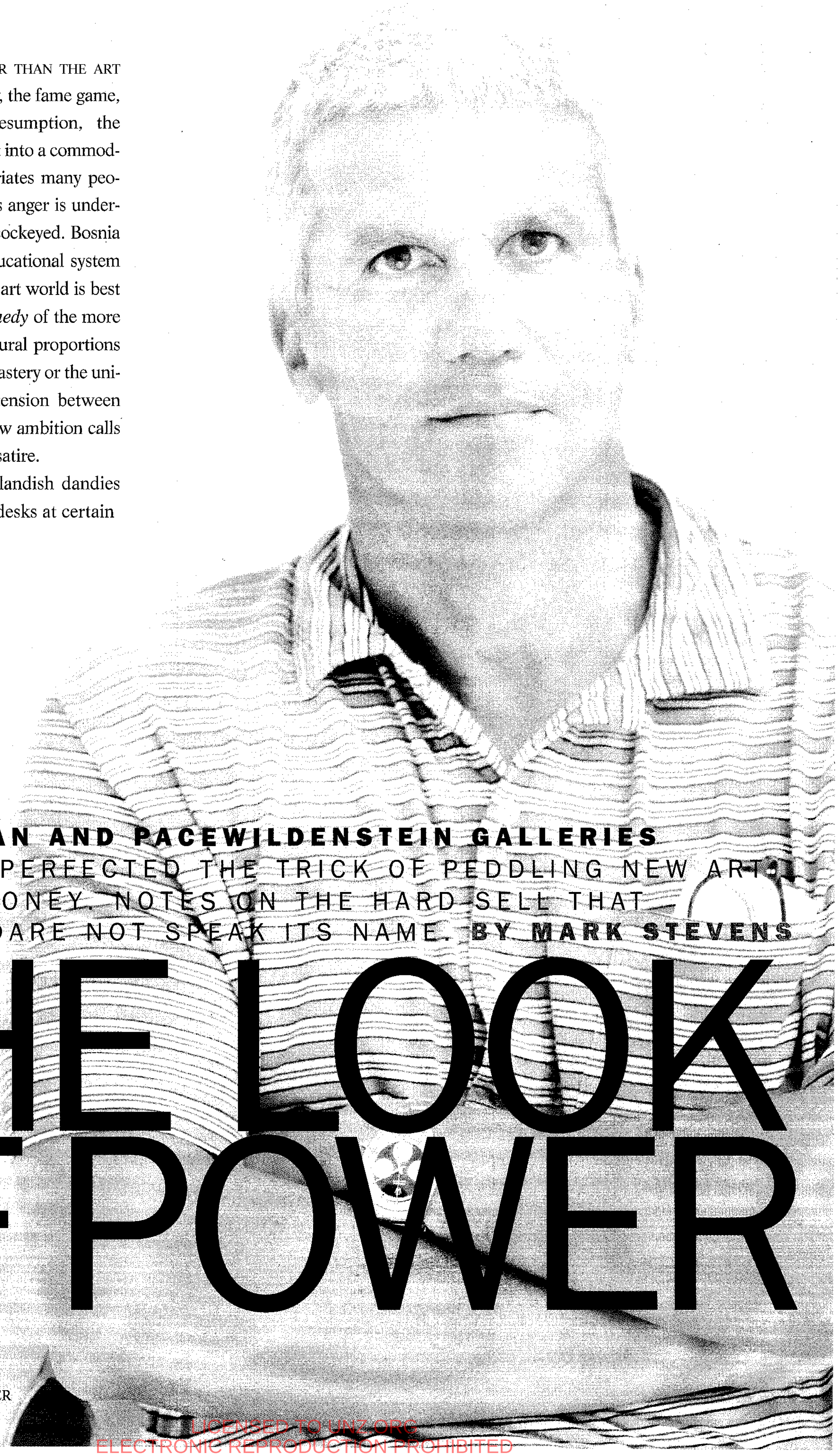
THE LOOK OF POWER

THE GAGOSIAN AND PACEWILDENSTEIN GALLERIES HAVE PERFECTED THE TRICK OF PEDDLING NEW ART TO NEW MONEY. NOTES ON THE HARD-SELL THAT DARE NOT SPEAK ITS NAME.

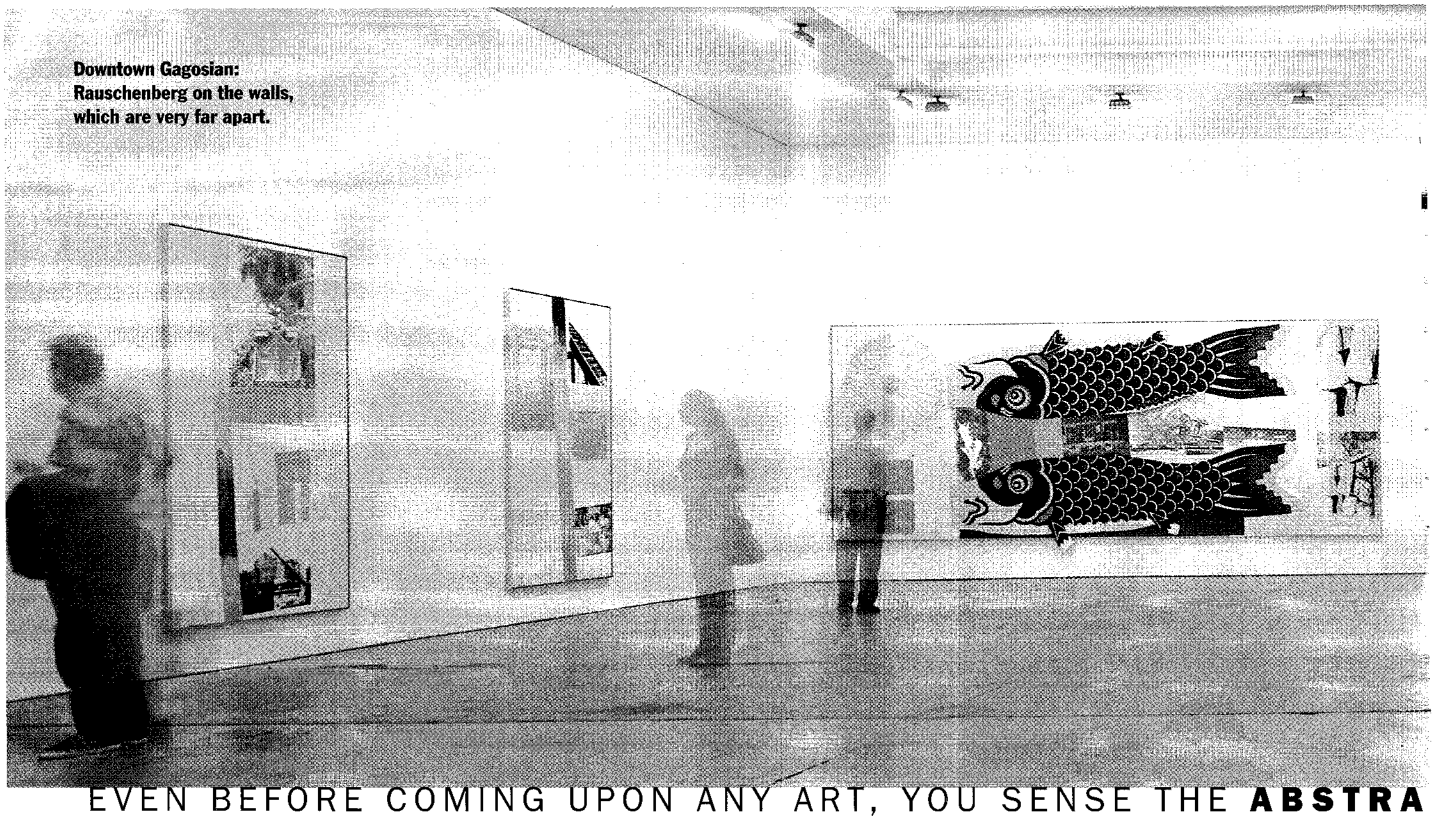
BY MARK STEVENS

ART DESERVES BETTER THAN THE ART world. The snobbery, the fame game, the intellectual presumption, the transformation of art into a commodity—all of that infuriates many people. The scale of this anger is understandable, but also cockeyed. Bosnia is a tragedy. The educational system is a scandal. But the art world is best understood as a *comedy* of the more serious kind. Its natural proportions are those of the monastery or the university, where the tension between high idealism and low ambition calls for morally pointed satire.

Consider the outlandish dandies who sit behind the desks at certain



TOGRAPH BY TIM STREET-PORTER
FOR *NEW YORK*



Downtown Gagosian: Rauschenberg on the walls, which are very far apart.

EVEN BEFORE COMING UPON ANY ART, YOU SENSE THE **ABSTRA**
THAT IS **CHARACTERISTIC OF POWER NOW.** WHERE IS THE B
CENTER? WHERE IS BUSINESS DONE? THE MONEY IS SO SERIOUS

fashionable galleries. Are they entirely human? They dress better than people but not as well as mannequins; their ennui seems at once slothful and magnificent, like that of a pride of lions which has recently fed. The appearance of the artists they represent is no less calculated. At an opening, the artist will almost invariably show up in jeans or dress "colorfully" to advertise a radically free spirit. Of course, there is nothing more bourgeois than this uneasy fear of appearing boringly middle-class.

Much that happens in the art world is a signal to money, power, and various centers of fashionable opinion. The dandy at the gallery desk may start to twitch, for example, at the approach of a wealthy collector. (In a pride of anomic lions, the first sign of hunger might be the subtle twitching of tails.) Apart from its comedy of manners, however, the art world also offers the eye a brilliant, highly mannered, and sometimes disturbing portrait of power in our culture at the end of this century. It can be marvelously telling.

No place better describes the look of power today than the Gagosian Gallery. Its owner, Larry Gagosian, opened his first gallery in Los Angeles in 1975. He followed with a space in New York in 1978. Over the years, he has had several outlets in both cities. In New York, his uptown gallery is two large floors on Madison Avenue across from the Carlyle Hotel. His SoHo space is on Wooster Street. A handsome, new 8,000-square-foot gallery in Beverly Hills, designed by the architect Richard Meier, opened late last year.

Among galleries of contemporary art, Gagosian represents a certain tradition—what could be called the "power gallery." Such a gallery is typically regarded with intense suspicion. In its New York form, the power gallery evolved after World War II and paralleled the move of vanguard art into the mainstream. When Abstract Expressionist painters like Willem de Kooning and Franz Kline were still poor and largely unknown, their dealer was a charming Irish rogue named Charles Egan, whose gallery was in a tiny studio apartment on 57th Street. (He used the bathroom for a storage area.) In the late forties, Egan was one of the few dealers who showed modern American art, but he was essentially an amateur rather than a moneymaker or an impresario of reputation.

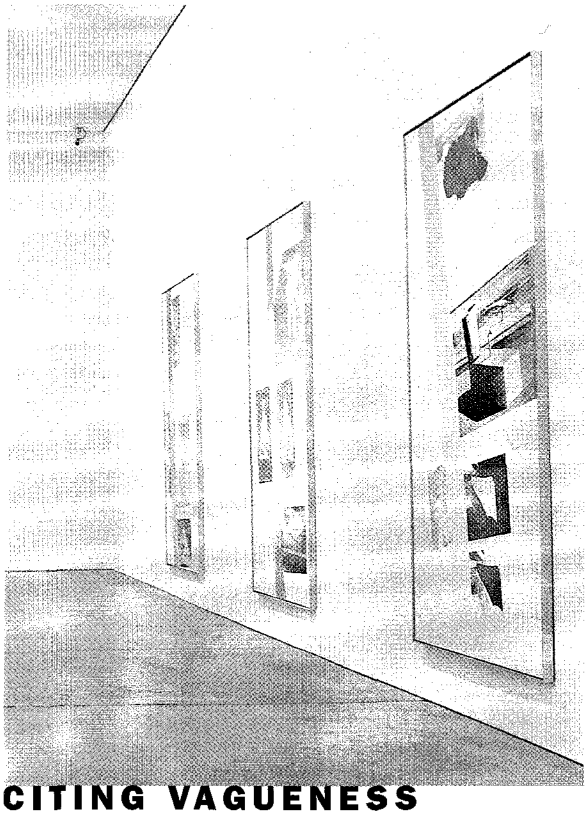
When it became clear in the mid-fifties that American art and collectors would claim center stage—and real money would be made—more ambitious and businesslike dealers stepped in. The most successful had an instinctive feeling for how to ally contemporary art to contemporary power. Not only was Sidney Janis a deft salesman with a wide acquaintance among collectors, for example, but he also dealt in the great European modernists, notably Mondrian. Exhibiting de Kooning on the same walls as Mondrian telegraphed to collectors the new status of American art—and encouraged them to open their wallets.

Leo Castelli's gallery, in turn, reflected the confident face of American power in the early-to-mid sixties, when the Kennedy administration brought youth, stylishness, and a taste for art to American culture. Wealthy collectors found in Pop a way to celebrate—and strike a smart pose toward—mass culture. Artists became chic, and, in the minds of many collectors, art established strong links to fashion and investment. "Movements" in art came and went like changing styles in clothes. Art was a decorative growth stock.

In the late seventies and eighties, the purest example of the power gallery was Pace (now PaceWildenstein). It created an elegant match between art and the boardroom during a period when—in contrast with the sixties—business and "the CEO" were widely celebrated. There was nothing frenetic, forbidding, or over-the-top about Pace. The man behind the gallery, Arne Glimcher, was a good businessman with whom other good businessmen would be comfortable.

Yet Pace was not merely businesslike. As any smart CEO knew, the business of art was not only business. Art had something to do with "for the ages." Both earnest and boyish, Glimcher conveyed to collectors a reverence for art, creating the impression that art *should* be very expensive; artists *deserved* to be very well paid; after all, this was *genius*. And if you had in your house

Photograph by Scott Frances.



CITING VAGUENESS
M? WHERE IS THE HUMAN
OST CAN'T FIND IT.

what belonged in a museum—well, then, you could imagine you were not merely moneyed but truly singular, the kind of person who in the old days was portrayed sitting on a horse in the town square.

At Pace, Glimcher showed both old, widely praised artists such as Louise Nevelson and younger artists such as Brice Marden. This gave the younger ones an implied museum stature and the older ones youthful pizzazz. He was as eclectic as his period, plucking many disparate and celebrated artists from other galleries. He advertised shows not with the typical gallery announcement but with sumptuous productions that looked like a cross between a corporate annual report and a museum catalogue. And he mounted serious historical shows, such as the handsome exhibition last spring of Picasso drawings.

THE GAGOSIAN GALLERY TAKES the approach of Pace to a new level. While hardly a place for the people, Pace has always had a few pleasantly cheesy bins where you could flip through some cellophane-wrapped prints, and its space at 32 East 57th Street is fairly modest. At Gagosian, there are no bins: You have to be rich not to feel poor.

Upon entering the substantial building that houses the uptown Gagosian, you see advertisements for mansions (good containers for art) being sold by Sotheby's International Realty, a fellow tenant. Then you take a private wood-paneled elevator—like those reserved for the brass in corporate headquarters—to the fifth floor. Upon entering Gagosian you come face-to-face with a desk. Owing to the high plane of this desk, you can generally see only part of the face of the person staring at you. This is not exactly unfriendly, but what it most resembles is Passport Control. Do you pass?

In contemporary art, the sensation of belonging—or not—attracts and repulses many people. Dealers make fortunes preying upon this insecurity. At Gagosian, there is a mysterious door pretty much everywhere you look. This is a result of the gallery's expansion, not conscious calculation, but it has a pronounced psychological effect. Each door is a blank eye containing a large amount of frosted glass that lets through only a soft light. There is no indication where a door leads or what it conceals. The light and ambiguity titillate, creating a desire for the private back room. A modern Swiss bank must have doors like this.

Even before coming upon any art, then, you sense the abstract, exciting vagueness that is characteristic of power now. Where is the back room? Where is the human center? Where is business actually done? The money is so serious you almost can't find it. (The very rich carry no cash.) Instead, power is a light locked within a door. A power like the glow of a computer screen, the gleam on fresh currency, the shine of a glossy magazine, the flicker of software in the machine. Steel mills once symbolized power. Today, steel is style.

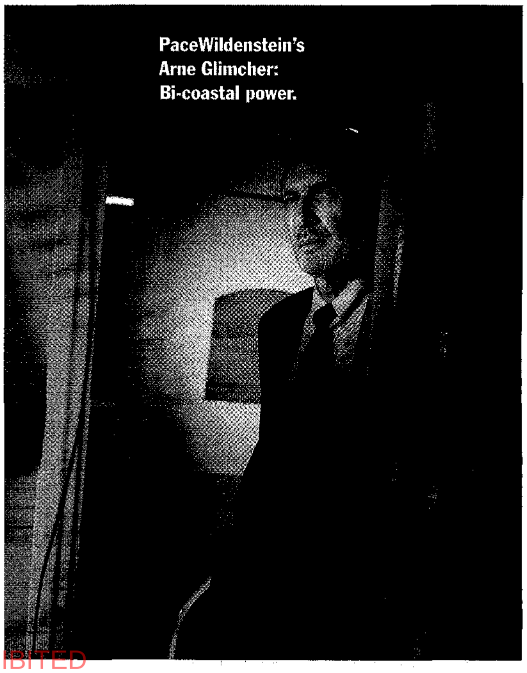
At Gagosian, no ugly wall labels identify works of art, a fine elision that enhances our visual experience but may also arouse the feeling (which can be financially useful) that art is a secret language only the brilliant and rich can possess. The gallery will typically highlight a small number of works, rather than present a crowded roomful of art. This also increases our formal appreciation while giving particular works a "star turn." Price, of course, is nowhere in evidence.

The actual design of the uptown Gagosian is a sort of generic high modern reminiscent of the Museum of Modern Art before its 1985 renovation. There is nothing too ostentatious or too playfully postmodern to distract the eye. Gagosian is a perfectionist when it comes to presenting art, admirably so, and yet his uptown gallery also has the bland face of a corporate office. The greatest historical irony of modernism is that a style of architecture that began as an invitation to utopian dreaming now signifies discreet high-end commerce.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE gallery has allied itself with the styles of the two great centers of cultural power in modern America—New York and Los Angeles. Neither city is very interested in intimacies of scale, and you will not find much in the way of small work or small spaces at Gagosian.

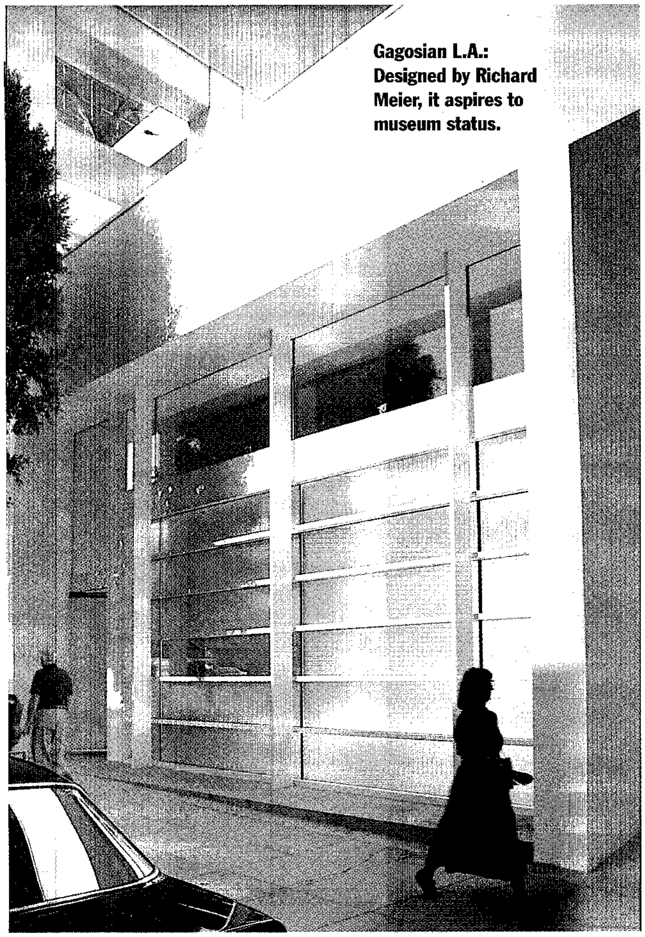
The New York style is rooted in SoHo and TriBeCa. It joins two elements: polished money and old industrial spaces. It depends upon discerning and creating elegance where ordinary taste would find only an outmoded workplace. People today take great pleasure in walking past the hooded nineteenth-century windows on a darkened SoHo or TriBeCa street, past a wino in a doorway, up the battered freight elevator—and into a wealth of generous, warmly lit space that includes cast-iron columns, wooden floors, a restaurant stove, and a touch of greenery and art.

Why? The SoHo style enables the safely well-off to dress up in the more interesting role of the artist, much as Marie Antoinette once enjoyed playing a shepherdess. As a style taken up by the wealthy, SoHo (though now a downwardly mobile parody of itself) symbolizes the move of art from outside to inside—from poverty to power. Gagosian's SoHo gallery used to be a grubby industrial garage. It has been transformed by white walls, an elegant concrete floor, and the most beautiful garage door on the East Coast. The door



PaceWildenstein's Arne Glimcher: Bi-coastal power.

Photograph by Edward Santalone.



Gagosian L.A.: Designed by Richard Meier, it aspires to museum status.

THERE IS SO MUCH **PRIVILEGE AND C**
SOCIAL CHAIN THAT INCLUDES TH
REST OF THE SHINY ACCOUTREMENTS.

is a glass-and-gray grid: If Agnes Martin were a movie star, she would give her car this garage.

Los Angeles style is also present in the New York galleries. The translucent glass is typical of L.A. So is the mixing of the public face and the private face, the open and the secretive, which is the aura of the movie star. Today, hotels, clubs, and restaurants that invest heavily in being stylish—such as the Royalton—will often have an ostentatiously unobtrusive entrance. (An actor does not advertise his presence in Malibu.) The message is that only the clued-in are welcome, which is a way to shout one's importance with a whisper. At Gagosian's SoHo gallery, where the entry is the usual translucent glass, only a tiny sign announces that this "garage" is a gallery.

In the last decade, the art world has become obsessed with the cultural power, money, and aura of Hollywood. At the Pace Gallery, Glimcher has sold a great deal of art to Michael Ovitz and other West Coast *machers*. Now, he is directing movies as well as selling paintings. Last fall, both PaceWildenstein and Gagosian opened beautiful new gallery spaces in Beverly Hills. Both hope, of course, to reach the pot of gold at the end of the Hollywood rainbow, a goal that has long eluded L.A. galleries, which have historically found that Hollywood prefers to buy art in New York. Both galleries are betting that New York connections and a tasteful, non–Rodeo Drive stylishness will do the trick—and both have commissioned celebrated New York architects to design their Los Angeles spaces.

At PaceWildenstein in L.A., Charles Gwathmey fashioned a space of elegant Whistlerian grays. Gagosian, in turn, hired Richard Meier. Why Meier? Surely, in part, because Meier is also designing the great new symbol of Los Angeles's pride and power—the $730 million J. Paul Getty Museum, now rising above the Los Angeles freeways like an Italian hill town. Meier's design for Gagosian in L.A. is an excellent piece of architecture. He began with the "white cube" of the contemporary art gallery, then let that abstract cube breathe. A few subtle curves give a pulse to the space. Strict lines relax toward openness. The ceiling of the main space swells toward the light, bringing a free feeling into a highly fashioned environment.

The signal to contemporary power comes not from any aspect of Meier's design but from the fact that the gallery environment itself is suddenly such a confident work of art. In contrast with the New York spaces, the setting is here equal to the jewel, or, to put it differently, the frame matters as much as the picture. This is a subtle compliment to collectors who might wish to think themselves and their grand houses as important as their art. It idealizes the life around the pictures. There are museums that aspire to be art, but it is rare for a commercial gallery to do so. "I wanted a different relationship between the gallery and art," Gagosian says. "I'm not sure yet how that will work out—but not like a store."

N*ot like a store*—BUT, OF course, a gallery is a store. Why pretend otherwise? Because the great stores of today are never just stores: They sell you an idea of who you are. Much like Ralph Lauren or Calvin Klein, Gagosian sells the wealthy a conception of themselves. Art is a striking accoutrement, deepening what might otherwise seem too evanescent or mercenary a way of life—merely stylish or rich.

If Lauren peddles an idea of the cosmopolitan country gentleman, Gagosian sells the weighty prestige of the museum. "The museum" unites art, money, meaning, and fashion, embodying interlocking networks of power in our culture. A man like Si Newhouse Jr., the chairman of Condé Nast, which specializes in ephemeral fashion magazines, is an important collector, a trustee at the Museum of Modern Art, and a strong buyer at the Gagosian Gallery.

A decade ago, when Gagosian decided to get serious about the art business in New York, he did not represent a single artist. How was he to make a name for himself? His answer was to put on shows that attracted attention. "I enjoyed being engaged with art and the public," he says. "The historical shows were a way to bring the public in, to give the gallery a sense of significance. They gave the gallery a lot of credibility and attention."

Gagosian's first big show (in 1985 at an earlier gallery in Chelsea) was Pop art from the Tremaine collection. It was not selling pictures that mattered at this point, but garnering the prestige of showing a legendary collection. "The response was very positive," he said, "and we sold a couple of paintings." Exhibits of this kind were not only fun—and sometimes important—they served as the higher bait. If Gagosian was good enough for the Tremaines . . .

Over the years, Gagosian has done many such shows. The central exhibition room at the uptown gallery is a generous, superbly lit place that could be part of the Metropolitan Museum. There is a guard present. In these exhibitions, few if any works are for sale. Recently, this gallery of contemporary art organized a marvelous loan show of Rubens paintings and oil sketches. Why? Partly for the pleasure of it; but also for the company. It enables the gallery to present art as a seamless continuum. Next to the Rubens was a small Rauschenberg show and an exhibit of Warhol celebrity portraits. A collector could be forgiven for supposing that, in our day, Rauschenberg has the facility, and Warhol the insight into power, of Rubens.

The museum aura is also a good way to attract artists. Here the bait is the catalogue as well as the show. At the time of the Twombly retrospective at MOMA, Gagosian exhibited a single enormous Twombly painting. To reproduce this painting in the catalogue, it was necessary first to photograph it in segments, then rejoin it with the aid of a computer to produce a large foldout image. Details of the picture were then reproduced separately and critically pondered. This labor is deeply flattering to an artist: One imagines making such an effort for, say, the paintings in the caves at Las-

Photograph by Tim Street-Porter.

caux. Where will Twombly, who now sells through a number of different outlets, be likely to market his work in the future?

Gagosian is not identified with any one style of art, or group of artists, in the way that the Castelli Gallery, for example, was once identified with Pop and the artists who came of age in the late fifties and sixties. Instead, the gallery has the "this and also that" spirit of a museum. It seems to sell only art-world success, confirming the museum-anointed and exquisitely elevating already high reputations. Not every Gagosian artist is a star, but these seem the exceptions that prove the rule.

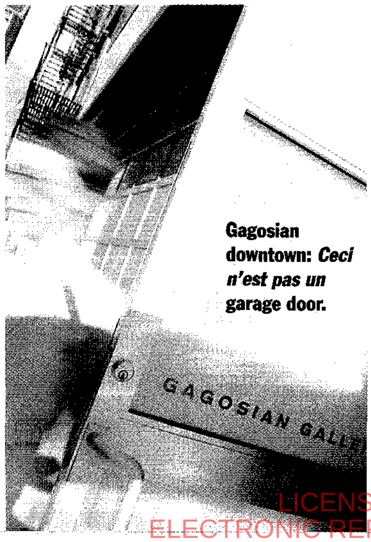
To maintain the museum aura, galleries like Gagosian and Pace now hire serious critics and curators. Bernice Rose, the former curator of drawings at MOMA, works at Pace and wrote the catalogue for the recent Picasso-drawings show there. The respected critic and scholar Robert Pincus-Witten made the crossover to Gagosian. Larry Gagosian himself does not resemble other art dealers. He is knowledgeable about art, but he also looks like someone who plays tennis every morning before he goes to work. Many find that refreshing.

ON DISPLAY; ART OFTEN SEEMS JUST ANOTHER **LINK IN THE**
ION, THE LUNCH AT THE CHIC RESTAURANT, THE TROPHY WIFE, AND THE
STS USED TO JOKE BITTERLY ABOUT **THE PACE-IFICATION OF ARTISTS.**

Yet artists and collectors want the imprimatur of the academy, too. With Pincus-Witten—the name seems invented for Gagosian's purposes—the dealer adds an essential note to his pitch.

Not surprisingly, many people in the art world detest Larry Gagosian and hope he gets overextended and goes bust. (They don't much care for Glimcher, either, or for empire builders like Thomas Krens at the Guggenheim Museum.) The power galleries are attacked for being slick and pretentious; they lure blue-chip talent from others and are interested only in marketing established names and mounting self-glorifying shows. At a time when many galleries have closed or are under financial stress, their flashy success offends.

Not only that, but Gagosian, who is from Los Angeles, is unabashed about liking big houses and the splashy life. He dated the supermodel Veronica Webb, and goes to trendy restaurants and St. Barts. A certain tabloid tawdriness dogs him. But the gossip around Gagosian may actually appeal to certain collectors and aid in his success, making him appear more like other power players in an era when success often seems a matter of smoke and mirrors. Whatever his motivations, he is a brilliant manipulator of this cultural moment. Because I don't expect to find Mother Teresa selling art, there is a part of me that enjoys his heated response to the charge of being slick and excessively style-conscious.



Gagosian downtown: *Ceci n'est pas un* garage door.

Photograph by Scott Frances.

"There's an *un*stylishness that's also stylish, calculated, pretentious," he says. "I live the life I want to lead. I can't worry about what other people say. We've done some of the toughest shows, where nothing's for sale, and people say, 'Well, that's to valorize, justify himself, sell more.' Fuck that. Anything can be turned that way. If I had a slick gallery, I wouldn't be able to keep the same excellent people working here for so long.

"I'm out there, I don't hide. People say 'high-profile.' I'm not doing it because I want to be high-profile, that's the tail wagging the dog. Somebody said, 'Why don't you live in a little house with an old car? Nobody will write about you.' But I grew up in a little house with an old car."

THERE ARE THOSE WHO REVERE ART'S RESISTANCE to established authority, which is one of the glories of modernism. Such people—including me—have every reason to find a gallery like Gagosian's disturbing. There is so much privilege and comfort on display; art often seems just another link in the social chain that includes the mansion, the lunch at the chic restaurant, the trophy wife, and the rest of the shiny accesories. Art-world moralists used to accuse Pace artists of making a Faustian bargain and joked bitterly about the Pace-ification of artists.

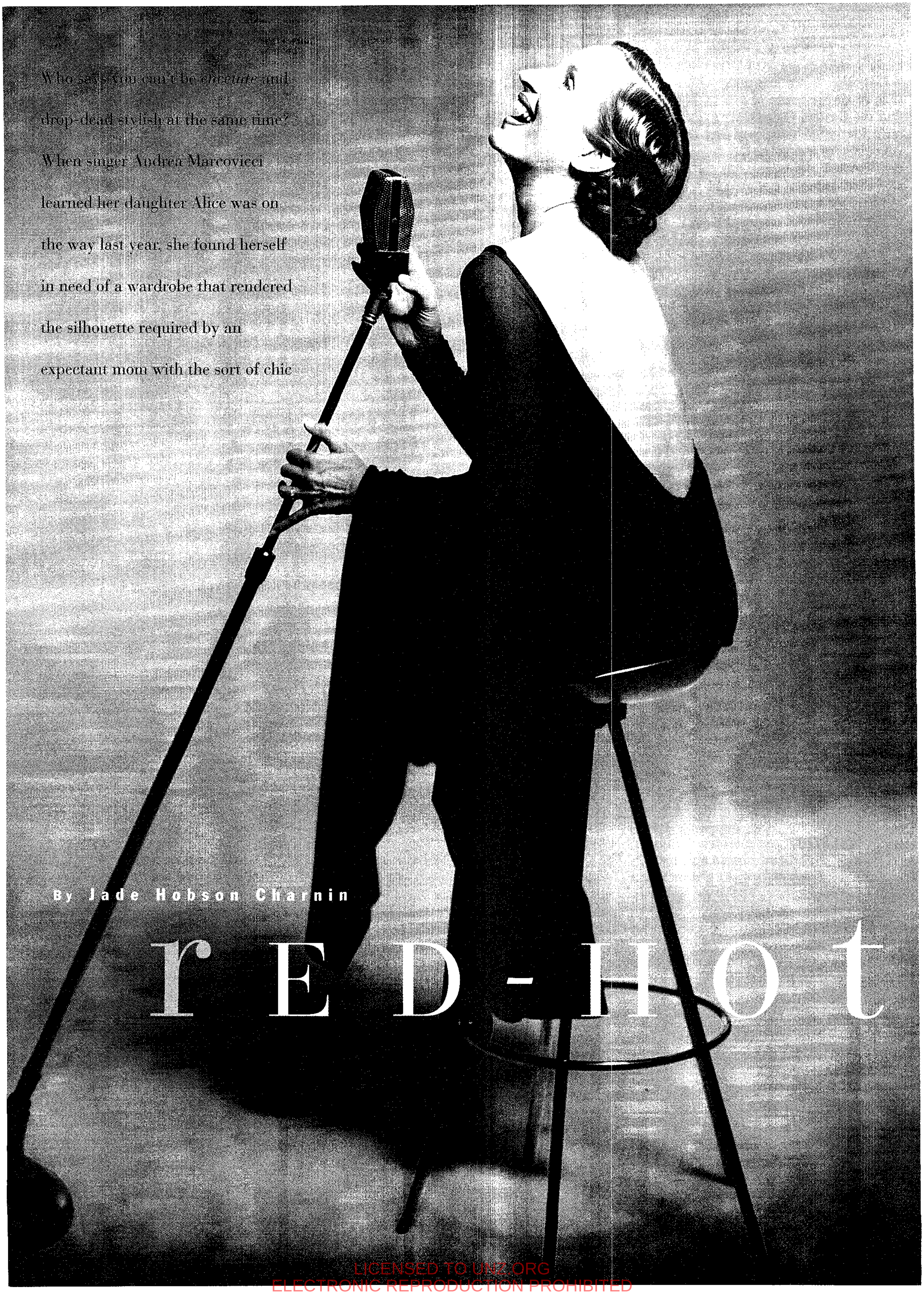
During the eighties, a great point was made of the East Village, with its rough little galleries on mean streets. They aimed to be anything but Pace or Gagosian. Pincus-Witten understands the allure. "We all have this tremendous nostalgia for the first gallery," he says. "The storefront with the paintings in the back." Note his use of *nostalgia:* It makes resistance to the power gallery seem sentimental and merely youthful. Actually, opposition to what Gagosian represents can be far stronger and more intellectually forceful than the word nostalgia suggests. But Pincus-Witten is also right. Anyone today who aspires to a clear mind should not be sentimental about art or the art world. The East Village galleries have almost vanished. The power galleries have not. And it is not a social conspiracy. Again and again, *artists* who began in more modest galleries—and who don't need the money—have joined the power club.

Not long before his death in 1994, for example, Donald Judd, perhaps the fiercest moralist in the art world, left his highly respected dealer of many years to join Pace. You can imagine the signal that sent to young artists. To expect either the art world or art itself to be routinely better than the society that supports it is to subscribe to a misplaced faith. The aggrieved tone often found in critics of both left and right concerning art's compromised virtue reminds me of a line that deserves granite: "I knew Doris Day before she was a virgin."

Art is no lady. More often than not, she's the brilliant and often coquettish mistress of power. Historically, art flies to power; defines power; lends meaning to power; refreshes power; teases power; sometimes redeems power. And art often takes advantage of the banality of money, which seems naked, abstract, and cheap without art. In the modern era, of course, art has often, and brilliantly, challenged power. But courting power does not necessarily lead to poor art.

Today, the great problem for art is less power per se than its emptiness. Power now tends to be too abstract, too cold and empty of the higher aspirations to generate greatly interesting forms. Ambitious artists once served the living power of the Church; of the king; of bourgeois or revolutionary virtue. We have instead Frank Stella enlivening corporate walls; Barbara Kruger deconstructing the media in the media; Richard Serra roughing up museum lawns. The obsession with the museum exposes the emptiness of contemporary power, revealing the pedantic dry spot near the heart of our culture.

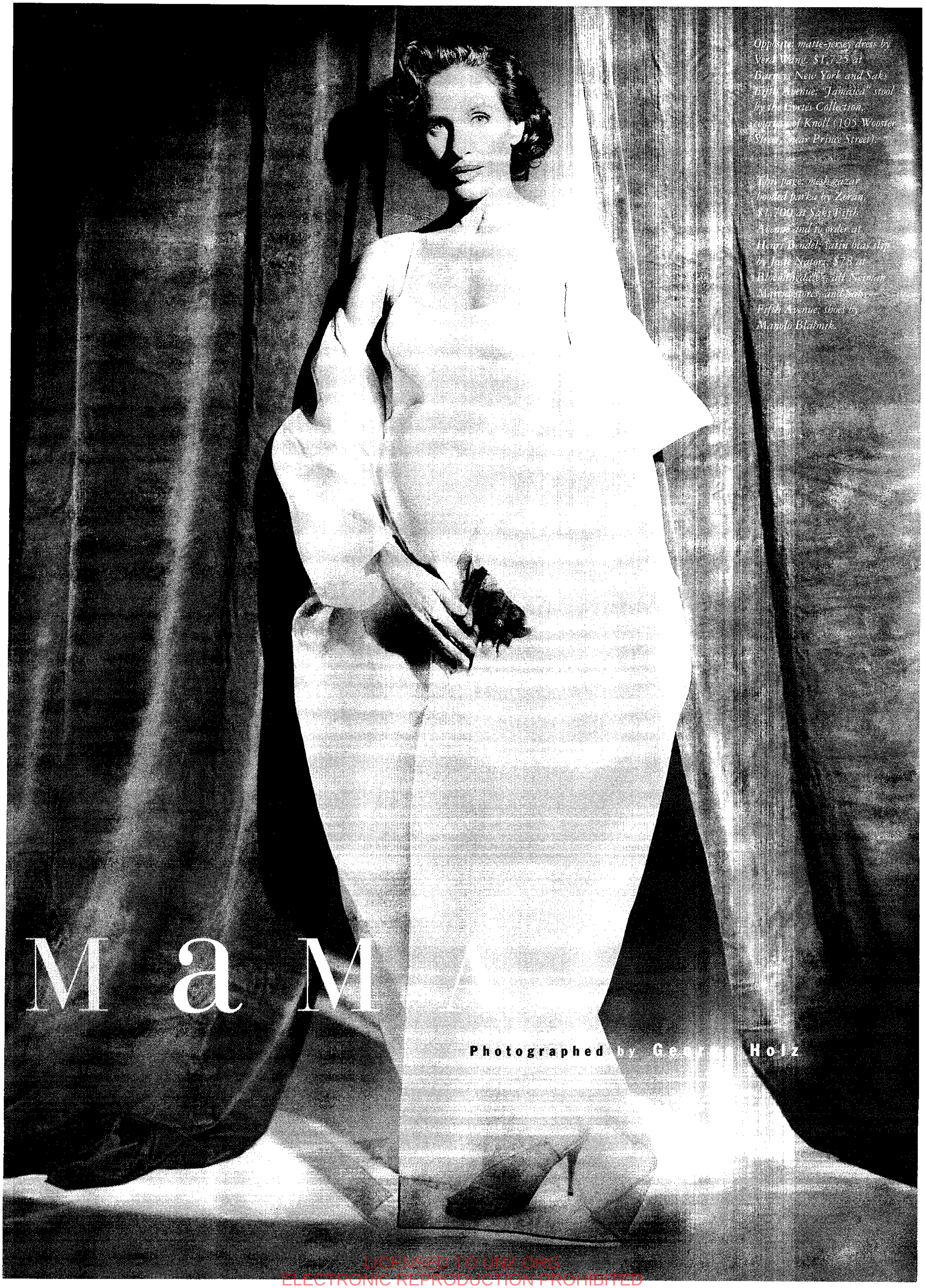
While waiting in the modern way for something else—while waiting, that is, for Godot—one should not fail to appreciate what a power gallery like Gagosian offers. Not only a Rubens show, for example, but its way of presenting a Rubens show. How the gallery wrote "Peter Paul Rubens" in a *faux*-modest size at the entrance, almost as if he were a SoHo artist. Next up at the Beverly Hills Gagosian is an homage to his friend and onetime partner Leo Castelli, consisting of about twenty major new works by artists associated with Castelli. A generous gesture of respect to an elder. But might not this also help Gagosian, eventually, pick up some of the 89-year-old Castelli's artists? Balzac would smile; there's much to enjoy in the art of power. ■



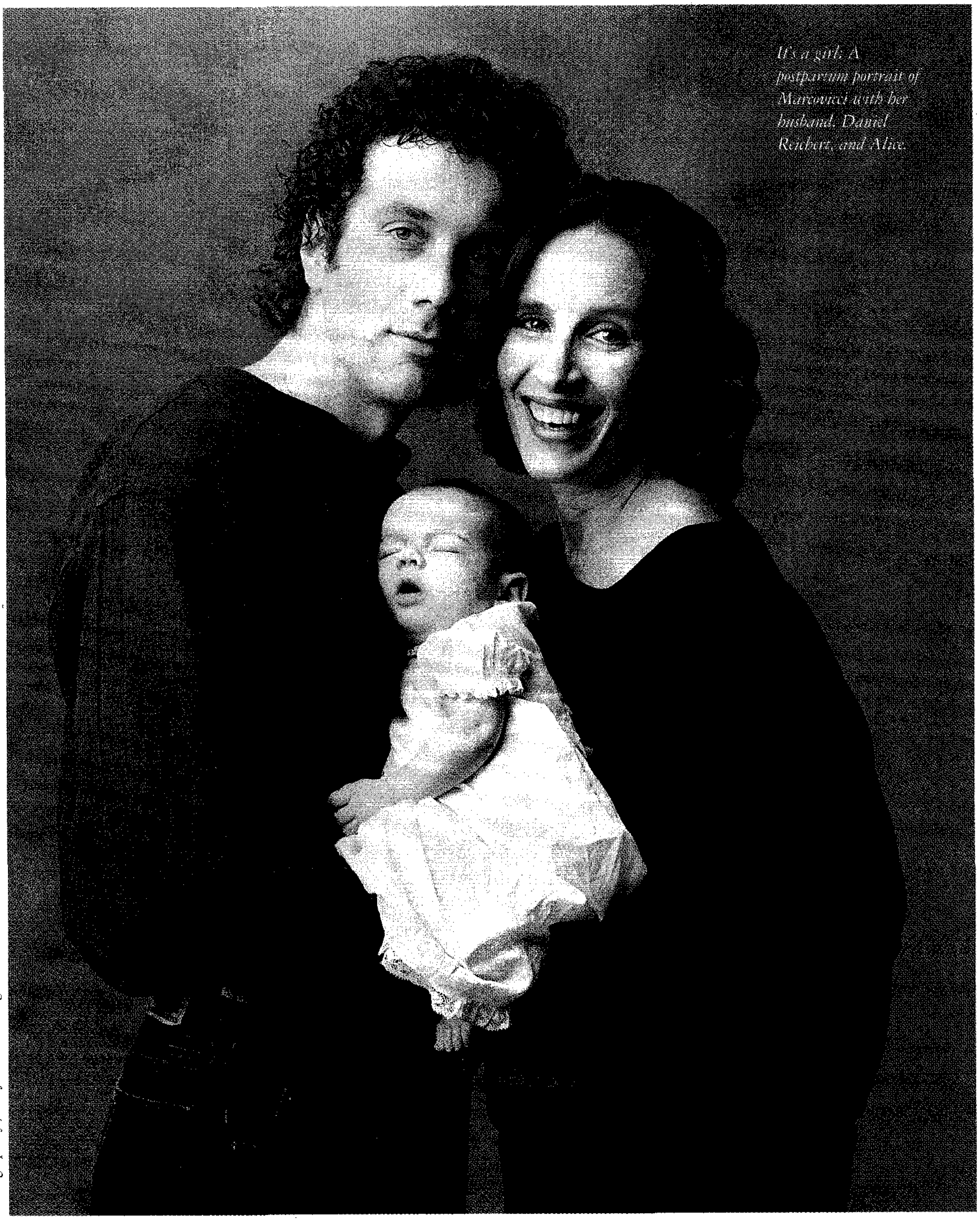
rED-HOt

By Jade Hobson Charnin

Who says you can't be *enceinte* and drop-dead stylish at the same time? When singer Andrea Marcovicci learned her daughter Alice was on the way last year, she found herself in need of a wardrobe that rendered the silhouette required by an expectant mom with the sort of chic



Stylist: Anne Kampmann
Fashion associate: Elizabeth Shepherd
Prop stylist: Michael Green
Fashion assistant: Jonny Lichtenstein
Hair: Sally Francombe for Nubest & Co.
Makeup: Billy B. for Make Up For Ever



It's a girl: A postpartum portrait of Marcovicci with her husband, Daniel Reichert, and Alice.

Photograph by Jeffrey Thurnher/Edge

well suited to Manhattan's late-night cabaret scene. (Marcovicci's other recent delivery is *New Words,* a CD she's recorded of favorite songs created by composers over the past twenty years.) Raiding the showrooms of four top designers, *New York* set out to discover whether it was possible to dress a pregnant woman in a manner that remains feminine, accommodating, and sexy. The answer is obvious. RANDALL SHORT

BEST BETS

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BY CORKY POLLAN

A Mad Hatter's Legacy

Ellen Colon-Lugo's millinery career began with 350 squashed vintage hats discovered in a mansion once owned by a fashion-dotty Boston Brahmin who was in the habit of ordering ten of everything. After reviving that batch, Colon-Lugo—a costumer, stylist, and antique-clothing dealer—began designing hats of her own using antique fabrics, Victorian beadwork, and hand-dyed straws. Recently, Colon-Lugo opened a Chelsea shop brimming with hats, old and new, as well as antique clothing. (From $25 for a rayon-velvet beret to $450 for a wedding tiara of silk-organza roses.)

ELLEN CHRISTINE MILLINERY/*255 West 18th Street/242-2457*

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.

Photographs: clockwise from left, Noël Sutherland; Kenneth Chen; Steve Wisbauer (2).

Everything Must Go

The Housing Works Used Book Cafe, designed by Benjamin D. Kracauer, looks like an Edwardian library. Yet despite seventeen-foot ceilings, a catwalk, and 15,000 books, it's an intimate spot for browsing, reading, snacking, and sipping. All the furnishings—the cushy couches, antique chairs, even the vintage tables—are for sale, and profits go to support the agency's self-help programs for homeless New Yorkers with AIDS and HIV. There are also pillows handmade in the agency's Pre-Job Training Program from unsalable shirts and ties donated to the thrift shop ($50 to $85).

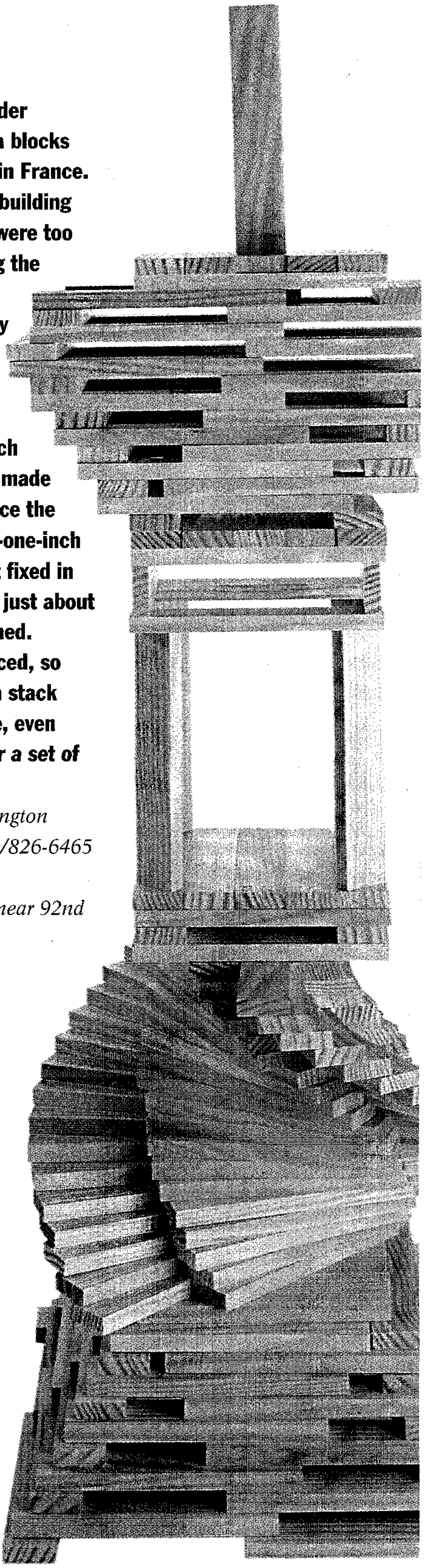
HOUSING WORKS USED BOOK CAFE/*126 Crosby Street/334-3324*

De Stijl Jr.

Dutch builder Tom van der Bruggen invented Kapla blocks while erecting a castle in France. He discovered that the building blocks used in models were too bulky for demonstrating the structures he had in mind. So he devised tiny planks of smooth marine pine, soon realizing that Kapla (an abbreviation of the Dutch words for pixie planks) made a perfect plaything. Since the four-and-a-half-inch-by-one-inch identical pieces are not fixed in any way, kids can build just about anything, real or imagined. They're perfectly balanced, so fledgling architects can stack them flat, on their edge, even *upright (around $65 for a set of* 200 planks).

A BEAR'S PLACE/*789 Lexington Avenue, near 61st Street/826-6465*

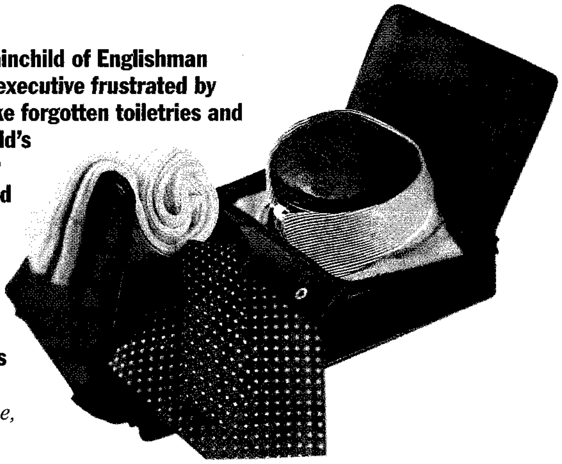
THE CHILDREN'S GENERAL STORE/*2473 Broadway, near 92nd Street/580-2723*



Stop the Presses

The Stuffed Shirt case is the brainchild of Englishman John Pease, a globe-trotting oil executive frustrated by the pitfalls of business travel, like forgotten toiletries and rumpled shirts. Perhaps the world's smallest overnighter, the leather case slips into a slim attaché and holds a shirt (or blouse), socks (or tights), ties (or scarves), cuff links (or jewelry), underwear, and toiletries. The polypropylene shirt frame insures that what's inside arrives laundry-crisp ($130).

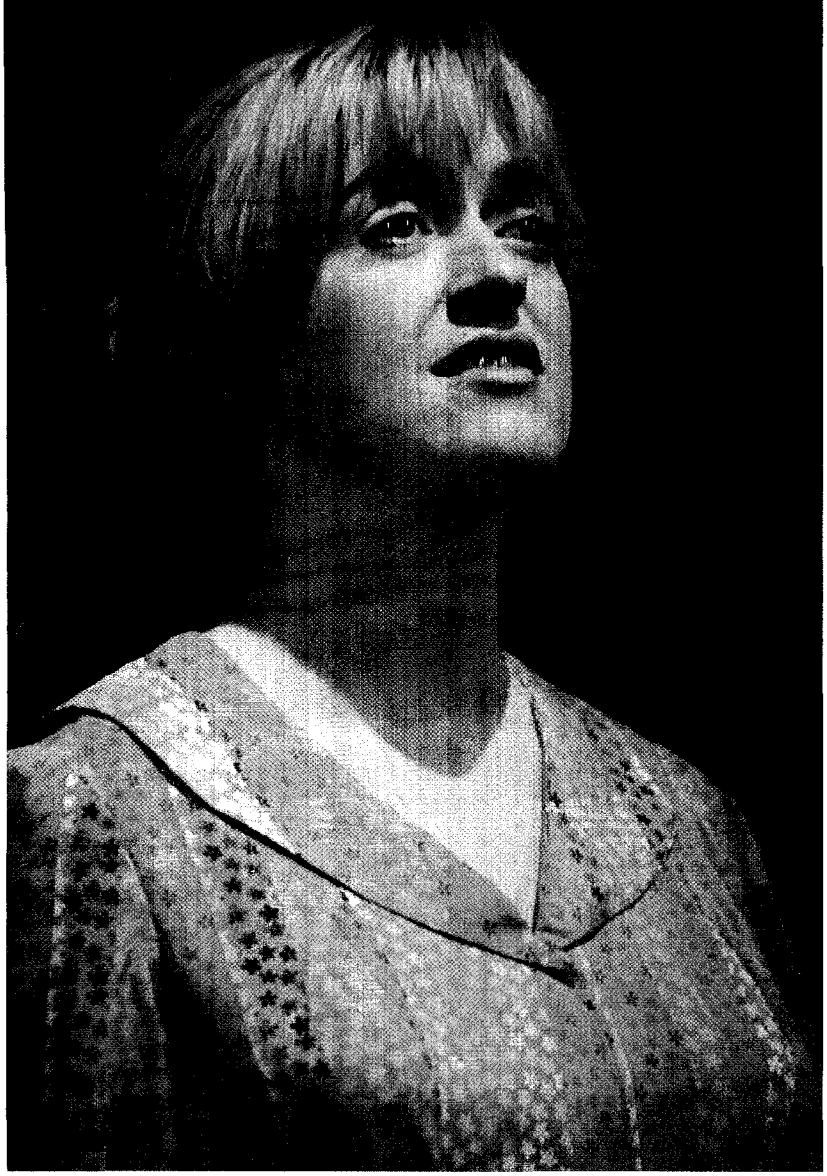
SCULLY & SCULLY/*504 Park Avenue, near 59th Street/755-2590*



THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Out of Sight

Brian Friel's 'Molly Sweeney' is a visionary masterwork; 'The Father,' a bleary-eyed revival of Strindberg's classic.



A Star is Byrne: Catherine Byrne dazzles as Molly Sweeney.

YOU WILL BE GLAD TO SEE A PLAY AS FINE AS Brian Friel's **Molly Sweeney;** you'll be thrilled to catch three performers making drama the way a marvelous chamber group plays, say, the Fauré trio; and you'll be telling your grandchildren that you saw Catherine Byrne as Molly. I have often mourned being born too late to see Duse and Bernhardt; but if this would have meant missing Miss Byrne, I'm not sure I care. Friel has already proved his ability to make drama out of monologues, in *Faith Healer*. Here the monologues are shorter and spell one another in counterpoint. Molly Sweeney, a near-blind, youngish physiotherapist, is content with her condition. Frank, her husband, an ingenuous autodidact and faddist in search of new hobbyhorses, desperately wants her to see; Rice, the brilliant ophthalmologist fallen on hard times and hard drinking, undertakes the near-hopeless operation partly to recoup his fortune. Their monologues abut on dialogue, but never cross over. Friel makes things as hard for himself as for his characters.

Molly starts out with the faintest soupçon of sight. Rice, who has demons of his own to conquer, abetted by Frank's football-fannish enthusiasm, pulls off the quasi-miracle of bestowing partial sight, which eventually subsides into something in between: a condition of sensory loss and spiritual gain. But I must not tell you too much, for *Molly Sweeney* is, among other and deeper things, also a drama of suspense. Yet unlike most suspense, imposed by outside circumstances, it is generated from inside, by people wrestling with themselves.

This is also a poetic play, though not in the manner of pretentious closet dramas donning ill-fitting pentameter to flounce off into limbo. It is poetic in the sense of language grappling and groping for greater truths, for words terse enough to avoid mere verbiage, for sight that surpasses itself into understanding, for sightedness that earns the name of vision. Friel's speeches often contain awkward repetition, tumbled-out anacoluthons, fumblings toward felicity of—and in—utterance. The words are both thought *out* and felt *in*, a struggle to feel I would call Frieling.

There is also marvelous construction here: Master images crop up at crucial points, both reinforcing and extending the play's meaning. Watch particularly for tropes involving animals and plants: Iranian goats, a pair of badgers, and flowers, especially Nemophila, also known as Baby Blue Eyes, particularly poignant when evoked by the eyeless.

The play is a parable, but not so you would irksomely notice. Making the blind see—the very phrase has a biblical, indeed philosophical, ring to it—has more than one application. Like all pregnant metaphors, it is both specific and widely suggestive. What is achieved, it asks, by a variety of rewards: wealth, power and fame? Molly's traversal of her troubles, counterpointed by Frank's and Rice's, must be read as *the* journey through life. Thus I believe that the condition in which Molly finally finds herself reflects the author's own aloofness; yet how well he must also know Frank's restless compulsion toward new enterprise, and Rice's gambling on precarious masterstrokes of self-validation.

For this kind of piece, as sensitively directed by the playwright, alternating monologues make sense. If the novelist annexed the dramatist's domain of dialogue, why shouldn't the latter, in a retrospect at parallel but

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

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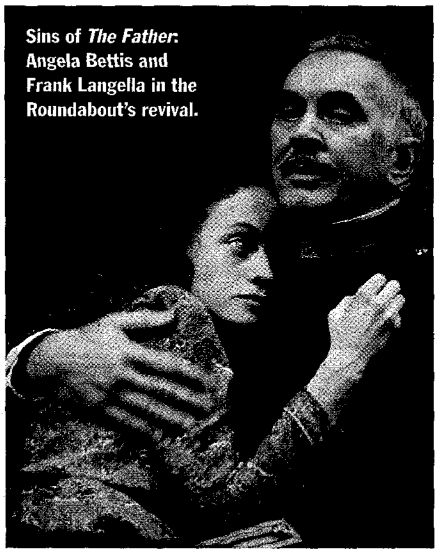
contrary destinies, appropriate the fiction writer's privilege of narrative? And also the composer's gift of the fugue? But masterly performances are requisite. And so here is Jason Robards, having perfected his charming, lyrically quirky persona, enveloping Rice in it as in a Golden Fleece. More astonishing yet is the Frank of Alfred Molina, one of England's most versatile actors. He makes this impractical dabbler chasing after the kaleidoscopic chimera of pragmatic success supremely endearing and supremely exasperating. Then, at the apex of this triangle, the Molly of Catherine Byrne.

Byrne attacks her task with the quietest of intensities. Her expressions often, and her movements occasionally, convey blindness, but a blindness comprising comprehension. Molly enjoys life with four senses more than most people do with five. The actress bites into every syllable as into a ripe apple, but with the controlled fierceness of one who puts good table manners ahead of mere hunger. Her words, coming from far deeper than her throat, are eager to erupt but too modest to explode. And all this with an Irish lilt as delicate as the fuzz on a peach. And when the mouth falls silent, how the face goes on speaking!

How is it accomplished? With nothing so mundane as mere beauty. Each of Miss Byrne's features has too much life of its own to settle for simple symmetry: The harmonies of this face are laced with discord. It has a defiance stopping just short of truculence but transparent enough to reveal the tenderness beneath. Have you ever seen eyebrows that say one thing while the eyes say another, both needful of saying? No? Well, here you will. Do not, I implore you, miss this play, miss this cast, miss Catherine Byrne's self-tamed tiger burning bright.

The Father IS A TOUGH PLAY TO DO. WHAT was wildly innovative in its day tends, like blonds, to age faster. Here Strindberg was torn between naturalism and the expressionism he was developing, and the play is divided against itself. But the solution is not, as in this production, to substitute literal-minded exteriorization for the power of suggestion by great acting. If the Captain and his wife, Laura, have had sexual problems, you don't act out a specific case of wife rape and husband castration on the living-room sofa. If a father in torment exclaims he'll eat his daughter before she devours him, you don't show him trying to take large bites out of various parts of her, without so much as a knife and fork. And if a husband about to be institutionalized by his wife comes to resent the very shawl she has thrown over his straitjacketed body to keep him warm, he does not have to shake it off and trample it in a furibund Cossack dance.

It's hard to know who did what: Robert Falls, who started out directing, or Clifford Williams, who took over. There is also the adaptation by Richard Nelson, who has modernized inconsistently (where Strindberg uses "woman" derogatorily, Nelson offers "bitch"), and added jokes, e.g., "She's not the best with practical things—like reality." But the coup de grâce is the acting. Frank Langella is dashing in romantic bravura roles, but does not manage here to convey gradual mental disintegration, admittedly made harder by the author's excessive compression. Langella provides tremendous histrionics but no real performance. Far worse, however, is the Laura of Gail Strickland, a striking-looking actress who has done well in movies but here struts and postures, and uses a gray, breathy voice in which every vowel is capped with an aspirate. She also lacks period sense, in which respect the supporting cast—notably Ivar Brogger as the Pastor, and Angela Bettis as Bertha—does better.



Sins of *The Father*: Angela Bettis and Frank Langella in the Roundabout's revival.

John Lee Beatty's set and Martin Pakledinaz's costumes will do, but Kenneth Posner's lighting and John Gromada's sound are outstanding. Which puts us in the position of someone having to buy a used car for its paint job.

The Principality of Sorrows IS THE FIRST original play by Keith Bunin (of Ivan's ilk?) and also the initial offering of Pure Orange Productions. As the somewhat self-conscious title proclaims, we will be skirting poeticism. And so we are, as two young men, in 1923 and again in 1934, and their sons in 1947, contend progressively for Iris, Lucinda, Holly—at the very least lookalikes, but possibly recurring manifestations of the Eternal Feminine. And contend in, of all places, a Belgian castle garden, presumably the eponymous principality.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

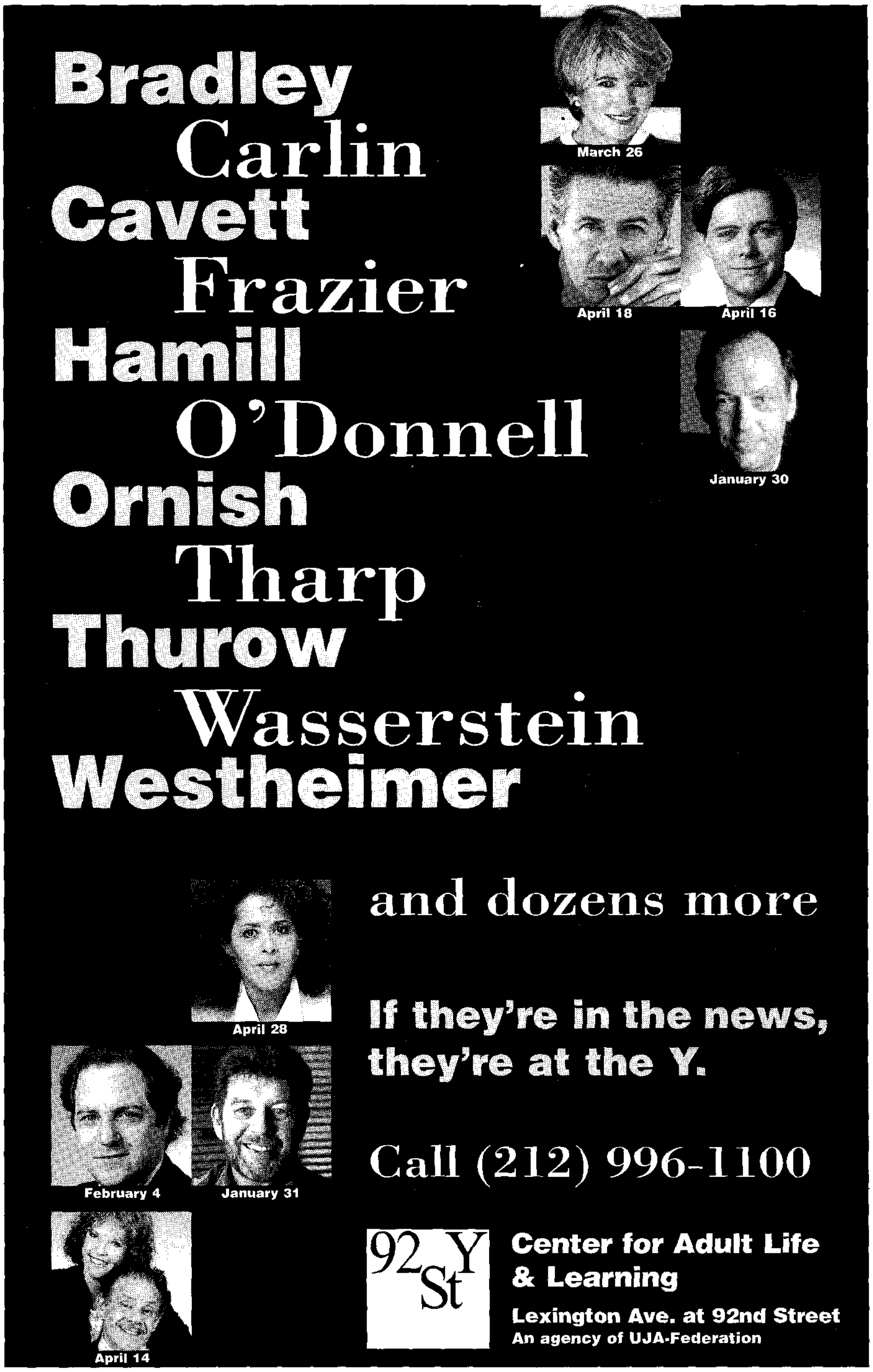
The young playwright is ambitious, writing about Americans and semi-Americans in Belgium back then—three separate thens, at that. The voice is realistic but with supra-real aspirations. The dialogue is both credible and civilized, a language of strong gestures meant to show off more than its cuff links. There is a period sense and a feeling for place. Also wit: The tutelary deities of this garden are James Barrie and Philip Barry, Giraudoux and Anouilh.

Alas, many good bits do not necessarily add up to a significant whole. Neither the conflict nor its much-retarded resolution rings entirely true. If the play, finally, is saying anything, it gets lost among the shrubbery. It observes of someone, "He could not blow out a candle without making it a metaphor for the fall of mankind." But what of the opposite danger: conjuring up Edenic vegetation only to garner a few sticks of firewood? It is lovely to write a line as good as "You were his first love: He'll hang your portrait on the inside of his eyes for the rest of his life." But passion should glow with a candlepower of more than one.

Still, in Henry Dunn's exquisite set, Elizabeth Gottlieb has deftly directed a superior cast. Robert Sean Leonard and David Lansbury offer firm characterizations of diversely infirm men. Joanna Going is not only one of our lovliest actresses but also one able to breathe life even into such trash as *How to Make an American Quilt.* Here, perhaps prodded by the director to create three women in short space, she overcompensates into eccentricity, even some slurring of speech. But she remains a radiant presence, or presences—as good a trio of nymphs as ever a garden had.

KEVIN HEELAN'S **The Hope Zone**–ABOUT A woman alcoholic who runs a center for substance-abusers—sweats profusely under its blue-collar hysterics but gives off very little enlightenment. In a set by Eugene Lee that converts the auditorium into a living room, the audience is surrounded by rant—occasionally controlled by Olympia Dukakis, never by Anne Scurria as her daughter—until it feels more abused by Heelan than by any illicit substance.

At one point, Miss Dukakis warns a ditsy dypsomaniac not to cry: "It's very dangerous for drunks to get tears in their mouths—they start getting visions of margaritas." The only thing actually drunk onstage is blood, which gives an audience, critics included, visions of dispensing some of that beverage from the playwright's sconce. Ultimately, though the men, Craig Bockhorn and George Morfogen, do well, there is little hope for *The Hope Zone.* ■



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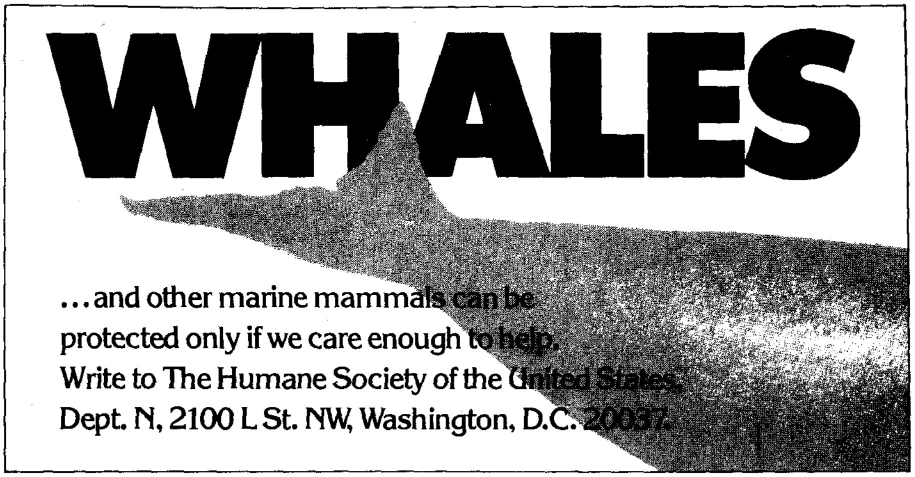

WHALES

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BOOKS REBECCA MEAD

Innocence Isn't Bliss

Jamaica Kincaid's new heroine didn't choose her neglectful father, her molesting guardians, her country's colonizers: She's blameless. But unbearab

The Autobiography of My Mother
BY JAMAICA KINCAID
Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 226 pages; $20

THAT THE DISCUSSION OF THE PHYSICAL ABUSE OR emotional neglect of children has in recent years gone from taboo to omnipresent is a commonplace: Celebrity proclamations of cruelty-ridden childhoods have become routine, and public paroxysms of grief by political figures or newspaper pundits over deaths like that of Elisa Izquierdo, the 6-year-old evidently killed by her mother on the Lower East Side at the end of last year, occur with numbing regularity. Common to all these narratives of abuse, and providing the foundation for the tone of righteous outrage in which they are delivered, is the characterization of the abused child as a waifish vessel of innocence, morally irreproachable and essentially lovable, cruelly miscast within a family of demons.

The Autobiography of My Mother by Jamaica Kincaid
a novel

Xuela, Kincaid's heroine, compensates for others' neglect by loving herself too much.

But while sensible people can agree that child abuse is utterly to be condemned, any closer look at the child products of abusive families (often socially maladjusted, sometimes growing up to be child-abusers themselves) illustrates that it is a fantasy of our culture to turn every abused child into a long-suffering, sweet-natured Cinderella figure. One achievement of Jamaica Kincaid's new novel, *The Autobiography of My Mother,* is that it complicates this stereotype of the neglected child as paragon of virtue. The narrator of the book, Xuela Claudette Richardson—whose mother dies while giving birth to her and whose father first ignores her, then inflicts a series of wicked-stepmother figures on her, and ultimately as good as pimps her to not one but two of his friends consecutively—is a thoroughly unpleasant, narcissistic person, one of the most unsympathetic heroines to have come along in a good while. Xuela has clearly drawn a pretty poor lot in life, and the fact that her obnoxiousness is not her fault is indisputable. Even so, it's hard to resist a moment of sympathy for her stepmother when she plots to poison her young charge.

It is unlikely that Jamaica Kincaid intended this to be so; she seems much more in love with her heroine than the reader may find it possible to be. Xuela is a familiar Kincaid type: a young woman growing up in the West Indies—this time, Dominica—where she is oppressed by the domination of men, the self-denigration of women, and the vestiges of colonialism. Xuela is quietly angry, occasionally cruel, coolly watchful of others, and minutely observant of herself.

This "autobiography" of the mother (the book's title is ironic, referring to the way in which the dead mother's life, or lack of it, shapes the life of her daughter) begins shortly after the mother's death in childbirth. Xuela's father first deposits his infant daughter with a wet nurse, who disregards her completely. Xuela is sent to school, where she receives lessons in the glories of the British Empire from heartless teachers. At the age of 7, she is restored to her reluctant father and his new, second wife, who loathes her. Having been already deprived of love, however, she's well adapted to deal with her stepmother's hatred: Xuela makes it her project to love herself, with a remarkable dedication.

"Whatever I was told to hate I loved and loved the most. I loved the smell of the thin dirt behind my ears, the

Photographs: top, Mariana Cook; bottom, Wayne Simpson.

smell of my unwashed mouth, the smell that came from between my legs, the smell in the pit of my arm, the smell of my unwashed feet. Whatever about me caused offense, whatever was native to me, whatever I could not help and was not a moral failing—those things about me I loved with the fervor of the devoted." Xuela's fascination with her own bodily functions—her sexual relationships all seem to start when one man or another stumbles across her with her hand between her legs—is staggering in its proportions, matched by Kincaid's fondness for her own lyricism: Kincaid aspires to the condition of poetry and sometimes attains it, though the attempt often feels self-indulgent.There's a lot of masturbation in this book, of one kind or another.

By her early teens, Xuela is shipped off to school in another city, where she lives with a business contact of her father's. The man becomes almost as interested in exploring between her legs as Xuela herself is. When she becomes pregnant, Xuela procures a back-street abortion; and in getting rid of her unborn child, she gives birth to a new, even harder self, literally and metaphorically impregnable. She goes to work in the home of an English doctor and begins to sleep with him, even though she finds him sexually without savor and, besides, loathes the English without discrimination. This does not prevent her from agreeing to marry him, while he tries pathetically to share with her his love of Western civ. "He had come into my room then holding a book, a book filled with pictures of ruins. . . . He was obsessed with this idea, too, decay, ruin, and that again made sense, for he came from people who had caused so much of it they might have eventually come to feel that they could not live without it."

Kincaid's point is that the British ruined Xuela's chances before she was born: that the perverted relations between men and women in her Dominica—men trying to get ahead with the white ruling class, while at the same time fathering random children without responsibility; and women, no longer enslaved to the British, now enslaved to their own men—are the legacy of colonial rule. Xuela and her neighbors are the abused wards of the British—over whom the British had no parental rights in the first place.

But the book's weakness lies in this translation from the individual to the group. The latter part of the book falls off into undigested lumps of polemic against the perfidies of colonialism, which may be politically justified but are artistically unpersuasive. Perhaps expecting such anger to be sublimated into art is as deluded as wanting an abused child to comport herself with grace. Still, it would be a shame to give up on the notion that a novel is more powerful if it manages to turn rant into art, even if that value is one promulgated by Kincaid's hated colonizers. ■

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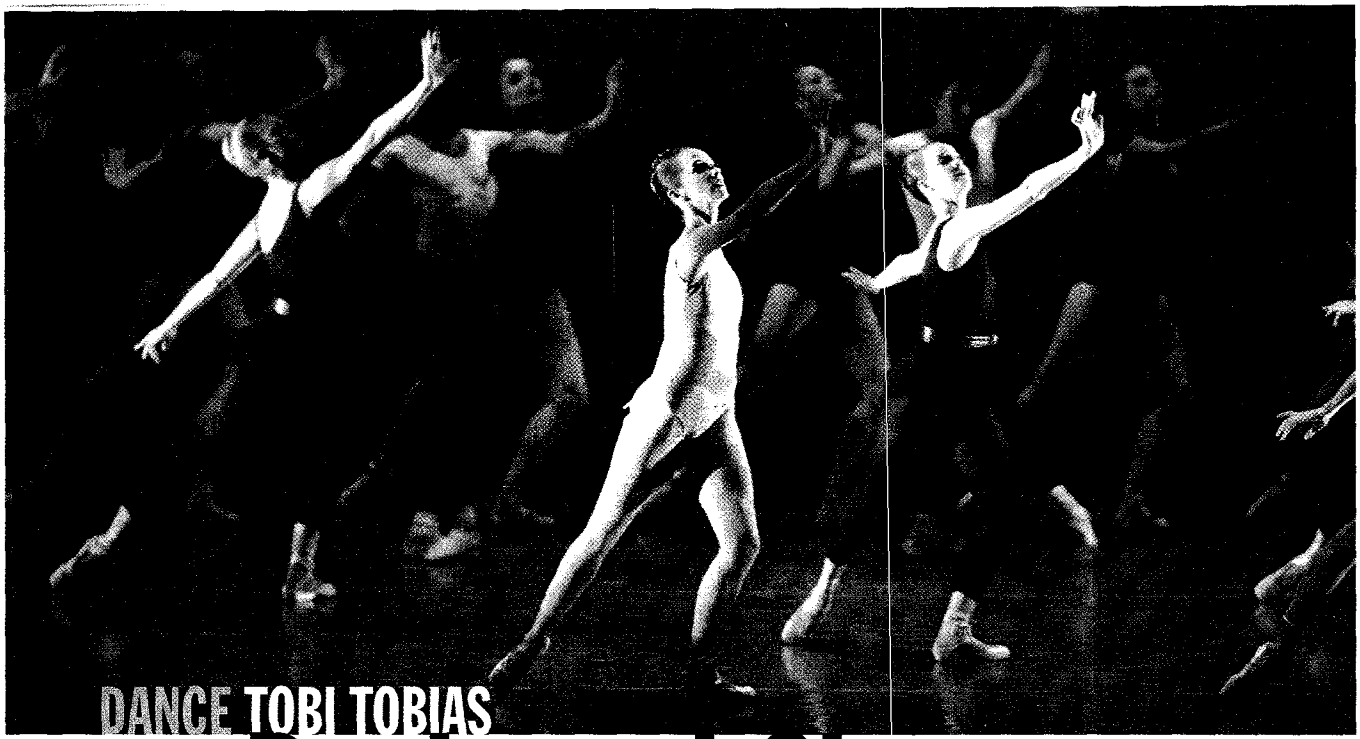

Dancers from the New York City Ballet in Peter Martins's two-dimensional *Reliquary.*

DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Backward Glances

Peter Martins makes mincemeat out of Balanchine, and Iréne Hultman does the same to Romeo and Juliet—but with far tastier results

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, THE FOUNDER, WITH GEORGE Balanchine, of the **New York City Ballet** and its academy, the School of American Ballet, died on January 5 at the age of 88. A brilliant man with an unflagging vision, Kirstein brought Balanchine to America and sustained his work here through half a century. His conviction and effort allowed that rare commodity, choreographic genius, to manifest itself in the form of an incomparable, enduring repertory and a quantum leap forward in the evolution of classical dancing.

As it happened, the evening before Kirstein's death saw the premiere of *Reliquary,* an ostensible tribute to Balanchine by Peter Martins, whose job it is to lead the NYCB safely into the twenty-first century. Martins's music here is Charles Wuorinen's 1975 *Reliquary for Igor Stravinsky,* an orchestral piece enshrining fragments left by the composer at his death. A number of Balanchine's key works were set to spare, iconoclastic scores from Stravinsky's late period, and Martins has seemingly anatomized Balanchine's approach to them. The result, to my eyes, is an imitation that is an insult—a catalogue of movement phrases, images, and devices that ignores essential matters: context, intent, emotional and atmospheric suggestion. In an interview he gave the New York *Times,* Martins declared, "I don't think I used quotations from any specific ballet. I actually doubt it." But there they were, flying by every 30 seconds or so, shards appropriated from dances relevant to the occasion, like *Symphony in Three Movements* and *Agon,* as well as bits lifted from less applicable sources, like *Monumentum pro Gesualdo.* If Martins had fashioned an original and worthy work to contain his relics—as I believe Wuorinen had done—his strategy could be counted legitimate, but the message I got was "What was so great about Balanchine after all? Who needs him? See, anybody can do it." The way our culture is going, Martins's approach may be just right for this *fin de siècle*—facsimile substituted for the real thing.

The Balanchine issue aside, *Reliquary* is plagued by the familiar problems of Martins's choreography. It's pictorial rather than sculptural or architectural, offering no sense of spatial depth. The ensemble assigned to create striking, hard-edged patterns seems more like a flat backdrop than like a shifting set of markers in an energy-charged field. As the two principal couples and the three soloist pairs move in front of or among this corps, the eye is not directed to distinguish among the various ranks by anything more than the amount of black or white in the severe practice uniforms the dancers wear. While matters of hierarchy—an important element of classical ballet, even in its modernist guises—are ill addressed, the subtle variations on classroom stops and conventional partnering configurations that are Martins's putative forte remain nearly imperceptible. Lacking these basics of theatrical effect, *Reliquary* is inert.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, THE ANNUAL "ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT" series, which continues at the Joyce Theater through January 21, shuns maverick, unproven work. It's an anthology of choreography that has survived its "making it new" period (conducted in less comfortable venues), a culling of the successes—aesthetic, critical, or just plain cannily marketed—from a segment of the dance world that considers itself on the cutting edge. An early and worthy entry in the Joyce lineup was **Iréne Hultman Dance,** featuring the first performances of Hultman's *Cascade.*

Photograph by Costas.

The piece is a trio for two men (Phillip Adams and Petter Jacobsson) and a woman (Hultman), similarly dressed in mean-chic jerseys and pants of black and glinting silver. In gloom-and-glare lighting, they move on a floorcloth resembling a giant, skewed chessboard, savagely vibrant figures manipulated by fate. Their music? Fate's theme songs, excerpted from the Prokofiev *Romeo and Juliet,* shrewdly intercut with two impudent Gershwin numbers. The *R&J* references—courtly manners, dueling, sudden death—in the essentially abstract choreography are particularly appealing to the dance buff surfeited with conventional versions of the ballet; in three-second glimpses, Hultman offers ideas and feelings that more literal-minded choreographers take whole scenes to convey.

There's no role assignment or gender typing here. In the opening passage, the trio might be Romeo and his buddies, Mercutio and Benvolio, about to crash the fateful ball. Tybalt, proud and dangerous, is ever-present. But when Hultman first dances solo and you think, *Oh, now we're going to get Juliet,* she moves to the raunchy "Sam and Delilah" ("Delilah was a floozie . . ."). The guys have a vigorous, bold-scaled duet, almost entirely in unison and mirror-image, to "It Ain't Necessarily So." Clearly, it has multiple implications; they're not necessarily dueling. Throughout, the action is heated up with eroticism and fury. Tragedy hovers over it, and yet, distanced by Hultman's objectifying wit, it's fun, too.

The flaw of *Cascade* lies in what it leaves out—the tenderness and impassioned yearning of the romance for which, in Prokofiev and Shakespeare, the climate of sex and violence is merely the backdrop. I wanted the dance to be twice as long and encompass twice as much. The lengthier *Tango-Babe,* also on the program and handsomely performed, spent the better part of an hour deconstructing the tango with far less impact.

Hultman's choreography, like that of most modern- and postmodern-dance makers, originates in her singular physical personality. A distinguished Trisha Brown alumna, Hultman is a swift, fluent dancer, with a slyness in matters of dynamics that seems to be part body, part brain. This mercurial quality informs her choreography and is transferred to types quite unlike hers: long, lanky, lyrical people like Chrysa Parkinson and David Thomson; athletic virtuosos like Jacobsson; and the petite Jodi Melnick—spitfire and homecoming queen. Hultman's own body is chunky, with an indolent midsection. Sometimes she looks voluptuous, sometimes like a feisty street kid, most often both at once—a combination that's as intriguing as it is unusual. Hultman also looks her age—40—and her dancers, though not as mature, exude adulthood: choices made, responsibility taken, life experienced. ▬

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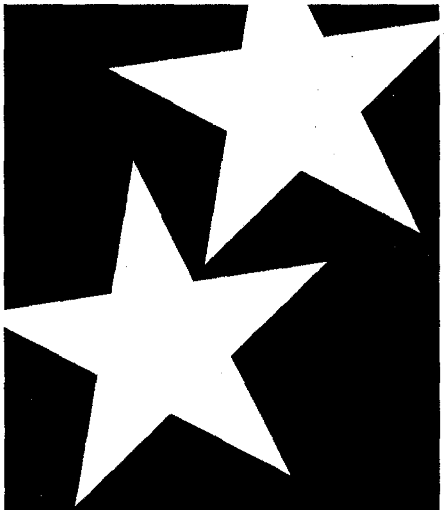

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THIS UNISEX SALON IN THE HILTON HOTEL IS offering its services at up to 50 percent off the usual prices. For men: haircut, shampoo, and blow-dry, was $50, now $25; haircut alone, was $35, now $17; shampoo and blow-dry alone, was $45, now $22. For women: haircut and finish, was $80, now $40; permanent or body wave, was $150, now $75; one-process color, was $65, now $35; highlights, were $200, now $90; manicure, was $15, now $12; pedicure, was $35, now $25; facial, was $50, now $35. Waxing services include full-leg, was $50, now $35; half-leg, was $35, now $20; bikini, was $25, now $15; and lip, was $15, now $10. *Scopello Hair Salon at the New York Hilton, 1335 Sixth Ave., at 53rd St., lower level (246-3751); M.C., V. accepted; an appointment is necessary; through 2/29.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

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THIS SHOWROOM SALE FEATURES AUTHENTIC Austrian loden lined and unlined merino-wool coats for men (sizes 36–50) and some lined loden coats for women (sizes 6–16). The coat is the traditional hunter's model, back-pleated and button-front in loden alpaca wool, green or navy. Men's unlined coats retail for $650, here $200; men's and women's lined coats, retail $750, here $279. Also, boiled-wool jackets in women's sizes 6–12, solid, retail $320, here $140 (embroidered, retail $450, here $210). Women's sweaters in sizes S–L include ski-design pullovers, retail $280, here $140; cardigans, retail $360, here $180; embroidered hooded sweaters, retail $420, here $214. *Giesswein, Inc., 499 Seventh Ave., at 37th St., fourteenth floor north (629-3260); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 1/19.*

Chain, Chain, Chain

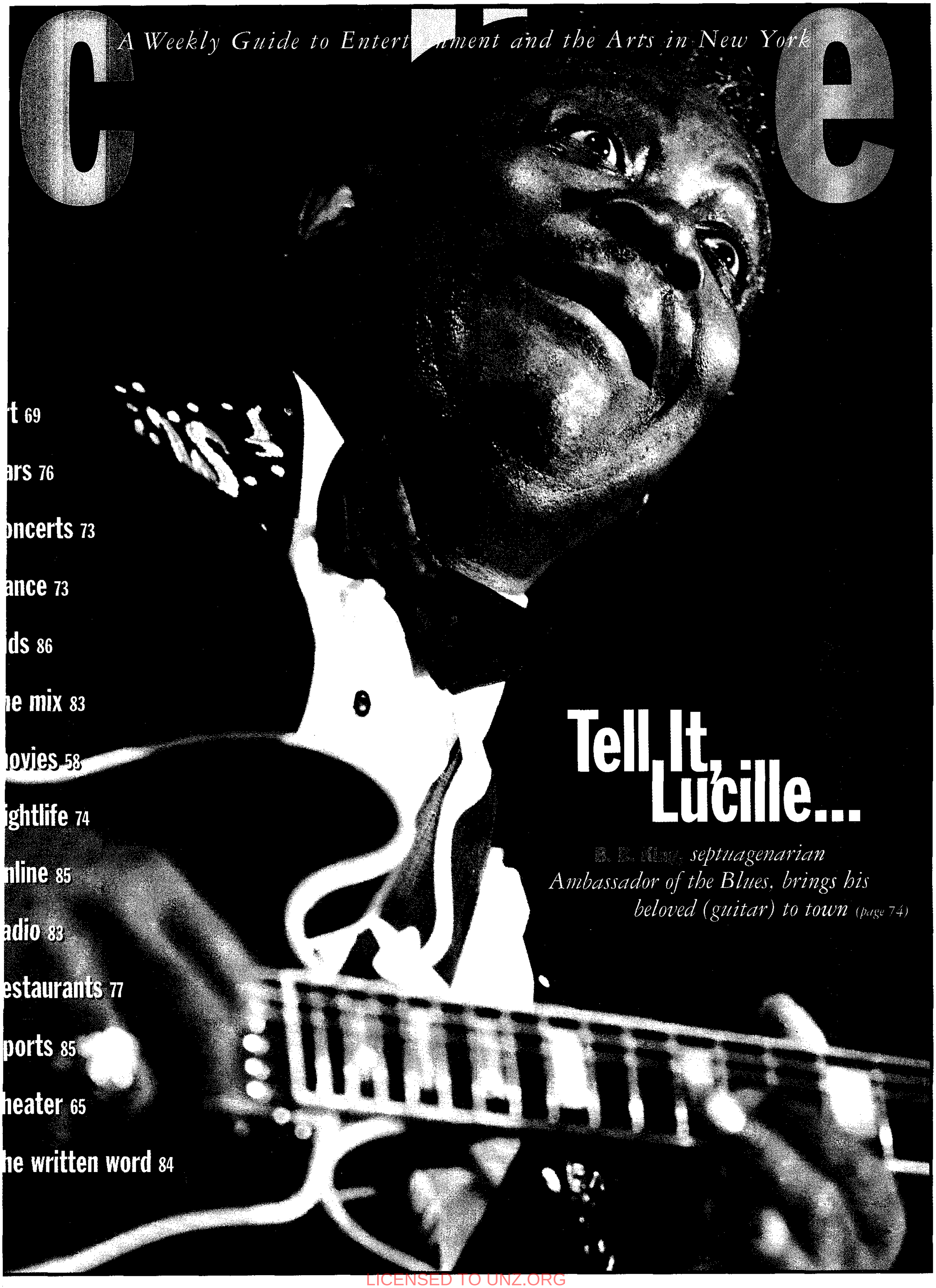
THIS MONTH THE FAMOUS LUXURY LINEN shop Pratesi is offering some merchandise in off dye lots of its signature embroideries, "Chain" and "3 Lines," at 30 percent off: standard shams, were $460 per pair, now $322; pair of king shams, was $500, now $350; pair of square shams, was $500, now $350; set of two face, two hand, and two bath towels, was $480, now $240; bath sheet, was $210, now $105; bath mat, was $270, now $135. *Pratesi Linens, Inc., 829 Madison Ave., near 70th St. (288-2315); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Sable Condition

MANY FURS AND FUR-TRIMMED GARMENTS are at wholesale and below here, including Givenchy one-of-a-kind samples, such as a directionally worked pale fisher coat, retail $35,000, here $12,999; Givenchy natural Russian sable coat, retail $42,500, here $18,999; Givenchy fox-collared leather coats, sizes XS–L, retail $2,250, here $799; Givenchy violet muskrat polo coat with fur belt, retail $6,500, here $2,499; Givenchy silk raincoat lined in nutria, retail $4,950, here $1,299; group of one-of-a-kind sample Givenchy leather stroller and jackets, fur trimmed, sizes 6–16, retail $1,195–$1,795, here $499; notch-collared long fitch coat, retail $12,950, here $2,999; red sheared-mink stroller, retail $8,500, here $2,499; ⅞ mink coat, dyed whiskey color, with ruffled detail, retail $12,500, here $3,999; group of large-size coats (38–50) in female ranch and mahogany mink, retail $9,950, here $2,499; group of female pastel, ranch, mahogany mink coats, sizes 6–16, retail $8,950, here $1,799. *Furs by G. Michael Hennessy, 333 Seventh Ave., near 28th St., fifth floor (695-7991); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; checks as deposits only, merchan-* *(continued on page 100)*

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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Tell It, Lucille...

B. B. King, *septuagenarian*
Ambassador of the Blues, brings his
beloved (guitar) to town (page 74)

movies

Eden Valley . . . An Indie-Player's Tell-All

New Films

The American President—President Andrew Shepherd (Michael Douglas) is a Democrat and a centrist liberal, highly intelligent but with a tendency to waffle; he also has a general "character" issue hanging over his head. In other words, he's very much like Bill Clinton—except he's a widower. President Shepherd falls for a liberal environmental lobbyist, Sydney Ellen Wade (Annette Bening), and his principal opponent (Richard Dreyfuss) denounces him as immoral. The suspense builds. Will the president stick with his girl? Will he sell out the environmentalists in order to get his crime bill passed? As the big tuna, Douglas gives a self-assured star performance; Bening, however, flutters about like a leaf in a storm. Director Rob Reiner never quite finds the rhythm of his story; he's too paralyzed by the awe of the presidency to liberate the material from self-consciousness. (Denby; 11/20/95) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Lincoln Square.*

Balto—The animated tale of a dog who battles both an arch-rival and inclement weather to deliver lifesaving medicine to the residents of a small Alaskan town. Directed by Simon Wells. (1 hr. 14 mins.; G) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

Bio-Dome—Pauly Shore and Stephen Baldwin play two losers who accidentally wander into a Biosphere-like experiment and wreak havoc. Directed by Jason Bloom. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; 62nd and Broadway; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

★**Carrington**—As Lytton Strachey, the author of *Eminent Victorians*, Jonathan Pryce creates what might be called the charisma of diffidence—he hardly asserts himself, yet every word is memorable. However unresponsive physically, Strachey inspired an extraordinary loyalty in the young painter Dora Carrington (Emma Thompson), who set up house with him in 1918 and lived with him until his death in 1932. Christopher Hampton, who wrote and directed, wants mainly to celebrate the originality and placid beauty of the long Carrington-Strachey relationship, and while we may be unclear about what either wanted from the other except peace and quiet, it looks like an awfully nice life. (Denby; 12/4/93) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Angelika 57.*

Casino—The mob has bought the Tangiers Hotel in Las Vegas and set up Sam "Ace" Rothstein (Robert De Niro), a longtime mob bookie and gambler, as boss. Sam depends on the muscle of his old friend Nicky (Joe Pesci), who frightens away other gangsters and serves as enforcer of the casino's good health. *Casino* means to be a sorrowful epic: These two guys had control of everything, and they blew it. But do we care? With Sam and Nicky at the center, the movie never develops much in the way of emotion, and both they and the beautiful Vegas hustler (Sharon Stone) they get involved with are limited, obsessed people. What director Martin Scorsese has done earlier—discovering the lyrical, even operatic possibilities of gangster life—he can't or won't do this time. (Denby; 11/27/95) (3 hrs. ; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza Twin.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

The City of Lost Children—A fantasy about a mad scientist named Krank who, aging prematurely because he cannot dream, kidnaps children and taps into their dreams. With Ron Perlman. Photographed by Darius Khondji (*Seven*). Directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Cry, the Beloved Country—In forties Johannesburg, two men (one white, one black) forge a delicate, unlikely bond—the son of one is about to hang

Opening
Roughing It

In the modest British drama *Eden Valley*, opening January 19, Darren Bell (right) plays Billy, a very urban, nightlife-loving, small-time hood who, once caught, is sentenced to live with his estranged, horse-trainer father (Brian Hogg, center) out in the country—a scenario he finds only slightly more appealing than juvenile hall.

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–Roger Ebert, SISKEL & EBERT

3 GOLDEN GLOBE NOMINATIONS

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Best Actress (Drama)
SUSAN SARANDON

Best Actor (Drama)
SEAN PENN

Best Screenplay
TIM ROBBINS

ONE OF THE YEAR'S FIVE BEST! A POWERFUL AND PROVOCATIVE DRAMA. TIM ROBBINS HAS SUCCEEDED BRILLIANTLY."

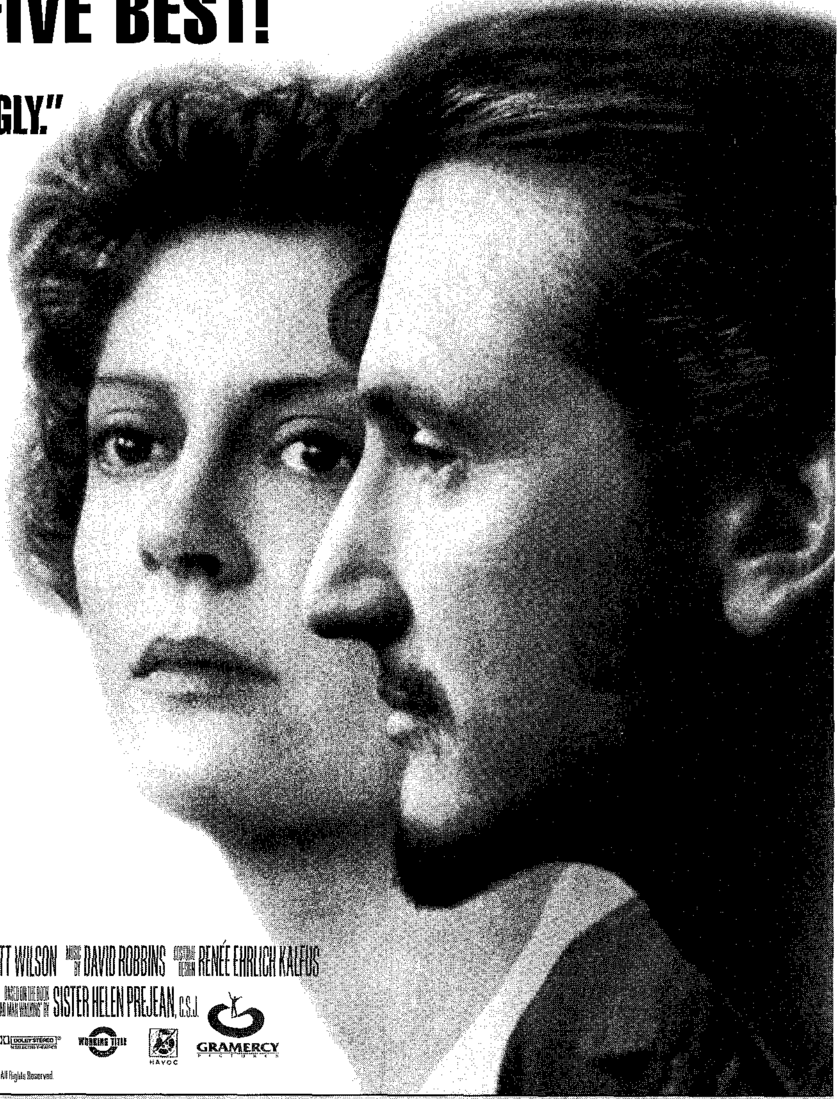
–Owen Gleiberman, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

ONE OF THE YEAR'S FIVE BEST! SIMPLY ONE OF THE FINEST FILMS. I CAN'T RECOMMEND IT MORE STRONGLY."

–Gene Siskel, SISKEL & EBERT

"A COURAGEOUS AND PASSIONATE DRAMA. GUTS PURE AND SIMPLE."

–Janet Maslin, THE NEW YORK TIMES



SUSAN SARANDON SEAN PENN

A FILM BY TIM ROBBINS

DEAD MAN WALKING

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for the murder of the other's child. James Earl Jones, as the father of the condemned murderer, does a wonderful job of portraying a proud man who is not permitted to be self-sufficient, and whose subjugation is compounded by his son's guilt. Director Darrell James Roodt tends to go a bit heavy-handed on the symbolism, but still, it's a very faithful adaptation of Alan Paton's book. With Richard Harris. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Cutthroat Island—Morgan Adams (Geena Davis), the daughter of a recently deceased pirate, sets out to discover a buried treasure and does battle with some bad guys. Directed by Renny Harlin (*Cliffhanger*). (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Plaza Twin.*

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Lousiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon), who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Director Tim Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, the filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment; the implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man. If you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Delta of Venus—An aspiring American writer hooks up with a bunch of artist expatriates in thirties Paris and explores her sexuality. Based on the writings of Anais Nin. With Costas Mandylor and Audie England. Directed by Zalman King (*Wild Orchid, 9 1/2 Weeks*). (1 hr. 41 mins.; NC-17) *Cinema Village 12th St.*.

Don't Be a Menace . . .—A parody of the recent spate of inner-city coming-of-age movies like *Boyz N The Hood* and *Menace II Society.* Written by Marlon Wayans, Shawn Wayans, and Phil Beauman. Directed by Paris Barclay. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

Dunston Checks In—Jason Alexander stars as a hotel manager who must corral his most unruly guest yet: an orangutan. Also starring Faye Dunaway. Directed by Ken Kwapis. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; National Twin; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

Eden Valley—Billy (Darren Bell) is a petty criminal who is given his last chance at rehabilitation by the courts, which sentence him to live with his estranged father, who trains horses, out in the country. With Brian Hogg and Mike Elliot. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Eye for an Eye—Sally Field turns in yet another distraught-mom performance as a woman seeking revenge against her daughter's killer (Kiefer Sutherland). Directed by John Schlesinger. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Father of the Bride Part II—The sequel to the lame 1991 remake of Vincente Minnelli's charming original. Steve Martin, having weathered the marriage of his only daughter, must now come to grips with his impending father *and* grandfatherhood. Wacky! Directed by Charles Shyer. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG) *Embassy 2–4; Sutton.*

Four Rooms—The much-delayed anthology piece by directors Alison Anders, Quentin Tarantino, Robert Rodriguez, and Alexandre Rockwell, about the bizarre goings-on in four separate hotel suites on New Year's Eve. With Tim Roth as the bellboy who weaves all the stories together. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Embassy 2–4; Gemini Twin.*

French Twist—A suburban housewife (Victoria Abril), turned off by her husband's relentless philandering, is suddenly turned on by a woman, with whom she begins an affair. The plot takes a series of twists and turns, exhausting nearly all options for a possible ending. Written and directed by the star, Josiane Balasko. (2 hrs. ; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

From Dusk Till Dawn—From the people who won't go away: Robert Rodriguez directs Quentin Tarantino and George Clooney as two brothers who have a wild night with Harvey Keitel, Juliette Lewis, and—in a trend the hipsters are a bit too behind on—vampires! (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4.*

Georgia—Sadie Flood (Jennifer Jason Leigh) is a country-rock singer without talent. She is also a heroin addict and an alcoholic, a liar, a user, and a hanger-on, traits not uncommon in rock stars but intolerable in one so inept musically. She's madly jealous of her sister Georgia (Mare Winningham), who has become a big star singing exactly the same repertory; Sadie keeps on singing because of Georgia, but what is it that she wants from her sister? Love? Hatred? Recognition of her suffering, perhaps. This is a remarkably brave movie, but it's also an outrage, for the heroine of *Georgia* is not the successful sister but the bullying monster Sadie Flood. Leigh's technique is astonishing (Sadie is blindly self-involved, and Leigh knows every desperate maneuver), but Leigh is doing to us almost the same thing Sadie is doing to people in the movie—daring us to reject her. She seems to be slipping into a confusion of painfulness with truth, a confusion unworthy of her talent. Misery, after all, is no more true than any other emotion, but Leigh is turning sickness and failure into a mark of integrity. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Denby; 12/11/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

GoldenEye—Pierce Brosnan is a lightweight Bond in every sense, but his dimpling smile can pass for irony, and director Martin Campbell has the right feeling for the comedy of exaggeration. The Bond franchise shows every sign of continuing indefinitely.(Denby; 11/27/95) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Grumpier Old Men—The sequel to 1993's *Grumpy Old Men.* This time, Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon attempt to keep newcomer Sophia Loren from turning their bait store into a restaurant. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Halfmoon—Three short films based on three stories by Paul Bowles, who would have been better served if the filmmakers—Frieder Schlaich & Irene von Alberti—had concentrated their energies on but one story. In each vignette, the action is extremely internal; without an understanding of who these characters are, it is difficult to feel anything but ennui. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R). *Film Forum.*

★**Heat**—Director Michael Mann has mounted the production on a grand scale. There are not one but two obsessional figures—Neil McCauley (Robert De Niro), the head of a frighteningly determined group of thieves, and Vincent Hanna (Al Pacino), a haggard but still potent LAPD detective. The mental duel between the hunter and quarry, redoubled by the implicit rivalry between Pacino and De Niro, holds the film together—at one point, they pause in their furious activities and meet over coffee, exchanging views with ironic politeness, like two rival novelists. Mann has created a mythic moment; Pacino and De Niro have never appeared in the same scene together. *Heat* is yet another explanation of that perennial movie subject, the male mystique of professionalism and violence, yet it's one of the best—an action film with an intellectual grip that never lets go. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Lincoln Square.*

Jumanji—Robin Williams stars as a man who has been trapped inside a mystical board game called Jumaji for 25 years. Once he's freed, however, the animals who have pursued him throughout the

Opening
Desert Beat

Halfmoon **(opening January 17 at Film Forum) is a series of three shorts, all based on the writings of cultishly worshiped sojourner-musician-bohemian Paul Bowles. The first segment (with Samir Guesmi and Sondos Belhassen, pictured) is set in Bowles's adopted home, Morocco, and revolves around revenge, sex, and substance abuse.**

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

game are unleashed into the outside world. Based on the award-winning children's book by Chris Van Allsburg. Directed by Joe Johnston. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico Lo Verso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastri D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Last Summer in the Hamptons—Three generations of an acting dynasty convene at their annual summer retreat for the last time. Starring the late Viveca Lindfors, Roddy McDowall, Victoria Foyt, Martha Plimpton, and Andre Gregory. Directed by Henry Jaglom. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th St.; Angelika 57; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

Lawnmower Man II—A cyber-sci-fi action thriller starring Patrick Bergin and Matt Frewer. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Sutton; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**Leaving Las Vegas**—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret; his death, from the beginning of the movie, is a certainty. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don't need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she's touched by him. He needs tending, and her taking care of him is a way of leaving prostitution without leaving it. Ben and Sera have gone deep into self-hurting pleasures, and they're not coming back. Director Mike Figgis accepts them with something like awe: the doomed nature of their love transfigures it. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life, and it's the most accomplished American movie of the year. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Plaza; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Lincoln Square.*

Mr. Holland's Opus—Richard Dreyfuss stars as a musician who somewhat unwillingly becomes a teacher—and therein finds his greatest satisfaction. Directed by Stephen Herek. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

Nico-Icon—A top model of the sixties, Nico (as the young Christa Paffgen was renamed by a photographer) went on to flirt with a film career (she appeared briefly in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*), have affairs with quite a few artists (Jim Morrison and Lou Reed, to name two), seriously pursue music (she sang with the Velvet Underground), and get her son hooked on heroin. Suzanne Ofteringer's documentary is neither sneering nor too reverential; all she wants to do, it seems, is learn more about this compelling creature. But for all Ofteringer's digging, only one thing about Nico is certain: She was most brilliant at being enigmatic. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Nixon**—Anguish is not an emotion that Oliver Stone has ever shied away from, but tenderness is a new one for him. The most surprising thing about his fascinating new movie is how much warmth the director extends to Richard Milhous Nixon (Anthony Hopkins). There's a generous soulfulness here, particularly in the scenes between Dick and Pat (Joan Allen, who is a revelation). It seems necessary to say that this is an interpretation—necessary because some very distinguished journalists cannot understand this commonplace idea. Drawing on archival and biographical materials, Stone and his screenwriters combine, condense, and recast and rewrite. Is this falsification? Can there be drama without something like it? As Nixon, Anthony Hopkins responds emotionally to everything—a man this vulnerable could not have made it to the White House. The fault is Stone's, perhaps, more than Hopkins's. If we had seen more of Nixon the executive, the masterful strategist, his fall into bathos would have been more striking. But this punishing, lugubrious yet oddly tender movie is at least a step in a new direction. (Denby; 1/8/96) (3 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Othello—In this production, everyone is very young and inexperienced. Othello and Desdemona are freshly in love—each in love, perhaps, for the first time—and so little known to each other that their sexual passion seems unconnected to anything else in their natures. Iago's subtlety and cruelty, we feel, are not even needed to destroy their love; almost anything, even ordinary life, would have brought it down from this daring, vulnerable, and thoughtless height. Iago has been made almost superfluous, yet Kenneth Branagh's performance is the best thing in the movie—as always, he speaks the verse as if he and Shakespeare had just spent some time together at a local tavern. Laurence Fishburne, however, pronounces his part rather than acting it. He glowers and holds his dignity through everything, even in moments of utmost horror, and one sometimes gets the impression that dignity is more important to him than expression. Director Oliver Parker, trained as an actor, has simplified the play in ways that reduce it and has eliminated almost every trace of excitement. (Denby; 1/15/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

★**Persuasion**—A generally intelligent and moving BBC adaptation of Jane Austen's last completed novel, though as heroine Anne Elliot, Amanda Root has a prim demeanor (the movie is about delayed passion, not repression). But many of the other British stalwarts are wonderful. (Denby; 10/23/95) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema.*

Wise Guy

Richard Dreyfuss (above) takes the fail-safe route to audience endearment by playing one of those rare, life-affecting teachers—joining such disparate stars as Sidney Poitier, Robin Williams, and even, most recently, Michelle Pfeiffer—in 'Mr. Holland's Opus' (opening January 19).

★**Richard III**—Director Richard Loncraine and actor Ian McKellan have cut and rearranged the text of Shakespeare's melodramatic potboiler, and moved the power struggle between the houses of Lancaster and York from the fifteenth century to the England of the mid-1930s. Indeed, there is something in the play that illuminates the despair of between-the-wars Europe—the sense that affairs of state are slipping out of control, the nauseating realization that the most energetic and decisive person in the country is also the most evil. Ian McKellan gives a mischievous, startlingly candid performance. He is the most supremely conscious of Richards, an adventurer playing the cards that have been dealt him—physical deformity, intellectual superiority—without illusions. Generally, director Loncraine works in a rapid-tableau style; he uses realistic settings in a theatrical manner, pushing beyond realism, but not too far. The movie is not serious or essential, but it's thoroughly alive. (Denby; 1/15/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Sabrina —Sydney Pollack's slow, heavy valentine to old-fashioned Hollywood filmmaking. The chauffeur's daughter (Julia Ormond) has to choose between the playboy son (Greg Kinnear) of her father's employer and the playboy's stern older brother (Harrison Ford), who runs the family business. *Sabrina* drips the patriarchal attitudes of yesteryear, yet there's some wit in the screenplay—and the chance to see Ford doing his peculiarly effective version of a leading man. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Tower East; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, property gets passed along through the male line, and women without a dowry enjoy few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee (*Eat Drink Man Woman*) stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, without pomp; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

Shanghai Triad—Director Zhang Yimou (*Ju Dou, Raise the Red Lantern, To Live*) sets this gangster tale in thirties Shanghai, and we experience everything through the eyes of a 14-year-old country boy named Shuisheng (Wang Xiaoxiao), who must attentively serve a gang-lord's spoiled, petulant moll. Their relationship becomes the crux of the film, and Yimou craftily avoids clichés in rendering a double coming-of-age tale. With Gong Li. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

A Short Film About Love—A sexually inexperienced, infatuated boy spies on his older neighbor, with humiliating consequences. One of Krzyzstof Kieslowski's made-for-Polish-television series based on the Ten Commandments. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Sudden Death—The latest in action from Jean-Claude van Damme. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *National Twin; 86th Street.*

★**Toy Story**—In Disney's new animated feature, a group of plastic toys

Photograph by Gemma La Mana/Hollywood Pictures.

fear that they will no longer be useful. Their 6-year-old master, Andy, is having a birthday, and disaster strikes: Woody, an old-fashioned pull-string cowboy, gets replaced as Andy's favorite by a smugly confident space action figure, Buzz Lightyear, who has a blinking laser beam and a computer-generated voice. Anguish and tumult tear apart the toy world. As in many of Disney's other cartoons, there's an underlay of anxiety and fear—but this time, the "parent" figure is himself a child, Andy, who takes his toys for granted, and the villain is another child, Sid, who mutilates toys. The movie has gravity, in both senses of the word. Disney and the specialists as a computer-animation company called Pixar have developed techniques that give the figures a three-dimensional look, and the post-modernist jokes give the movie a spark. Directed by John Lasseter. (Denby; 12/4/95) (1 hr. 21 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Plaza.*

Twelve Monkeys—James (Bruce Willis) is a prisoner who is barely living in the future, and his only option for survival is this: Travel back in time to 1996, just before the endtimes, and determine the exact cause of the near-annihilation of humans from the face of the earth. With Madeleine Stowe, as the psychiatrist-love interest, and Brad Pitt. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Beekman; 84th Street Six.*

Two If by Sea—The talented, perpetually irate comic Denis Leary (*No Cure for Cancer, The Ref*) plays a thief who is simultaneously attempting to pull off one last heist and prevent his girlfriend (Sandra Bullock) from leaving him. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Lincoln Square.*

Waiting to Exhale—Whitney Houston, Angela Bassett, Loretta Devine, and Lela Rochon are four single women who bond over the sorry state of their love affairs. A disjointed narrative is weakened by the incessant blaring of the soundtrack throughout the entire film; the overall effect is quite jarring. Directed by Forest Whitaker. (2 hrs. ; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

When Night Is Falling—Camille (Pascale Bussieres) is a Christian scholar, engaged to a theologian (Henry Czerny), whose life rapidly unravels after she meets a performer in a traveling circus. Directed by Patricia Rozema. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Four Rooms; Georgia; L'America; Shanghai Triad; The City of Lost Children; When Night Is Falling.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Twelve Monkeys.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *A Short Film About Killing; A Short Film About Love; Delta of Venus.* Opening 1/17: *Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Nico-Icon.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *French Twist; Fresh Kill; Persuasion; The Postman; Smoke.* Opening 1/19: *Eden Valley.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Lawnmower Man II; Leaving Las Vegas; Nixon; Richard III; Two If by Sea.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Bio-Dome; Heat; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; The American President; Toy Story.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Eye for an Eye; Waiting to Exhale.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Dead Man Walking; Eye for an Eye; Heat; Lawnmower Man II; Sense and Sensibility; Two If by Sea.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Bio-Dome; Casino; Don't Be a Menace. . . .*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The American President.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Dunston Checks In; Eye for an Eye; Sabrina .*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Dunston Checks In; Jumanji; Leaving Las Vegas; Nixon; Sabrina ; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Heat; Lawnmower Man II; Toy Story; Two If by Sea.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Home for the Holidays.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Carrington.* Opening 1/17: *Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Eye for an Eye.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Sense and Sensibility; The American President.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman; The City of Lost Children.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *A Month by the Lake.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Nixon; Toy Story.* Opening 1/17: *Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Bio-Dome; GoldenEye; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Two If by Sea; Waiting to Exhale.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Waiting to Exhale.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Postman.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Don't Be a Menace . . . .* Opening 1/19: *From Dusk Till Dawn.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Father of the Bride Part II; Four Rooms.* Opening 1/19: *From Dusk Till Dawn.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Toy Story.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be A Menace . . . .*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Eye for an Eye; Heat; Lawnmower Man II; Waiting to Exhale.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Casino; Dunston Checks In; Sudden Death.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Othello.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (505-CINE#587) *Leaving Las Vegas.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Lawnmower Man II; Father of the Bride Part II.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Babe; The Brothers McMullen; The Crossing Guard; The Usual Suspects; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Twelve Monkeys.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Restoration.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Casino; Sudden Death; Twelve Monkeys.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Toy Story; Don't Be a Menace . . . .*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Twelve Monkeys.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Balto; Casino; Dead Man Walking; Eye for an Eye; Goldeneye; Grumpier Old Men; Richard III; Two If by Sea.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Jumanji; Four Rooms.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Heat.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Eye for an Eye; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Leaving Las Vegas; The American President; Two If by Sea.*

Retrospective

Man o' War

John Frankenheimer hit his career zenith in 1962 with 'The Manchurian Candidate' and his nadir with 1989's Don Johnson thriller 'Dead Bang.' The Museum of Modern Art, however, will focus on those films that intelligently exploited Cold War fears (like 1964's 'Seven Days in May,' with Kirk Douglas and Ava Gardner, above) in "Directed by John Frankenheimer: The Television and Film Work," beginning January 19. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Sabrina* .

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Sabrina* .

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Bio-Dome.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Eye for an Eye; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Leaving Las Vegas; The American President; Twelve Monkeys; Two If by Sea.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Cry, the Beloved Country; French Twist; Georgia; L'America; Mighty Aphrodite; Shanghai Triad.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Across the Sea of Time; Dead Man Walking; Dunston Checks In; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Into the Deep; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Leaving Las Vegas; Nixon; Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; The American President; Toy Story; Two If by Sea; Wings of Courage.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Bio-Dome; Lawnmower Man II.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Waiting to Exhale.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Casino; Jumanji.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Wild Bill.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Eye for an Eye; Father of the Bride Part II; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Sudden Death; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Two If by Sea; Waiting to Exhale.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Sudden Death; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Bio-Dome; Heat; Lawnmower Man II; Sabrina* .

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Eye For An Eye; Heat.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Eye for an Eye; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Two If by Sea; Waiting to Exhale.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Bio-Dome; Dunston Checks In; Eye for an Eye; Father of the Bride Part II; Lawnmower Man II; Toy Story; Two If by Sea.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Eye For An Eye; Twelve Monkeys.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Eye For An Eye; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Heat; Jumanji; Nixon; Sense and Sensibility; Toy Story; Two If by Sea.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Heat; Jumanji; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Lawnmower Man II; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Eye for an Eye; Two If by Sea.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Bio-Dome; Heat; Sabrina ; Twelve Monkeys; Two If by Sea.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Dunston Checks In; Heat; Jumanji; Waiting to Exhale.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Lawnmower Man II; Waiting to Exhale.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Balto; Casino; Cutthroat Island; Mighty Aphrodite; Waiting to Exhale.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Eye for an Eye; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Copycat; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Home for the Holidays; Money Train; Nick of Time; The American President; Toy Story.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Bio-Dome; Eye for an Eye; Heat; Jumanji; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Father of the Bride Part II; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Heat; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Toy Story; Eye for an Eye.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Grumpier Old Men; Nixon; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Heat; Lawnmower Man II.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Dunston Checks In; Eye for an Eye; Jumanji; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Two If by Sea; Waiting to Exhale.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; GoldenEye; Tom and Huck; Toy Story.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Sense and Sensibility; Two If by Sea.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Dunston Checks In; Eye for an Eye; Father of the Bride Part II; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; Twelve Monkeys.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Twelve Monkeys; Two If by Sea.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Sabrina ; Twelve Monkeys.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Bio-Dome; Dunston Checks In; Heat; Jumanji.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Dunston Checks In; Heat; Lawnmower Man II; Sabrina ; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Grumpier Old Men.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Balto; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Dunston Checks In; Toy Story.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Bio-Dome; Don't Be a Menace . . .; Lawnmower Man II; Two If by Sea.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Dunston Checks In; Waiting to Exhale.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Dunston Checks In; Eye for an Eye; Jumanji; Twelve Monkeys.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Sabrina* .

Staten Island

Area Code 718

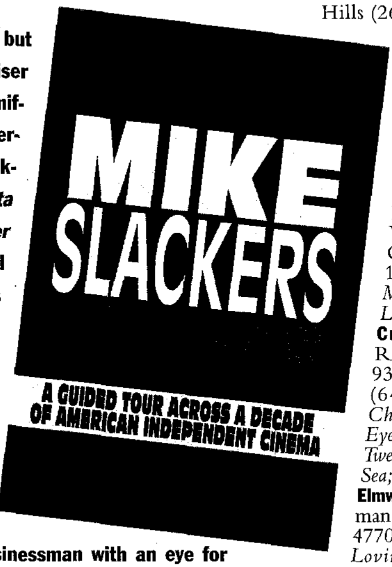
Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Bio-Dome; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys.* Opening 1/19: *Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Don't Be a Menace . . .; Heat; Jumanji; Nixon; Waiting to Exhale.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Bio-Dome; Dunston*

In Print

Independent Thinker


MIKE
SLACKERS
A GUIDED TOUR ACROSS A DECADE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENT CINEMA

You don't know his name, but deal-maker–investor–adviser John Pierson has been significantly responsible for the commercial successes of such groundbreaking first-time efforts as *She's Gotta Have It, The Thin Blue Line, Roger & Me,* and *Clerks,* and has detailed his indie-scene war stories in his first book, *Spike, Mike, Slackers & Dykes: A Guided Tour Across a Decade of American Independent Cinema* (Hyperion, $22.95). Though pathologically obsessed with movies (he got married at Film Forum, for instance), Pierson is also a shrewd, astute businessman with an eye for prodigious talent who has made—or cops to—only one major misstep: an investment in 1993's *Amongst Friends.* In his most gleefully malicious chapter, "Amongst Jerks," he confirms nasty rumors about director Rob Weiss's falling asleep on set, and details Weiss's infantile temper tantrums and hilarious posturing. Unfortunately, Pierson doesn't dig as deeply to shape his other characterizations; opinionated director Spike Lee, Pierson's hero, comes off as practically meek. Still, Pierson nicely parallels his own experiences with the burgeoning independent scene (as the studios' desire for young, cheap talent grew, so did his influence), discloses deal-making strategy, and gives sensible advice to the young aspirant, only occasionally betraying his true identity: a geek in awe of celebrity (he writes, a bit enviously, of director Kevin Smith's "getting" to meet someone from Duran Duran) who has made quite a living off his myopia. MAUREEN CALLAHAN

The Big Picture *continued from page 22*

many movies. As a producer, Peter Guber was a major player—*Batman, Rain Man,* etc. Since Sony is financing all these movies, someone has to produce them. And I'm sure that if Sony hadn't grabbed him, there was a long line for his services. And Renny Harlin directed *Cliffhanger*. And Geena Davis starred in *A League of Their Own*. Someone has to direct this stuff, someone has to star.

So why are they making too many movies?

No single reason. Part of it is the belief—and there is merit here—that revenue from Europe and Asia will save them. And part of it has to do with the notion of market share. Buena Vista (Disney) won this year—19 percent—and even if you don't particularly care about that, you'd better believe it's a very big deal Out There.

But I think most of the overproduction is because of that ever-loving Hollywood pastime: dick swinging. "If that bastard's going to make twenty movies a year, I'm going to make twenty movies a year."

And what's wrong with making too many movies?

Well, among other things, there's this weeny problem—it's financially disastrous. Yes, *Babe,* before it's done, with the toys and the sequels, will make tens of millions, and *Toy Story* will make ten times that. But as one studio person who had a good year this year said, "Believe me, no one had a good year this year."

Look, let's say the gods demand we put out a movie a month. Well, one of the first things we have to do is this: Make our movie stand out. If six or ten movies are heading in next Friday, we must cut ourselves away from the herd.

How?

Easiest solution: Hire a star.

But, but, but—there aren't enough of them.

So we'll give them more money.

They're worth it, right?

Well, the media would not stop salivating over John Travolta after *Get Shorty* became a hit. Maniac articles. *He wants 21 mil for his next job. And he's worth it, right?*

Why did no one but primarily friends and relatives attend *White Man's Burden*? Because I have been a fan of John Travolta's since he exploded in *Saturday Night Fever*—but I don't want to see him act, for Chrissakes. I don't want to see him suffer. I want him to be John Travolta.

The picture is the star.

The picture is always the star. Has always been.

Hard to believe, I know. True, though.

It's not actors alone. Top directors are now up to seven million per and heading for ten. Screenwriters for hire are closing in on two (though, personally, I must take this opportunity to complain that I have always been egregiously underpaid). Composers won't sniff at a quarter of a million.

The average Hollywood release is now $50 million—that's the cost of producing the film itself, plus prints and advertising. "I think that may be low now," said a young lady producer. "Maybe very low." Let's stay with $50 million. Of course, that's a scary number. But what's really scary is this: not how much flops lose but how relatively little most successes make.

In the late sixties, Hollywood was paying the Burtons a million each (a mere $4.4 million today, with inflation) to star in stiffs like *Boom!* A little more than a decade later, we had *Heaven's Gate* and *Raise the Titanic!*

Here we are again.

What's going to happen? Same old crap. Stars will be vilified. Executives will be fired. Fewer movies (I hope) will get green-lighted. The choices for those few movies will be even more timid (I hope not). Independent films will be hurt by the chilly financial climate.

And of course it's happened before, but I'm not sure of a happy ending this time. Because there are so many alternative things to do—television has gotten shockingly better and computers aren't going away. Have you bought a CD-ROM yet? You will. And your first won't be your last.

Plus, most important, this: The quality of what Hollywood is turning out is so foul, people are beginning to turn away. Attendance was flat this year—and what if that's a beginning? (Remember when the three major TV networks had more than 90 percent of the total viewing audience? That percentage is in the fifties now.) Broadway has been laughed at for years for not having enough quality stuff to nominate for the Tonys. Well, Oscar time is coming up.

Welcome to the theater.

One of the most important people in the industry said this: "You are wrong when you say we're going off a cliff—we've already gone over. We're in free fall now."

But as always, there's a bright side: Want to hear something really smart? They're doing another *Titanic* movie. Shooting mostly underwater. Going to cost at least a hundred million. I don't know about you, but I've already got my popcorn. ■

William Goldman is a producer for Castle Rock Pictures.

Checks In; Eye for an Eye; Father of the Bride Part II; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Lawnmower Man II; Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Two If by Sea; Waiting to Exhale.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—1/18: "In-Flight Movie Night." *Airport* (1970). $8. 1/21: *Cleopatra Jones and the Casino of Gold* (1975). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Fairy Tales for Adults: A Terry Gilliam Retrospective." 1/20: *Time Bandits* (1981) and *One-Eyed Jacks* (1961), directed by Marlon Brando but selected by Gilliam. 1/21: *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* (1989) and *The Fisher King.* (1991). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Donnell Media Center—1/16: *The Red Shoes* (1948). 1/18: *Points in Space* (1986) and *Merce by Merce by Paik* (1978). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Paul Morrissey." 1/15 and 1/16: *Women in Revolt* (1971). 1/17 and 1/18: *Blood for Dracula* (1974). 1/19–1/25: *Forty Deuce* (1982). Through 1/16: "The Masterworks of Satyajit Ray." 1/15: *The Middleman* (1975) and *Big City* (1963). 1/15 and 1/16: *The Music Room (aka Jalsaghar)* (1959). 1/16: *Pather Panchali* (1955) and *Devi* (1960). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Fifth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/15: *Long Is the Road* (1940). 1/15 and 1/17: *Hidden Children* (1994) with *Loving the Dead* (1991), and *Under the Domim Tree* (1995). 1/15, 1/17, and 1/18: *All That Really Matters* (1992). 1/16: *Yaacov Ben Dov: Father of the Hebrew Film* (1993) and *The Yellow Ticket* (1918). 1/16 and 1/18: *One Survivor Remembers* (1995) with *So We Said Goodbye* (1991). 1/18: *A Kiss to This Land* (1994). 1/20 and 1/21: *Without Me* (1993) with *Genghis Cohn* (1993), and *Voyage of the St. Louis* (1994) with *Havana Nagila* (1995). 1/21: *Happy New Year* (1993) and *City Without Jews* (1924). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—1/16: *Macadam (the Back Street of Paris)* (1946). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7; seniors $5.50.

Japan Society—1/19: *Stray Dog* (1949). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art— "Strictly Oz: A History of Australian Film." 1/15: *The Fringe Dwellers* (1986), *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* (1978), and *The Last Wave* (1977). 1/16: *Bad Boy Bubby* (1993) and *For the Term of His Natural Life* (1927). 1/18: *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert* (1994) and the wonderful *Babe* (1995). 1/19–2/6: "John Frankenheimer." 1/19: *The Iceman Cometh* (1973) and *Seven Days in May* (1964). 1/20 and 1/22: *The Young Stranger* (1957) and *The Young Savages* (1961). 1/21: *Birdman of Alcatraz* (1962) and *All Fall Down (1962).* "From the Archives." 1/15 and 1/20: *Dr. Strangelove* (1964). 1/15 and 1/21: *The Projectionist* (1971). 1/19 and 1/20: *Easy Rider* (1969), with the now-feuding Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda. 1/19 and 1/21: *Coney Island USA* (1955) and *The Night They Raided Minsky's* (1968). 1/22: *Fantomas* (1913–14). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950–1965." 1/17–1/19: *Triptych in Four Parts* (1958), *Visions of a City* (1957), *Adventures of Jimmy* (1950), and *The Brink* (1961). 1/20 and 1/21: *Crazy Quilt* (1966). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

theater

Working Men...Spy Vs. Spy...Lucas, Blue

Broadway

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVE-MAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

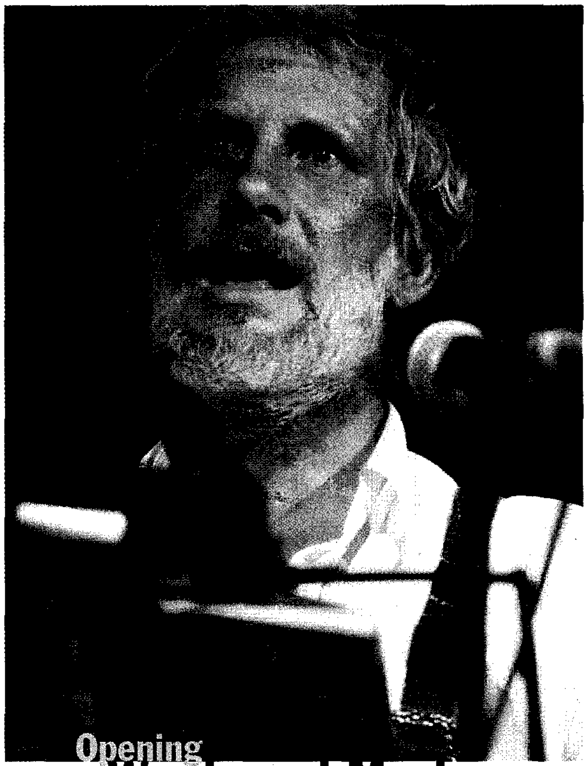
The Father—Written almost a century before *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf,* August Strindberg's 1887 tale of marital viciousness is modern theater's founding treatment of mind (and power) games between the sexes. Richard Nelson's new adaptation stars Frank Langella as the Captain. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Through 2/18. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. $30–$67.50. Mon.-Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hello, Dolly!—Over four decades, everybody's played her, from Pearl Bailey and Ethel Merman to Ginger Rogers and Barbra Streisand. But so what? Even now, the role of matchmaker and busybody Dolly Gallagher Levi in Jerry Herman's 1964 *Hello, Dolly!* remains somehow inseparable from the nasal purr and mile-wide grin of Carol Channing, currently having a high old time in the—good heavens—thirty-first-anniversary revival of her signature show. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (575-9200). 2 hrs 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.



Opening

Words and Music

Feeling avant-garde but in sort of a, you know, retro way? *The Dead Man,* the Club at La MaMa's latest offering, re-creates the form—poetically evocative texts spoken to musical accompaniment—that the nineteenth-century term *melodrama* was originally invented to denote. German actor Michael Altmann (above) is the narrator in this chamber staging of Georges Bataille's short story about death and eroticism. (January 18 through 28.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. John Stamos (*Full House*) recently replaced Matthew Broderick in the starring role. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Jason Robards) and a Micawberish husband (Alfred Molina), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. Through 3/31. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is

Photograph by Tania Hertling.

seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy, Carole Shelley, Rebecca Luker, Hugh Panaro, Michel Bell, Gretha Boston, and Marilyn McCoo. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest. (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Swinging on a Star—A revue featuring the songs ("Misty," "Pennies From Heaven") of Johnny Burke, perhaps best known as Paramount's in-house lyricist for Bing Crosby. $55–$67.50. Mon–Wed., Fri.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins..*

Victor/Victoria—One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bed and Sofa—The creative team responsible for 1986's *Goblin Market*—Polly Pen and Andre Ernotte— is back on tbe scene, this time with a musical adaptation of Abram Room's 1926 cult film about the birth of the modern age in 1920s Moscow. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/1 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Dog and His Master—An English adaptation of *Uncle Dog's Nirvana*, winner of a National Best Play Award in the People's Republic of China in the early eighties, chronicling the hard-knock life of a Chinese peasant named Dog as he survives assorted waves of political revolution and land reform. $15; $10 students/seniors. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. In previews for a 1/28 opening. Through 2/11. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).*

Mata Hari—Opening 1/25. *Theatre at St. Peter's, Citicorp Center, 54th St. at Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Measure for Measure—Theatre for a New Audience, the acclaimed Off Broadway company that's drawn raves for its breathtaking versions of (the relatively straightforward) *Titus Andronicus* and *Henry VI* over the past several years, has chosen what's perhaps the knottiest of all the Bard's scripts as its season opener. $32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30 through 1/20, at 8 thereafter. Opening 1/20. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

The Preservation Society—Southern, fine. Southern debutante, fine. *Lesbian* southern debutante—well, *that* gets a little complicated. William S. Leavengood's new comedy imagines how it might play out. $33–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 1/21; through 2/11. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Sheba—Sharleen Cooper Cohen and Gary William Friedman's lyrical love story about doomed passion and clashing cultures. $30. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opening 1/21. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. Through 2/25. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

The Yiddish Trojan Women—What, you thought that Euripides crowd had it rough? Check out Carol Braverman's story of four Jewish women braving personal dilemmas, political crises, and the whole Life thing, *tateleh*. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Extra shows 1/27, 2/3 at 2; no show 1/19, 25, 30. Opening 1/22. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Now Playing

After-Play—The actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30–$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

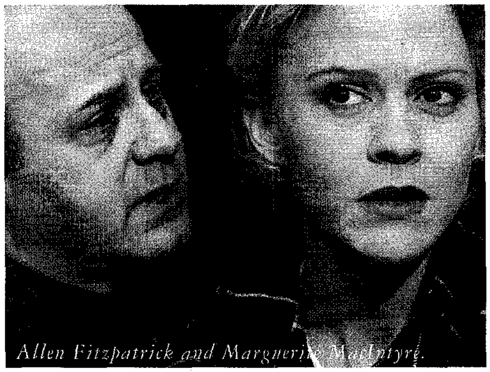
Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

The Coyote Bleeds—A drama by Tony DiMurro about police misconduct. $22.50–$27.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. *Worth Street Theater, 173 W. Broadway at Worth St. (279-4200).*

Revival

Spy Story

'*Mata Hari* was the one genuinely ambitious musical of the year," wrote William Goldman in *The Season*, his chronicle of extra-artistic forces at play behind the scenes of 1967's Broadway-bound hopefuls. Conceived by lyricist Martin Charnin (*Annie*) as a protest against the war in Vietnam, the David Merrick production—music by Edward Thomas, book by Jerome Coopersmith—used the story of its title character's execution for espionage by the French in 1917 as a metaphor for the insanity of war always and everywhere, becoming in the process what would have been the mainstream theater industry's first antiwar statement. (*Hair* didn't come along until a year later.) *Would have been* is the operative phrase: *Mata Hari* was visited on the road by a series of disasters that have earned it semi-legendary flop *d'estime* status among theaterati. For starters, it opened out of town at Washington's National Theatre before a specially invited group hosted by Lady Bird Johnson and including as guests of honor the full membership of the Cabinet and Supreme Court—not the most sympathetic audience in 1967, probably, for a musical with an opening number titled *This Is Not a Very Nice War*. Other troubles included the inexperience of German actress and live-theater novice Marisa Mell in the title role and Merrick's and director Vincente Minnelli's insistence on watering down the script's original darkness to what Charnin calls "an overproduced French postcard." With two other shows, *The Happy Time* and *How Now, Dow Jones*, in hot water elsewhere, Merrick decided that *Mata Hari* was the one least easily amenable to a quick fix. Closing out of town after four weeks, the show never made it into New York—until now, that is, with the York Theatre Company's current revival at the Theatre at St. Peter's Church through February 18, representing *Mata Hari*'s first full production since the original. "We—Jerry, Ed, and myself—just wanted to do it in a way that we could control," says Charnin, "and find out if it can be viewed without its baggage." If it can, the walls at Joe Allen's may be due for a rearrangement. RANDALL SHORT



Allen Fitzpatrick and Marguerite MacIntyre.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Kelly Bishop, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Dick Gregory Live—The satirist and political crusader returns to the live stage for the first time in twenty years. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. and Sun. at 3. At the *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (262-1678)* through 1/21; reopening 1/23 at the *47th St. Theater, 304 W. 47th St (315-0112).*

An Epidog—Rose, the dog star (forgive us for that) of Lee Breuer's "Animations" series, has shaken off mortal coils in this latest installment to take up residence in the *Book of the Dead*-described Bardo State. $25–$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/4. *HERE Arts Center, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-9684).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver's latest black farce concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

The Grey Zone—A new drama by Tim Blake Nelson about the *Sonderkommando*, the contingent of Jews at Auschwitz who complied with Nazi mandates in order to save their families. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/27. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

The Hope Zone—Olympia Dukakis stars as a recovering alcoholic who makes it through all twelve steps of her AA program only to founder on the thirteenth one—reconciling with a no-prize daughter—in Kevin Heelan's new dark comedy. Previews $25–$35; after opening, $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. *Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. bet. Thompson and Sullivan (239-6200).*

Jam on the Groove—Several months ago, GhettoOriginal, a troupe of first-generation hip-hop performers from pioneering groups like Magnificent Force and Rock Steady Crew, unveiled at P.S. 122 a stage show that used street music and dance in the service of dramatic storytelling, and that was also called GhettoOriginal. This proved confusing. *Jam on the Groove* is (as they say) the Same Thang with a New Name, and exhilarating as ever. $29.50–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (420-8000).*

The Lady From the Sea—The play by Ibsen. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Preview
Blue Fugue

"All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music," claimed Walter Pater, and every so often a writer takes the suggestion more or less literally. In 'Blue Window,' beginning performances this Tuesday at Manhattan Theatre Club (131 West 55th Street; 581-1212), Craig Lucas bends language into intricate counterpoint by following the inhabitants of five neighboring Manhattan apartments as they converge for a dinner party.

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC–TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sheila's Day—A musical play by Mbongeni Ngema (*Sarafina!*) and Duma Ndlovu celebrating the lives and struggles of South African domestic workers. $10–$25. Call for detailed schedule. Through 1/21. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6255).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:45, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mary Beth Peil, John Cunningham, Derek Smith, and comedienne Jan Hooks (*Saturday Night Live*) in the title, or canine, role. Directed by John Tillinger. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Too Jewish?—A one-man musical written and performed by Avi Hoffman, in which the author, a self-taught anthropologist of sorts, re-creates songs and comedy routines from *der Goldener Zeit* of Jewish vaudeville. $18–36. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Mon. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 4. *Westside Theatre Downstairs, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Universe—Unlike Pascal, the unnamed protagonist of Richard Foreman's new stage piece isn't frightened by the eternal silence of those infinite spaces: After blinding himself to free his eyes from the pain of a woman too beautiful to bear, he finds himself speaking directly to—whoa—the cosmos at large. $15 Fri.–Sat.; $10 other performances. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Valley Song—Since two springtimes ago, when South Africa elected Nelson Mandela to its presidency, the dramatist Athol Fugard has something new to write about: freedom. His newest play about his homeland is a response to what he calls "the great changes that have swept into our lives"—a parable about a young girl (Lisa Gay Hamilton) longing to leave her native village for a taste of the new liberties and an old man (the playwright) who must move beyond a lifetime of painful experience to let her go. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/21. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage II, 151 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Waiting For Godot—$24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

When Ladies Battle—A new translation by Michael Feingold of Eugene Scribe and Ernest Legouvé's *Bataille de Dames*. $16–$21 in previews, $21–$26 after opening. Tues., Thurs.–Fri. at 8., Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 1/27. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

Wonderful Time—A new romantic comedy by Jonathan Marc Sherman (*Sophistry*). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Off-Off Broadway

Barbed Wires—$12. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Creative Voices, 750 Eighth Ave. (841-1778).*

The Beautiful People—The comedy by William Saroyan. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/11. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. at Charlton (219-2085).*

California Suite—$10/$5+TDF; senior citizens $8. 1/19, 20 at 8; 1/21 at 2. *26 Willow Place, Brooklyn Heights (718-237-2752).*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Straight Out of Brooklyn

continued from page 35

a couple of the Irish Protestants that have contributed a great deal to our heritage.

Pete and Brian, you were at the Ambassador Hotel the day Bobby Kennedy was shot. How did his assassination affect you?

Pete: I had written to Bobby from Ireland asking him to run, and he asked me to come home. I didn't really work on the campaign, but I wrote a few small speeches for him. I was there with Bobby and Cesar Chavez and Jimmy Breslin. Brian was there. We all went into the ballroom, and I was on the stage behind him taking notes, and then we went into the kitchen and he got shot. It was one of those things. I made the mistake as a reporter of becoming friends with a politician. I've never had another politician as a friend. It's a mistake because you learn things you can't print. The main thing I learned was, don't put your faith in people on white horses because someone will shoot them off.

Brian: It was one of the saddest days of my life. I never really did political photojournalism after that. Pete and I got very drunk that night outside the hospital. One of those miserable drunks you put on to try to forget.

Pete, what was running the New York Post *like?*

Pete: It was the best time I ever had in my life, standing up. It cost me a lot of money, though. I was the highest-paid editor around for those five weeks, but all but one check bounced, and I wound up paying $50,000 in lawyer's fees. So I made about $2.60 an hour for that work. It was a great example of Irish entrepreneurship.

Do you surf the Web?

Brian: I'm still trying to find the Web.

Pete. For writers, I have a sense that working now is like 1948 and TV has arrived and they're going to have to get some professionals on it who know how to write. It's going to be a huge market for writers. The things that are afflicting us now, the cost of paper and delivery systems, will be solved. You won't have to finagle some Teamster to deliver to Chinatown.

Pete became sort of a surrogate father to you. What was that like?

Brian: Mostly we went to Pete for advice—he wouldn't sit us down.

Pete: Whatever I was able to give these guys, it was a sense of possibility, a romantic way of looking at the world.

How could you allow Abe Hirschfeld to kiss you?

Pete: He was much more aware of being covered than I was. We came out of the courthouse and bang, he hung the dreaded kiss of death on me as I turned from talking to a reporter. I have it hanging in my bathroom in color as a reminder for every time I think I am approaching something like dignity. ■

Revival

Class Action

New Yorkers couldn't get enough of 'Working Class' last fall, and its producers have decided to do something about that: Richard Hoehler's vignettes about middle-class American laborers are returning to town for a limited run through February 18 at the Mint Theater (311 West 43rd Street; 315-9434).

Catfish, Guns and Corndogs—$8, plus two-drink minimum. Mon. at 8. *Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Club Hellfire—$15; $12 students/seniors. Fri. at 9, Sat. and Sun. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. *HomeGrown Theatre Company, 2628 Broadway (961-0962).*

Dark Ride—$15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/3. *Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. (334-0962).*

The Fall of the House of Usher—A new adaptation of the Poe *conte.* $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (532-6719).*

Iken's Perversion—$12; $7 students. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat.–Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. *Cucaracha Theatre, 500 Greenwich St. (966-8596).*

Lady of Fadima/Face Divided—$8. 1/19–20, $12 thereafter. Fri.–Mon. at 8. Through 2/12. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St. bet. Broadway and Church (966-9371).*

Night Watch—$12/TDF+$7; students/seniors $10/TDF+$5. Fri.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/21. *199 14th St., Brooklyn (718-595-0547).*

Quatre Chats et Un Loup—$10. Fri.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/28. *Riant Theatre, 161 Hudson St., 4th floor, bet. Hubert and Laight Sts. (925-8353).*

Ruby and Pearl—$10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/21. *Theater for the New City, 155 First. Ave. (254-1109).*

True Crimes —Romulus Linney's latest, about a murder in the Smoky Mountains. $10/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/21. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

You Never Can Tell—Free. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 1/20. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St.; phone reservations accepted at 688-0945 between noon and 7 P.M.*

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art

Alice Neel...Peter Campus...American Crafts

Openings

Now in its forty-second year, the **Winter Antiques Show** is one of those events that art- and antique-minded New Yorkers wouldn't think of missing; besides, it's a benefit for East Side House Settlement. This year's show focuses on American arts and antiques and runs from Friday, January 19, through Sunday, January 28. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Avenue at 67th Street; noon to 9 P.M. daily except Sunday (noon to 6 P.M.); $15 admission.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Emily Eveleth/Elizabeth King—Recent paintings/New sculptures; 1/20–3/2. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract paintings from the forties and fifties by this artist (1916–1992) who was one of the pioneers of the New York School; through 2/3. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Christopher Wilmarth—Seven sculptures dating from 1971 to 1982, including the artist's early, etched-glass and steel-cable pieces; his more robust steel and glass freestanding works; and a single blown glass "head" from the "Breath" series of 1979–1981; through 2/10. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Josef Albers—A survey of the artist's drawings, from his little known representational sketches from his early years to his vivid color studies for the "Homage to the Square" series of the sixties; through 2/17. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Lidya Buzio/Gwyn Hanssen Pigott—Ceramic pots that are painted and shaped like urban roofscapes/ Porcelain vessels. Through 2/3. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

Alexander Calder—A survey of sculpture and paintings from the fifties; 1/19–2/17. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Dan Graham—A new full-scale pyramidal sculpture pavilion and four new sculpture-pavilion models; 1/18–3/2. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Loren Madsen—A seven-year survey of the artist's sculpture, from his strict, faceted metal-plate constructions to the ongoing series of carved wood sculpture seen in this exhibition for the first time; through 2/10. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Andre Masson—Paintings and drawings made by the Surrealist between 1941 and 1945, when he was living in the United States; through 3/2. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Pedro De Movellan—Kinetic sculptures in wood and metal; through 2/3. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Alice Neel/Robert Mapplethorpe—A survey of the artist's paintings of nude pregnant women/Mapplethorpe's little-known photographs of children, many of which have not been previously exhibited. Through 2/3. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

John Newsom—Paintings that juxtapose whimsical, fairy-tale images and take their inspiration from the old fashioned vignettes of turn-of-the-century chromo-lithographs and early black-and-white cartoon features produced by MGM; through 2/17. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Arnaldo Pomodoro—The artist's first solo show in the United States since 1987 consists of 22 monumental-scale bronze sculptures created over the past ten years that continue his use of basic geometric shapes interrupted by erratic, jagged cuts; through 2/10. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Carole Robb—Recent paintings of scenes in Rome; through 2/3. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

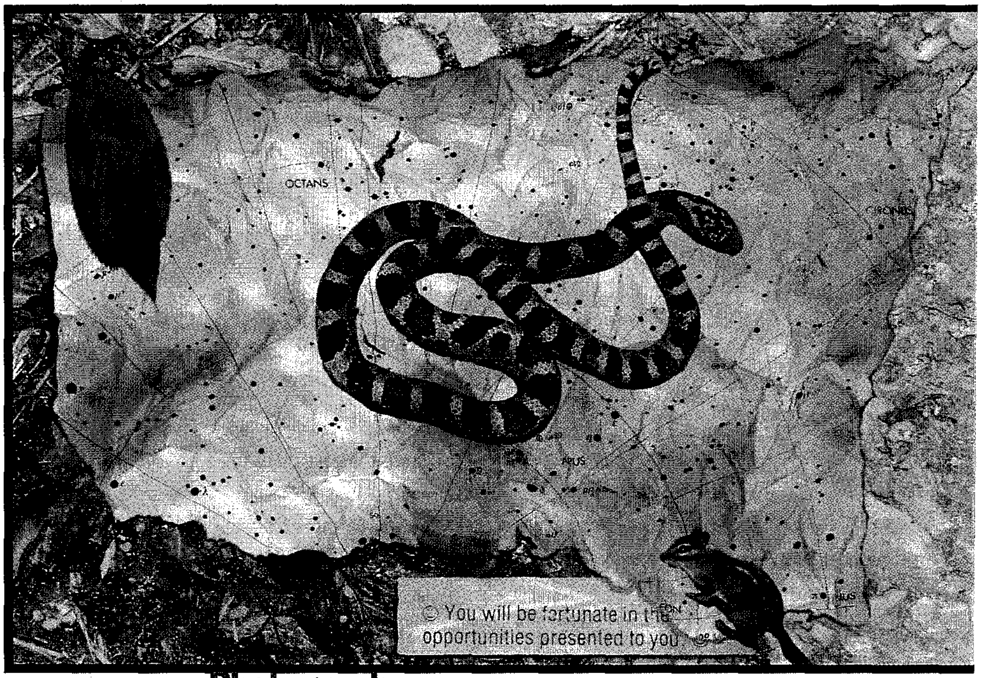
Nina Roos—Paintings of thin veils of color on Plexiglas panels, by a Finnish artist; 1/18–3/2. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Rita Ackermann—Eight paintings that depict a snapshotlike series of images of a boy on a mountain excursion and whose titles come together to form a poem; 1/19–2/24. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Alice Aycock/Louise Lawler and Allan McCollum—Drawings, sculptures, and photographs documenting the artist's projects from 1973 to 1995/An installation of "fixed intervals" that suggest missing artworks. Through 2/3. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Robert Beck—Video, drawings, Polaroids, and fabricated crime novels from his ongoing series of crime-related projects, "Habeas Corpus"; through 2/17. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).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Photography

Altered States

Unlike his earlier montages made from digitally scanned photographic images, Peter Campus's new photographic works are created by placing the objects themselves directly on the scanner, thereby transporting the images onto a digital canvas where he manipulates color and scale. The end results are intriguingly unnatural. At Paula Cooper, Inc., 155 Wooster Street; January 19 through February 17.

Photograph courtesy of Paula Cooper Gallery.

Adolf Benca—Paintings that depict mirrors and windows; through 2/3. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Elizabeth Berdann—Recent paintings, including a series of six oil-on-copper portraits of elderly women who are residents of a community nursing home; 1/18–2/24. Cristinerose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

Maurizio Cannavacciuolo—New paintings; through 2/17. Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (431-3685).

Carmen Lomas Garza—Paintings that record the artist's childhood in Kingsville, Texas, in the fifties and sixties; through 2/3. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Willie Doherty—Large-scale photographs mounted on aluminum and a video installation; through 2/17. Alexander and Bonin, 59 Wooster St. (925-2343).

Manny Farber/Adam Siegel—Recent paintings that depict arrays of objects as seen from an aerial perspective/The Chicago-based artist's first solo show in New York consists of paintings that depict figures and faces emerging from earth-toned backgrounds of rhythmic marks and related works on paper. Through 2/17. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Rochelle Feinstein—Paintings based on a drawing that was reproduced in the New York *Post* and was submitted to the newspaper by a copycat serial killer; through 2/3. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Lucio Fontana—A survey of the Italian artist's slashed and perforated "paintings" from the fifties and sixties; through 2/3. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

Ellen Gallagher—The first solo show in New York for this artist who was included in the Whitney Biennial last spring and whose paintings, which at first appear to be minimal and monochromatic, deal with the learning and reinforcement of racial stereotypes; through 2/24. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Johannes Girardoni—Encaustic paintings on constructions of weathered wood; through 1/30. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Woody Gwyn/Jennifer Cross—Recent small-scale paintings of views from the Cloisters/Paintings inspired by seventeenth-century Dutch flower paintings. Through 1/30. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Michael Jenkins—The artist's first solo exhibition in New York consists of floor and wall sculptures and recent works on paper; through 2/10. Kaplan, 580 Broadway (226-6131).

Larry Johnson/Allen Ruppersberg—New works by both; 1/19–3/2. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Ellen Kozak—Abstracted Hudson River landscapes; through 2/3. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Cathleen Lewis—An installation of two separate works that examine social constructions: *Binary*, which consists of 150 stainless steel panels silkscreened with various words and phrases that are synonymous for "black" or "white," and *Extensions*, braids made from synthetic hair and arranged to hang from ceiling to floor, the ends of which rest on the floor and have been manipulated to form the words "good," "kinky," "straight," etcetera; through 2/3. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Micah Lexier—"Portraits" and "self-portraits" that take the form of custom-minted coins, bronze castings, acid-etched stainless steel, and photographs; through 2/3. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Cathy de Monchaux—Biomorphic sculptures made with rusted steel, leather, glass, brass, paper, and concrete; through 3/2. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (627-1455).

Forrest Myers—Recent jazz-inspired sculptures of densely woven wire, bent pipe, stainless steel, anodized aluminum, and found objects; through 2/17. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

Paul DeMarinis—Among the various multimedia works in this show is an installation based on Alfred Hitchcock's film, *Vertigo*, that consists of spinning sushi platters decorated with spiraling movie soundtracks that are played by wooden chopsticks scanning laser beams; through 2/10 Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Peggy Preheim—Clay sculptures inspired by the artist's collection of dolls and heavily built-up graphite drawings; through 2/10. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Joseph Raffael—New paintings and works on paper that depict the flowers in the artist's garden and the sky reflected in the surface of a pond; 1/20–2/28. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Robert Rauschenberg—Works from the late sixties and early seventies, including "Cardboards" made of cardboard cartons, "Jammers" composed of silk and bamboo poles, and "Carnal Clocks" that use clockwork mechanisms, electric lights, and silk-screened images; through 2/17. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Louis Renzoni/Gene Kraig—Dark, brooding paintings of still life and interiors/Encaustic paintings on coffeemakers and ironing boards. Through 2/3. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Lydia Rubio—Paintings and sculpture that record the Cuban-born artist's investigations of the seas that surround Florida and separate it from Cuba; through 2/17. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Bill Schwarz—New sculpture; through 2/3. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Soren—Recent paintings documenting the artist's impressions of his travels in Africa; through 2/3. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

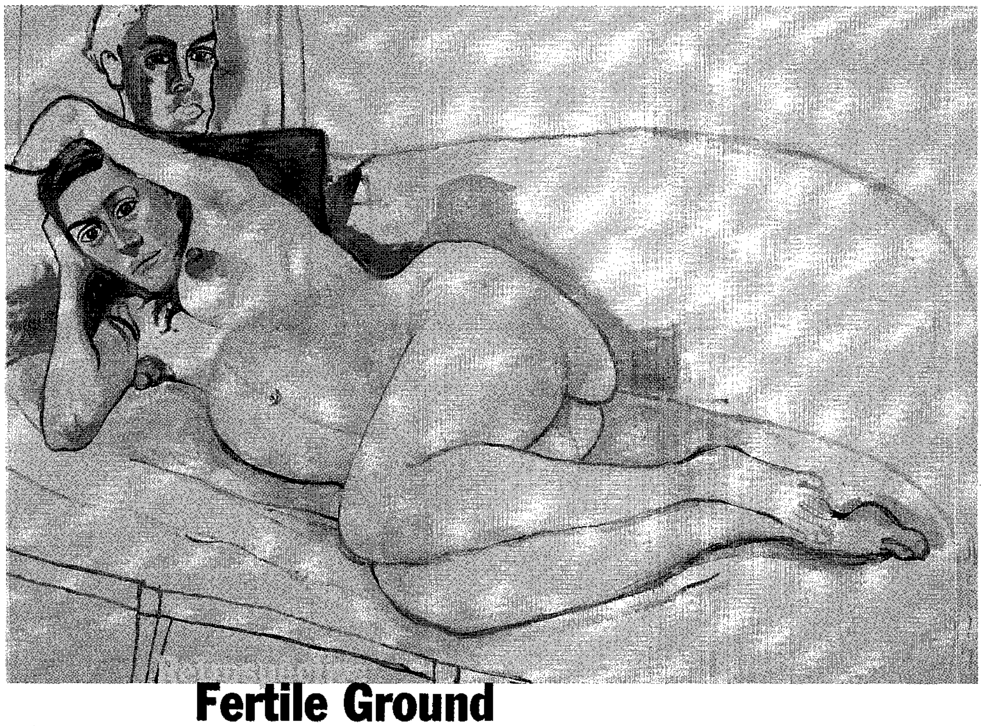
Ilyse Soutine—Recent photographs and a "room painting"; through 2/11. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Stephen Greene/Aaron Fink—Recent abstract paintings by this artist who studied with Philip Guston/New works on paper. Through 2/10. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Hally Thacher—Monochromatic paintings; through 2/24. Harwood, 304 Mulberry St. (343-1503).

Alan Turner—A series of small paintings executed over the past two years that depict the artist's familiar images of eyes, hands, and apertures in the shapes of eyes and hands; through 2/10. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Alan Uglow—Recent abstract works on paper and photographs from his "Stadium Series"; through 3/16. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).



Photograph courtesy of Robert Miller Gallery.

Fertile Ground

The painter Alice Neel (1900–1984) was never one to shy away from tough subject matter, and if the toughness wasn't there in any obvious way, she had a talent for bringing it out—from accentuating sculptor Robert Smithson's acne ("He was very angry when he saw the painting, and made me take some of the blood off his cheek," she told the writer Patricia Hills) to simply waiting patiently for her sitters to assume characteristic poses that would reveal, as Neel said, "what the world has done to them and their retaliation."

Of all of Neel's themes—which included artists, couples, and mothers and children—none offered her such spectacular natural drama as the pregnant nude. In those paintings, currently assembled at the Robert Miller gallery, Neel not only was able to depict the varied physical and psychological states of pregnancy but made a feminist statement of sorts by choosing a subject that her male peers had typically avoided (Neel also painted women she knew, not hired models). Neel thoroughly enjoyed breaking taboos and, in the process, watching people squirm. "I feel as a subject it's perfectly legitimate," she said of her pregnant nudes, "and people out of false modesty, or being sissies, never showed it, but it's a basic fact of life."

EDITH NEWHALL

Paul Waldman—New paintings and sculpture; through 2/3. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Carrie Mae Weems—A series of photographs with text that explores the depiction of African-Americans in photography and was commissioned by the J. Paul Getty Museum last spring when it asked the artist to respond to a collection of nineteenth-century daguerrotypes of African-Americans;through 2/10. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Elyn Zimmerman—New granite sculptures that reflect basic male and female elements; through 2/17. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Other

Anthony Caro/Jules Olitski—Figure studies by these two artists who have been friends and colleagues for more than 30 years; through 2/24. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

Peter Dayton/Robert Adams—Paintings collaged with color laser Xeroxes of greatly magnified flower photographs cut out from seed catalogues/Works on paper that depict subjects from the bible's Book of Revelations in a style reminiscent of Vincent Foster's *Learn to Draw* books and are drawn in various body fluids; 1/18–2/18. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Anima Mundi," an exhibition exploring the diverse ways in which contemporary artists use animals in their work, with paintings, photographs, drawings, prints, and sculpture by 28 artists, among them Joe Andoe, Elizabeth Butterworth, Judith Cotton, Duncan Hannah, Alexis Rockman, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; 1/18–3/2.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). Paintings and photographs of New York City by Thomas Hart Benton, David Johnson, Ernest Lawson, John Marin, George L. K. Morris, Jerome Myers, Charles Sheeler, Alfred Stieglitz, and others; through 3/2.

Salander-O'Reilly—20 E. 79th St. (879-6606). A survey of paintings, drawings, and sculpture by Stanley Boxer; two exhibits presented by Terry Dintenfass in association with Salander-O'Reilly Galleries, including "Belief," a group show featuring works by Will Barnet, Arthur Dove, Sidney Goodman, William King, Loren MacIver, and others, and a solo show of recent figurative paintings and drawings by Brett Bigbee; through 2/3.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). The Center's ninth annual "Emerging Sculptors" exhibition brings together small-scale sculptures by Andrew Dunnill, Robert Hickman, and Robert Kalka; through 2/6.

57th Street Area

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). Paintings, sculpture, and photographs that take the house as their subject, by Siah Armajani, Richard Artschwager, Bernd and Hilla Becher, Tony Berlant, James Casebere, Guillermo Kuitca, Gordon Matta-Clark, Joel Shapiro, and others; through 3/2.

D C Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Paintings that use flowers as subject matter, by Janet Fish, Robert Kushner, Whitfield Lovell, Lucio Pozzi, and Jimmy Wright; through 2/10.

Schmidt Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). A survey of works that are predominantly blue, by Arman, William Baziotes, Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, Joyce Treiman, John Wilde, others; through 2/24.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Works by William Baziotes, Gerald Kamrowski, and Jackson Pollock, as well as a collaborative painting from 1940 that was executed by all three artists one evening in Kamrowski's studio; through 2/24.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Unnaturally Yours," with works that use the natural elements (air, earth, fire, and water) as a point of departure by Alejandro Berlin, Nicole Carstens, Daniel O. Georges, Wendy Lewis, Ben Jones, and Peter Whitney, selected by Willie Cole; "Exhibit A: Design/Writing/Research," a design installation by J. Abbott Miller and Design/Writing/Research; 1/20–3/16.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Wall Drawings '96," features site-specific wall works by Barry McGee, Tania Mouraud, and Mark Dean Veca; through 2/10.

Feldman—31 Mercer St. (226-3232). Drawings by 32 artists, among them Eleanor Antin, Arakawa, Chris Burden, Buckminster Fuller, Ilya Kabakov, and Todd Siler; through 2/17.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Images of the Chrysler Building in paintings, drawings, sculpture and other media by 24 artists, among them Richard Haas and Judith Turner; through 2/29.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). Works that express the various meanings of the word "difference," by John Brill, Genevieve Cadieux, Fariba Hajamadi, Jerry Kearns, Ellen Rothenberg, and others; through 2/10.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). "Constructions," with works by Michael Askkin, Tony Cragg, Jackie Ferrara, Fischli/Weiss, Rita McBride, and Matthew McCaslin; new abstract collages by Paul Laster titled "Webs"; 1/20–2/24.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Works on paper by Karin Davie, Moira Dryer, Mark Innerst, Thomas Kovachevich, Nancy Shaver, Michael Zwack, and others; an installation of photographs by Kevin Clarke; through 2/10.

Room—25 Thompson St. (226-1831). "Balancing Act," with works by Nancy Cohen, Sally Elesby, Max Gimblett, Dennis Hollingsworth, Gary Komarin, Thomas Nozkowski, Anthony Ocone, Sean Scully, and Stephen Westfall; 1/18–2/24.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). The gallery's annual "Young Artists" exhibit features works by Richard Barnet, Charles Clough, Mark Gibian, Alexis Portilla, and others; through 2/25.

65 Thompson Street—65 Thompson St. (219-2219). A benefit exhibition for Friend's House, a new residence for AIDS-afflicted homeless adults, in memory of the late Mickey Ruskin, with works by artists who frequented his legendary bar/restaurant Max's Kansas City, among them John Chamberlain, Mark DiSuvero, Dan Flavin, Nancy Holt, Joseph Kosuth, Brice Marden, Marisol, Malcolm Morley, and Donald Sultan; 1/18–2/1.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). One large-scale work each by Francesco Clemente, Julian Schnabel, and Cy Twombly; through 2/17.

Swiss Institute New York—495 Broadway (925-2035). "A Path Through the Mountains: 500 Years of Swiss Map-Making"; through 2/10.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). Paintings, sculpture, photography, and installation that are the artists' response to the word "epitaph"; through 2/24.

Wittels—580 Broadway (219-2211). "Show and Tell," with works by Doug Aitken, Robert Beck, Jennifer Bolande, Gregory Crewdson, Mariko Mori; through 2/10.

Zarre—48 Greene St. (966-2222). "In Small Dimensions," with works by Carl Andre, Frances Barth, Nassos Daphnis, Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt, Sylvia Plimack-Mangold, Marjorie Strider, Thorton Willis, Kes Zapkus, others; through 2/3.

Zwirner—43 Greene St. (966-9074). An exhibition of single-channel video work by 29 artists, among them Skip Arnold, Mike Kelly and Paul McCarthy, Tony Oursler, Raymond Pettibon, and Jennifer Steinkamp and Brian Brown; through 2/3.

Other

World Financial Center—225 Liberty St. (245-0505), Tues.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. and Sun. 12–5. "Art, Design, and Barbie: The Evolution of a Cultural Icon" celebrates the world's most popular doll in works by more than 50 modern and contemporary artists, architects, and designers, among them John Baldessari, Zaha Hadid, Robert A. M. Stern, Andy Warhol, and William Wegman; through 2/10.

Photography

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A retrospective of works by the preeminent *Life* magazine photographer; through 3/1. LIFE Gallery, 28th floor, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center (522-3200); Tues. and Fri. 11–3 and by appointment.

Sally Apfelbaum—Photographs of Claude Monet's gardens at Giverny and the gardens at Varengeville-sur-Mer, which were planned by Gertrude Jekyll and surround a house designed by the English Arts and Crafts architect Edward Luytens; 1/18–2/10. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Eve Arnold—Black-and-white photographs from the fifties; through 2/10. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Tom Baril/Rocky Schenck—Photographs of flowers and seascapes/Romatic, heavily-toned photographs of trees, highways, the sea, and houses that bring to mind the Pictorialist period. Through 2/24. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Lola Alvarez Bravo—Two exhibits of the work of the Mexican photographer (1907–1993) who was a pioneer of the modernist esthetic in Mexico. At the Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950), Tues.–Sun. 12–6, 1/17–2/25, and Throckmorton Fine Art, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059), 1/18–3/9.

Peter Campus—New photographs whose disparate compositions of images were created by placing found materials (photographs, pages of text, or paper scraps) and objects collected from nature (flowers, stones, and insects) on a digital scanner; 1/19–2/17. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Christopher Giglio/Sterck and Rozo—The photographer, who was included in MOMA's 1993–94 "New Photography" exhibition, creates his television-derived images by exposing photographic

On View **When they moved into the White House, the crafts-admiring Clintons asked Michael W. Monroe, a former curator of the National Museum of American Art's Renwick Gallery, to assemble a collection of contemporary American crafts. Now those handmade works, known collectively as (what else?) The White House Collection of American Crafts, are visiting New York. At the American Craft Museum, 40 West 53rd Street, through March 3.**

paper directly to a television screen/Photographs by the Belgian-American collaborators, whose darkly romantic images are the result of multiple generations and manipulated surfaces. Through 2/17. TZ'ART, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Jim Goldberg/Kiki Smith—An abbreviated version of the photographer's traveling exhibition, "Raised by Wolves: Photographs and Documents of Runaways," whose photographs, objects, and texts document the seven years he spent photographing and working with homeless young people living on the streets of Hollywood and San Francisco/Recent color photographs, some of which were taken during the production of her sculptures at the Art Foundry in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Through 2/24. PaceWildenstein-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.-Sun. 11–6. "Eve Arnold: In Retrospect." Black-and-white and color photographs from the photojournalist's 40-year-career. . . ."Country Beside Itself: Lars Tunbjörk." Images of Swedes enjoying themselves in a thoroughly commercialized world of organized leisure and consumption; through 2/11.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Fazal Sheikh: A Sense of Common Ground." Portraits of refugees from Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, Rwanda, and Mozambique living in the African camps; "Highlights from the ICP Permanent Collection: One Hundred Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 3/31.

David Mosconi/Jos Van Der Hamsvoord—Twenty-by-twenty-four-inch Polaroid triptychs depicting images of stars, nebulae, constellations, and a solar eclipse/Photographs of decaying fruit and vegetables set against dainty floral fabrics or the grid of a strawberry basket. Through 2/10. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Gilles Peress—Five of the photographer's projects from the past 25 year, among them photographs of the civil rights struggle in Northern Ireland; of Turkish immigrant workers in Germany from 1973 to the present; and of the effects of the war in Bosnia on its population; through 2/10. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Recent photographs by Micheal McLaughlin, Michael Prince, and Lee Friedman; through 2/25.

Toshio Shibata/Henri Cartier-Bresson—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of Japanese landscapes/Early vintage prints. Through 2/24. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Neil Winokur—An installation of large color prints of faces, hands, feet, and bodies belonging to various artists; through 2/17. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Wooster Gardens—558 Broadway (941-6210). Recent works by Vik Muniz, Sage Sohier, and Brian Weil; through 2/10.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Made to Order. . . America's Most Wanted Paintings: An Artists' Project." Works by 52 artists that are their interpretations of a poll that surveyed American likes and dislikes in art; through 1/27. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"White House Collection of American Crafts." Works by 78 American artists working in the craft media of clay, fiber, glass, metal, and wood; through 3/3. . . . "Craft in the Machine Age 1920-1945." A retrospective of crafts made between the World Wars; through 3/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Planet Peru." Aerial photographs of Peruvian landscapes by Marilyn Bridges; through 2/1. . . . "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection"; through 2/18. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"A.W.N. Pugin: Master of Gothic Revival." The artist, who is best known as the designer of the interiors of the Houses of Parliament, also made books, ceramics, stained glass, jewelry, and metalwork before he died at the age of 40, all of which constitute this exhibition; through 2/25. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000); Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. until 8:30); $2; $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum—"Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. . . . "More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper"; through 2/4. . . . "Elsa Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 3/24. . . . "Steel: Photographs by Patricia Layman Bazelon"; through 2/4. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/23/96. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/23. . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"The Butterfly and the Bat: Whistler and Montesquiou." An exhibit documenting the relationship between Whistler and Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac; through 1/28. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"The Material Imagination." Sculpture and conceptual art works that were acquired for the museum's permanent collection from the late seventies to the present; through 1/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change, 1890-1990." Paintings, sculpture, photographs, and posters, by Marc Chagall, El Lissitzky, Ilya Kabakov, Komar & Melamid, others; through 1/28. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Klee in Munich." One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist's stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . . "Pergamon: The Telephos Frieze from the Great Altar." Forty marble sculptures from the Pergamon Museum in Berlin that once decorated the Great Altar of Pergamon in the citadel of Pergamon in northwest Asia Minor; 1/17–4/14. . . . "Haute Couture"; through 3/30. . . . "Howard Hodgkin: Paintings 1975–1995." A survey of abstract paintings by the British artist known for his brilliant use of color; through 1/28. . . . "Textiles of Late Antiquity"; through 4/30. . . . "River of Gold: Pre-Columbian Treasures From Sitio Conte, Panama"; through 2/4. . . . "American Schoolgirl Needlework." Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century needlework pictures and samplers from the museum's collection; through 2/18. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum of American Folk Art—"Expressions of Trust: Recent Gifts to the Museum of American Folk Art"; through 2/25. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Piet Mondrian." An exhibit of 160 paintings and drawings from museums and private collections that emphasizes Mondrian's identity as a modern abstract artist; through 1/23. . . . "Projects: Oliver Herring/Leonilson." Ethereal, elegiac knitted and embroidered works that commemorate loss and mortality in the era of AIDS by Herring, an artist who lives in New York, and Leonilsen, a Brazilian artist who died of AIDS in 1993; 1/18–3/12. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"Uncommon Threads: Three Hundred Years of New York Style"; through 2/11. . . . "In the City, Snow is Glistening." Prints, photographs, greeting cards, sporting equipment, toys, costumes, and other mementoes of New York winters; through 1/28. . . ."Growing Up in New York: The Photography of Arthur Leipzig." Photographs of New York City and its street life taken during the forties and fifties; through 3/31. . . . "Cookie's Harlem." A celebration of the life and times of the legendary dance master Charles "Cookie" Cook; through 2/25. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"A Labor of Love." Works by more than 40 contemporary artists who use handmade folk or craft-oriented processes to create their work; 1/20–4/14. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (free 6–8), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters." This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection's holdings includes such treasures as the typescript of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/27. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Celebrates the End of World War II"; through 2/11. . . . "Clement Clarke Moore of Chelsea"; through 2/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Art of the Brontës: Drawings and Manuscripts." Drawings and manuscripts by Charlotte, Anne, Emily, and Branwell Brontë; 1/18–4/14. . . . "A Great Heritage: Renaissance and Baroque Drawings from Chatsworth"; 1/18–4/21. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945–1965"; 1/18–6/2. . . ."The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950–1965." An exhibit that looks at the exchanges and collaborations among poets, artists, musicians, and filmmakers of the Beat generation; through 2/4. . . . "Robert Frank: Moving Out." A retrospective of photographs by the Swiss-born American artist; through 2/11. . . . "Altered and Irrational." An exhibit of works from the museum's permanent collection that examines artists' use of nontraditional materials, altered forms, and unusual processes; through 3/3. . . . "Collection in Context—Joseph Cornell: Cosmic Travels"; through 3/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 1/19 at 10 and 1/20 at 10 and 2: "Fine English Furniture, Objects of Art, and Chinese Export Porcelain." On view from 1/13.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 1/23 at 1: "The Art of Invention: American Patent Models from the Cliff Peterson Collection." On view from 1/19.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade 19th-Century and Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/13. 1/18 at 10:15: "Chinese Export." On view from 1/12. 1/18 at 2, 1/19 at 10:15, and 1/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Americana." On view from 1/13.

inconcert

Spirituals . . . A Little *Patience* . . . New Sounds

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 16

Four Seasons String Quartet—Performs works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Prokofiev. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060), at 8; $20.*
New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Debussy and Ravel; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*
New York Chamber Symphony—With pianist Sara Wolfensohn; Gerard Schwarz, music director. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $30.*
A Langston Hughes Celebration—The New York Festival of Song presents Hughes poems set to music. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall (247-7800), at 8; $25.*

Wednesday, January 17

NY Virtuosi Chamber Symphony—Performs works by Atterberg, Beethoven, and Puccini. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060), at 8; $20.*

Thursday, January 18

Bargemusic—Works by Brahms and Tchaikovsky for strings. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*
New York Philharmonic—Performs Bach's Mass in B Minor; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*
Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Dvořák, Tormis, and Strauss; Neeme Järvi, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*
New Sounds Live—Anonymous 4 and David Hykes and the Harmonic Core perform new music for voice. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060), at 8; $16.*

Friday, January 19

New Juilliard Ensemble—Performs four U.S. premieres of music from the Pacific rim. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 8; free, but tickets are required.*
Evgeny Kissin, Pianist—Performs works by Bach, Mozart, and Schumann. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$70.*
Juilliard String Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $20.*
New York Philharmonic—See 1/18.

Saturday, January 20

Janos Starker, Cellist—Performs Bach's *Suite in C Major*. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 7; $20.*
New York Philharmonic—See 1/18.

Sunday, January 21

Lyrics & Lyricists—The songs of Frank Loesser, hosted by Kitty Carlisle Hart. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 2:30 and 8; $33–$38.*
Robert Shaw, Conductor—Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, the Robert Shaw Festival Chorus and Choral Institute Singers. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15–$85.*
Penderecki String Quartet—With clarinetist James Campbell, performs works by Schubert, Brahms, and Bartók. *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $15.*

Performance

While Rome Burns

The Glimmerglass Opera production of Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea*, at BAM through January 21, utilizes period (seventeenth century, not A.D. 64) instruments like lutes and harpsichords to set the scene for power plays in Nero's Rome.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Bargemusic—See 1/18, at 4.
9th Annual Spirituals Concert—Alice Parker and the Musicians of Melodious Accord join the Riverside Choir. *Riverside Church, 120th St. and Riverside Dr., at 7:30; $10.*

Monday, January 22

Lyrics & Lyricists—See 1/21, at 2 and 8.
Kurt Ollmann, Baritone—Performs works by Mozart, Ravel, and Obradors. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*
Riverside Symphony—With guest marimbist William Hudgins, performs works by Kraus and Dvořák. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060), at 8; $12–$20.*
New York Viola Society—Presents "A Collegial Concert" of works by Granados, Fred Broer, and Freidemann Kohler. *Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. (924-7299), at 8; $10.*
Pulse! A Percussion Revolution—The New Music Consort presents premieres of works by David Stohl, Sofia Gubaidulina, and David Glaser. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway at 122nd St. (924-0077), at 8; $12.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Janáček's *The Makropulos Case*, 1/16 at 8, 1/20 at 1:30; Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 1/18 at 8; Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 1/17 at 8, 1/20 at 8; Puccini's *Turandot*, 1/19 at 8; Verdi's *Falstaff*, 1/22 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*
L'incoronazione di Poppea—The Glimmerglass Opera performs Monteverdi. 1/15, 1/17, and 1/19 at 8, 1/21 at 3. *BAM Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $35–$75.*
Patience—The New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players perform this musical fashion critique. 1/18–1/20 at 8, 1/20 and 1/21 at 3. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $20–$40.*

Dance

Amy Pivar Dances—Premiere of *Hey Little Man*. 1/18 to 1/20 at 8, 1/21 at 3. *Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12.*
New York City Ballet—Repertory, including the new ballet *Reliquary*. 1/16 to 1/20 at 8, 1/20 at 2 and 1/21 at 3. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$70.*
Altogether Different—A showcase for developing choreographers. 1/16 to 1/20 at 8, 1/20 and 1/21 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); $17.*

nightlife

Aristo-rock...The Artist Known As Ké

Concerts

Richard Davis & Friends—Having played bass with everyone from Sarah Vaughan to Igor Stravinsky, Richard Davis is certainly one of the more well-traveled musicians of his generation. He shares the spotlight here tonight with trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater, the dynamic Abdullah Ibrahim sideman, saxophonist Ricky Ford, and drummer Ronnie Burrage. 1/19 at 8:30 P.M. *LeFrak Concert Hall at Queens College, Flushing (718-544-2996). $21.*

Ozzy Osbourne—The granddaddy of metal, erstwhile leader of Black Sabbath, greets his dark minions. 1/18 at 8 P.M. *Meadowlands. (307-7171). $27.50–35.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—Hip-hop spoken-word artist Jeffrey Gaines shares the mike with singer/songwriter/VH1-feminist Jill Sobule on 1/17. 1/19–1/20: Twenty-four years after scoring a surprise hit with "Dead Skunk," stand-up country-bard Loudon Wainwright III is back. Having been covered by Johnny Cash and played a singing surgeon on M*A*S*H, the Carolinian is well-poised for his fifties—a sort of cross between Dave Barry and Randy Newman. Typically, his new record *Grown Man* features one song recorded in the shower and another called "I Wish I Was a Lesbian," in which the aging patriarch ponders sexuality and the subjunctive tense: "I wish I was a lesbian, I'd like to be a dyke/I could hang with k.d. lang, Mel Gibson take a hike. . . ." 1/22: Two super-hot young turks of jazz share a double bill: The muscular bassist Christian McBride, whose sensitivity and restraint belie his years by several decades, leads a quartet. Cyrus Chestnut, the beatific and ferocious pianist of the moment, leads a trio. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 1/17: The super-fun, piano-led rock group Ben Folds Five, which is, of course, a trio, has the floor. 1/18: Upper Crust; Splendora. 1/20: Swinging Neckbreakers; Untamed Youth. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 1/17: Max Love; D'Jinn. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/17–1/18: Bobby Radcliff. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to their famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." *15 St. Marks Place. (475-9726).*

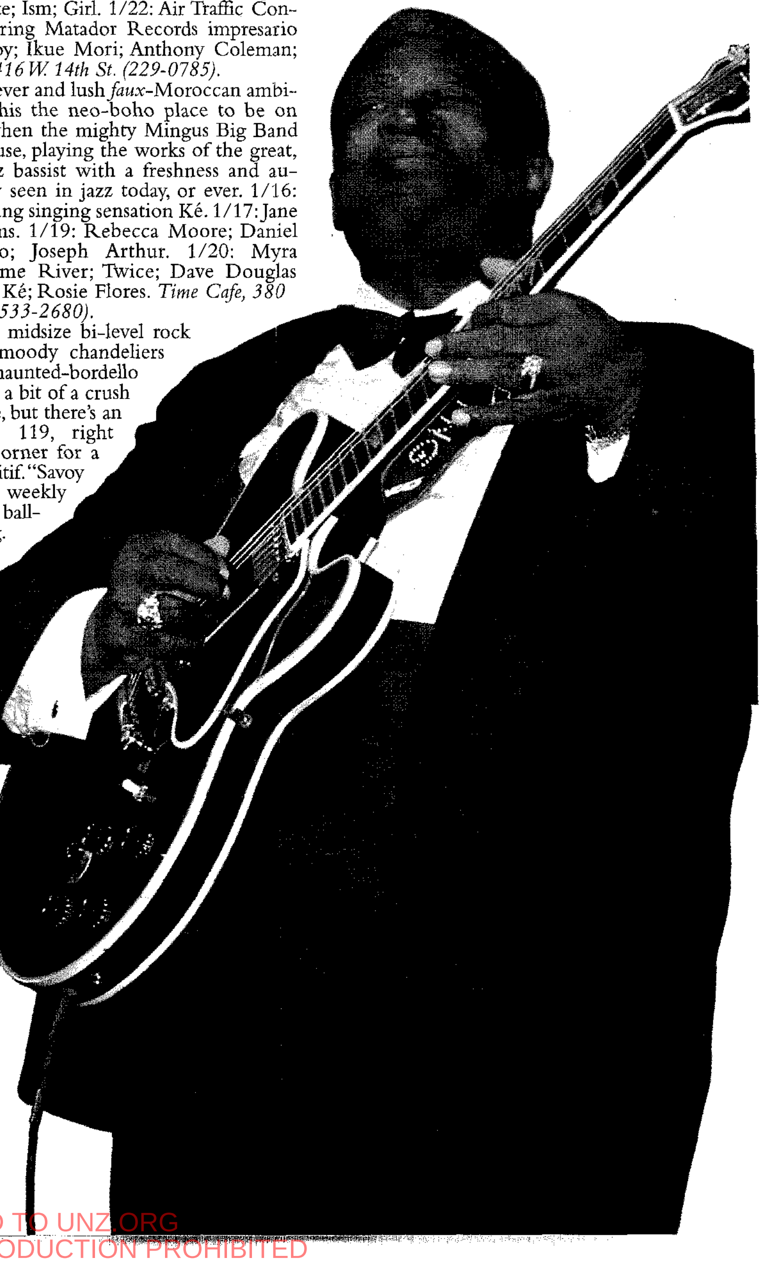
The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 1/18: Barry White Boys; Thumper; Spent; Fluffer. 1/19: Ultra Bide; Skeleton Key; Vitapup. 1/20: Inviolate; Ism; Girl. 1/22: Air Traffic Controllers, featuring Matador Records impresario Gerard Cosloy; Ikue Mori; Anthony Coleman; Work Dogs. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. 1/16: The new, young singing sensation Ké. 1/17: Jane Kelly Williams. 1/19: Rebecca Moore; Daniel Harnett Trio; Joseph Arthur. 1/20: Myra Melford's Same River; Twice; Dave Douglas Sextet. 1/23: Ké; Rosie Flores. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 1/20: The local hip-hop- and jazz-savvy dance band Groove Collective rocks the house. *17 Irving Place. (777-6800).*

Ground Rules:
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. Big Band. 1/16: Captain Beefheart guitarist Gary Lucas does "psychedelically fired fragments from Wagner," trumpeter Dave Douglas's String Group gets classical, violinist Mark Feldman waxes Romantic, and Lounge Lizards



Talent
King for a Week

The "B.B." is for "Blues Boy," and the guitar is famously named Lucille. Yes, it's B.B. King, aptly titled Ambassador of the Blues and guru to neophytes as disparate as Randy Travis and U2. He brings his eminence to the Blue Note, January 16–21.

cellist Jane Scarpentoni addresses the Baroque as *Tutti Magazine* presents "Knit Classical Mutations: Doing and Undoing the Classics." 1/17: Smooth-cheeked indie-rock heartthrob Ben Lee returns to the States from his home Down Under, leading his band of barely-teen rockers Noise Addict. They play songs off their new, delightful *Meet The Real You*, with Guv'ner. 1/18: Roger Miller's Elemental Guitar; Gary Lucas's Gods and Monsters. 1/19: Chris Chalfant Trio. *4 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 1/18: Ben Folds Five. 1/19: Untamed Youth; Sit'n'Spin; Dummies. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 1/16: Stars of lo-fi, ambient-indie-rock, Sparklehorse. 1/18: Go To Blazes. 1/19: Morning Glories. 1/21: Dash Rip Rock. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 1/17: The original Heptones, featuring Leroy Sibbles. 1/18: The excellent alto saxophonist and Art Blakey alumnus Bobby Watson plays music from his new record *Urban Renewal.* 1/19: Tabou Combo. 1/20: Star Samba. 1/21: Phantoms. 1/22: Mongo Santamaria; Pucho and his Latin Soul Brothers. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 1/16–1/17: The second annual tribute to Danny Gatton, featuring James Burton, Albert Lee, Bill Kirchen, and the Uptown Horns. 1/19: Jazzhole. 1/20: Peter Salett; Patti Rothberg; Venus for Breakfast. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy, club-kid-activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 1/19: Milo Z; En Train. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering just under the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians that play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands, charges accordingly. 1/16–1/21: The one and only ambassador of the blues, B. B. King brings his guitar Lucille to town to help him spread the word. 1/23–1/28: Jazz-fusion heavyweights Spyro Gyra. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 1/20: Larry Willis and Rufus Reid. 1/21: George Cables, Santi Debriano, Winard Harper. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. *7 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. 1/16–1/21: Andrew Hill Trio; T S. Monk, the drumming son of Thelonious Sr., leads a sextet. 1/23–1/28: The trumpet legend Harry "Sweets" Edison leads a quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 1/17–1/20: Pianist Russ Kassoff and bassist Peter Washington. 1/21: Pianist Bobby Forrester and guitarist Danny Draher. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 1/16–1/21: Pianist Marc Copland leads a quintet that features Randy Brecker, Bob Berg, James Genus, and Dennis Chambers. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 1/16–1/21: The gruff-toned Argentine tenor-sax legend Gato Barbieri leads a quartet. 1/23–2/4: Elder statesman of the vibraphone and one of the last living greats of the big-band era Lionel Hampton leads his magnificent orchestra—a movable feast for all ages. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 1/16–1/21: Eric Reed Trio. 1/23–1/28: Kenny Barron Trio with Ron Carter and Ben Riley. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M.and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. 1/17–1/20: Renee Rosnes Quartet with Billy Drummond, Larry Grenadier, and Chris Potter. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 1/17: "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1/16: "New York Comedy Nights." 1/16: Bill Plymp-

Rock of Ages

What, you got a problem with a band that dresses like Louis XIV, wears powdered wigs, and sounds like AC/DC? Can't deal with power chords, tights, and velvet britches? Fine, but don't expect us to sympathize. When "punk" has already aged into rock-shtick all its own, there's something immensely refreshing about a band that *really* knows how to work an angle. And the members of Boston's The Upper Crust (Brownie's, January 18) are clearly experts. As snobby, eighteenth-century French or English aristocrats (they're not sure which), the Crust work a concept far superior to that of, say, local joke band Black Velvet Flag (whose hardcore-as-lounge gag is funny for about twenty seconds and only if you've never seen *Repo Man*). Plus, the band manages a pitch-perfect reconstruction of Bon Scott–era AC/DC that actually makes the gimmick rock quite convincingly. Come on: How can you not love a record titled *Let Them Eat Rock*? How can you not appreciate band members named Marquis Mark and Lord Rockingham? And what better stage banter than a withering stare from the guitarist, followed by the one-word sneer: "Peasants." Why, it's practically punk rock all over again—with the archness more explicit and the class hatred inverted. Just be warned. You may never hear the Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen" quite the same way again. CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Tom Maciag/Tracy Storer.

ton presents his own "Whacked Out Cartoons." 1/17: Comedy Fiesta. 1/23: Lionel. 1/24: Hot 97's Phat Comedy. 1/25–1/27: John Mulrooney. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

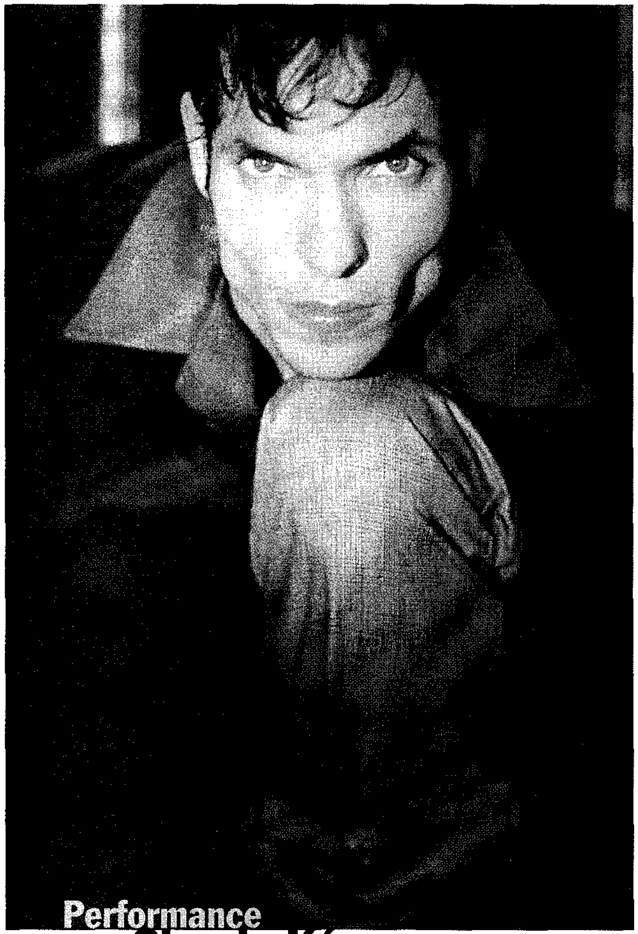
Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 1/21: Gregory Carey; Marvin Bell; Sean Donnellan; Billy Jaye; Quentin Heggs; Rob Magnotti. 1/22–1/1/28: Ben Creed; John Rizzo; Sam Greenfield; Rich Ramirez; Quentin Higgs; Billy Jaye. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club —One of the more intimate comedy spots, with regulars on Comedy Central's "Stand Up Stand Up." *254 Greene St. (475-5263).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's The Show Formerly Known As Rebar. Shows at 8. 171 Ludlow, at Houston. (260-2323).

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 1/16: "Alternative Comedy," featuring Elisa DeCarlo and Dan Kinsella. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*



Performance

Simply Ké

Fabulous; androgynous; photogenic; talented? Does pretty-boy singer Ké live up to the hype and minimalist moniker? See him Tuesday nights this month at Fez and decide: Next Prince or next Cher?

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—That incurable romantic Phillip Officer is back in the dusky precincts of the Oak Room to kick off the new year with the appropriately titled "Many a New Day," his tribute to the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein II. Through 1/20. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Bemelmans Bar—Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:45 to 1:30, pianist/vocalist Barbara Carroll provides relaxed, jazz-flavored interpretations of both classic standards and her own original songs. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt, doing the *chanteuse* thing in her trademark catlike purr through 2/21. Tues.-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thurs., Fri., and Sat. evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist/singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. at 9:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11:30. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *Ibis, 327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—If you're into girl groups, this is the assemblage of your dreams: Merry Clayton, Marianne Faithful, and Darlene Love hooking up for a show called "20th Century Pop." Through 2/3. $40 cover Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and Fri.–Sat. at 11; $20 cover Tues.–Thurs. at 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, Kim Lindsay (*Show Boat*) sings the songs of Burton Lane. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar 6—Do you have to shave and peroxide your head to work here? Regardless, a well-stocked bar—poison and people. But $10 for a glass of top-shelf bourbon? *502 Sixth Ave., nr. 13th St. (645-2439).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tues. night. *29 Bedford St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who bought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine, it's a henna.) *231 East 14th St. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender for whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wed. nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St. (966-3894).*

restaurants

Parade...Hell's Kitchenette...Rib Roundup

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Il Palazzo—Dine in the backyard to the murmur of waterfalls. Try homemade pastas and other Italian fare. *151 Mulberry St. (343-7000). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

All Cool on the Western Front

A culinary gap on Ninth Avenue's world-food corridor has been plugged with Island Burgers and Shakes, a Hell's Kitchen take on a West Coast churrasco joint, where chicken sandwiches come 40 different ways: blackened, barbecued, pestoed, salsaed, and so on. (766 Ninth Avenue.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

restaurants

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant Frenchish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking*, *Ambrose*, and *Wavertree* moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, third floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, third floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, tha was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecke St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the vea couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lot of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M AE, MC, V.*

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News*, hostess-chef-owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva,

Restaurant

Gargantuan Gourmet

If the eighties signified fussily arrayed nouvelle cuisine, this decade's overworked motif is "family-style." In an effort to upgrade the déclassé trough image, Main Street's new French chef makes jumbo filet mignon au poivre and pan-seared citrus scallops with wild-rice pancakes in portions that two or three can share. (446 Columbus Avenue.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—the pupu-platter appetizer. *35 Union Square West (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Toledo—Elegant midtown restaurant serving classic Spanish cuisine, including zarzuela de mariscos and veal chop Riojana. Jackets preferred. *6 E. 36th St. (696-5036). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

L'Acajou—This casual French bistro, serving regional specialties like escargot, steak au poivre, and venison, also curates art shows. *53 W. 19th St. (645-1706). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kokachin—Elka Gilmore was recruited from the West coast to create this shrine to Asian seafood, with subtly spiced, high-quality versions of tuna, sturgeon, oysters, and more. The newly refurbished Omni Berkshire provides a casually elegant setting for her refined cuisine. *21 E. 52nd St. (355-9300). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meltemi—This East Side Greek restaurant, cheerfully decorated in nautical colors with an Aegean mural, specializes in the kind of fresh charcoal-grilled whole fish that needs little more seasoning than olive oil, lemon juice, and herbs. *905 First Ave., at 51st St. (355-4040). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The new upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

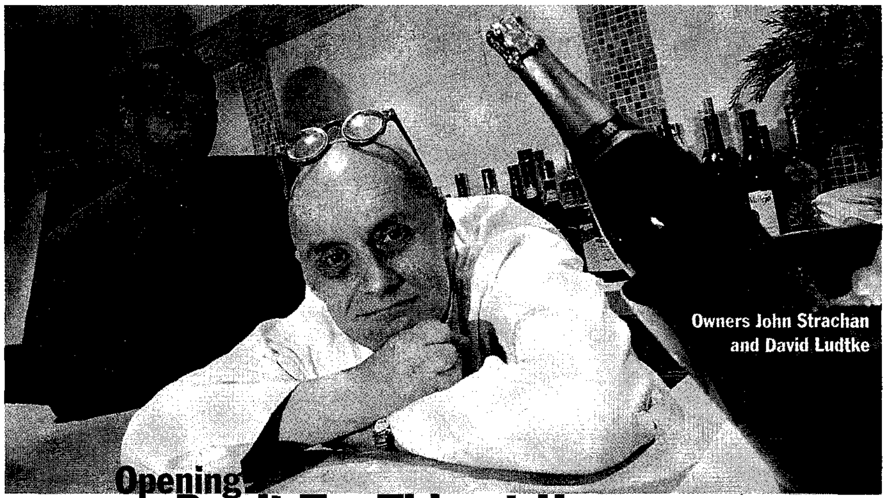
Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade



Owners John Strachan and David Ludtke

Opening: Don't Try This at Home

Its quiet elegance and human scale make Parade an anomaly in the superstore ghetto that Ladies' Mile has become (again). The menu reads like an intrepid carnivore's dream composed of ingredients too daunting (and elusive) to cook at home, like a venison heart and veal-kidney mixed grill. For the timid, there's salmon pan roast and a root-vegetable medley. (41 West 24th Street.)

Photograph by Carl Posey.

tamales. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M–E) AE, DC.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millenium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Tinello Ristorante—This elegant Northern Italian restaurant offers classic dishes like osso bucco and salmone Copa Santa to a sophisticated crowd that doesn't mind wearing jackets for food this good. *16 W. 56th St. (245-4388). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Rivista—Theater-district canteen for actors and audiences alike, serving Italian fare like monkfish Livornese, lamb chops, and lasagne bolognese. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of sophisticated Northern Italian dishes like rabbit with prosciutto di Parma and lobster salad with cannellini beans. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown version of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Ar Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. *133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

larti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

lulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ark Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ost House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

he Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sorvino's—This Upper East Side Italian restaurant offers traditional fare in a cozy, elegant environment. Try the pasta with blue-crab sauce and the grilled veal chops with porcini mushrooms. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1294 Third Ave., nr. 74th St. (744-5924). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ernie's—Lively Northern Italian restaurant with soaring ceilings and floor-to-ceiling windows, serving a variety of pizzettes, pasta, and meat dishes. *2150 Broadway, nr. 75th St. (496-1588). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was David Letterman. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurants

Buy Short, Cook Long

The neglected cut of meat making a belated comeback on posh menus around town just in time for slushy days of storm recovery is the lowly short rib of beef, an elevated comfort food that takes its inspiration from Grandma's succulent (and typically cooked to a fare-thee-well) flanken—which explains the prevalence of horseradish accompaniments. Roadhouse BBQ joints like Virgil's, Stick to Your Ribs, and Brothers may have provoked the craze, but even the strain of chefs whose shopping lists run to foie gras and Périgord truffles have been concocting upscale versions. Gourmet Garage, the topflight produce-and-prepared-food emporium, offers a Bavarian kind with red cabbage and apples, and midtown's neon paean to an idealized old New York, the Brooklyn Diner, serves its oven-roasted ribs with mashed potatoes and frizzled onions. Here are other favorites.

How it's done	Where
Braised, with hanger steak and truffled mashed potatoes	**Restaurant Daniel**
Beer-braised, with horseradish dumplings	**Verbena**
Barbecued, with warm potato salad and buttermilk coleslaw	**Tapika**
Braised, with creamy polenta and hot peppers (pictured)	**Gramercy Tavern**
"Daube"-style, with horseradish-potato purée (Tuesdays only)	**Picholine**
Braised, with pappardelle, sun-dried tomatoes, leeks, and red-wine reduction	**Sign of the Dove**
Grilled, with horseradish gnocchi	**The Lobster Club**

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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restaurants

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Closed Monday. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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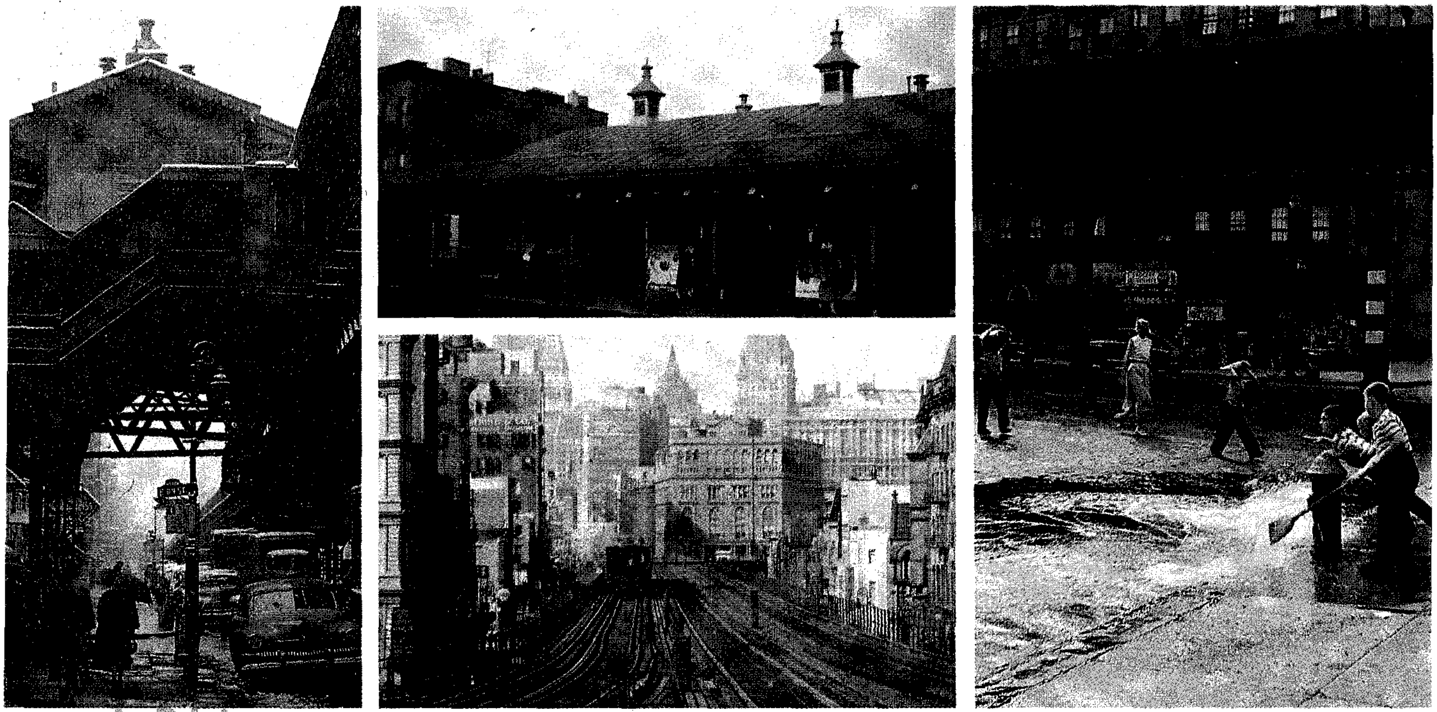


In Print

Magic Realism

Lothar Stelter was 19 when New York Telephone, his employer, assigned him to splice cables along Third Avenue. That was in 1950. The next year he purchased a Contessa camera and started photographing the street obsessively, often from the rooftops of the buildings where he was working. The thoroughfare did not have much to recommend it: The Third Avenue Elevated, the only el still operating after the war, overwhelmed everything around and beneath it. But what Stelter felt for the el was ardor, and he instilled it in his son, Lawrence. The younger Stelter has recently gathered the photographs, supplied a text, and had the project published. Very slender, with a pea-green cover and gold lettering, *By the El* (H&M Productions) looks a lot like an assembly-line junior-high yearbook. In a city where there are so many good photographers and so many good things to photograph, so many slick collections, so much *talk*, it is a book that would seem destined for no talk at all—an unjust fate. Lothar Stelter's images of the trains and their stations' gorgeous Victorian ironwork do succeed in making you feel the loss of the el. The photographs' backgrounds yield some small economic points (less disposable income and fewer credit cards mean more pawn shops). The captions, now and then, have a whiff of attitude—"Shoeshine boys wait and scour the area for potential customers under the El. Informal dress, sneakers, and a changing work ethic have made scenes like this obsolete"—and even this seems winning because it is inseparable from the Stelters' stubborn love of their subject. *By the El,* then, is different from thick art books that sit in lavish boredom on the coffee table. It is also better than many of them, perhaps the most exhaustive documentary of street life ever produced. Every stop is photographed and therefore every neighborhood, and Stelter worked a certain magic of light and perspective. The color is true, the amount of detail staggering (an "automotive resource," for example, was brought in to identify all the cars within a frame). There is the sense that we could insert ourselves into Stelter's scenes without first adopting an extreme girlishness or measured bonhomie. This may or may not be the case, but pre-sixties, it's a pretty decent mark of realism. LINDA HALL

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—12/16: Telemann's Tafelmusik: Concerto in F and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2 in c, Opus 17, *Little Russian.* 1/17: Taneyev's *Oresteia* Overture, Opus 6 and Sibelius's Symphony No. 6 in d, Opus 104. 1/18: Cui's Suite Miniature, Opus 20 and Suite Concertante for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 25 and Chabrier's *Gwendoline:* Overture. 1/22: Handel's *Alessandro:* Overture, HMV A13 and Franck's Symphony in d. 1/23: Clementi's Symphony in D, Opus 44 and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in e, Opus 64. 1/24: Dello Joio's *Diversion of Angels* (Serenade for Orchestra) and Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 in B-flat. Week nights at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Soundprint—1/19 at 7:30: San Francisco Bay–area teenagers explore spirituality and religion in modern times. 1/26: The 1996 presidential election in the ideas and opinions of Americans. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

New York and Company—1/15: Stephen Jay Gould tackles a *Dinosaur in a Haystack.* 1/18: Actor Evan Handler on his book *Time of Fire,* which chronicles his ordeal fighting leukemia. 1/22: Jonathan Littman on his book *The Fugitive Game;* Tsutomu Shimomura on *Takedown,* the inside story of the pursuit and capture of computer outlaw Kevin Mitnick. Every weekday at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

Italian Sinfonia—1/21 at 6: Robert Viscusi, author, poet, and president of the Italian American Writers Association, discusses his book about growing up Italian-American. IAWA promotes the works of Italian-Americans through events, readings, and discussions throughout the area. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Casper Citron—1/27 at 7 P.M.: Paul Hoffman, president and editor-in-chief of *Discover,* talks about the top 100 science stories for 1995; Gary Stevens and Alan George, authors of *The Longest Line: Broadway's Most Singular Sensation, A Chorus Line;* Carolyn Heilbrun on her biography *The Education of a Woman: The Life of Gloria Steinem;* Dr. Reuven Bar-Levav on *Every Family Needs a CEO,* a book on fathering and practical solutions to child-rearing. WOR, 710 AM.

The Radio Stage—1/21 and 1/22 at 7:30: *The Sound of Fear Clapping* by Charles Borkhuis. *Film noir* meets classic radio in this existential caper play. WNYC, 820 AM.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes—1/17 at 7 P.M.: This week's episode is "The Final Problem," starring Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Orson Welles. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Texaco–Metropolitan Opera—1/20 at 1:30: Janáček's *The Makropulos Case.* With Jessye Norman, Graham Clark, Hakan Hagegard, and Donald McIntyre. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New Letters on the Air—1/19 and 1/26 at 7:30: In a two-part series, Ann Lauterbach talks about and reads from her latest book, *Poem.* WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—1/21 at 8: Puccini's *La Fanciulla del West.* With Renata Tebaldi, Mario del Monaco, Cornell MacNeil, and the Chorus of the Academy of Saint Cecilia, Rome. Franco Capuana conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Linda Davies—1/15 at 8: Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway (595-6859); free.

David F. Eliet and Leah Ryan—1/16 at 7:30: Dixon Place, 258 Bowery (half-block south of Houston). (219-3088); $5 or TDF.

Stacy Doris and Ray Diplama—1/17 at 8: Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

Homotext: Walter Holland and Lynne Marie Wanamaker—1/18 at 7:30: Dixon Place, 258 Bowery (half-block south of Houston). (219-3088); $5 or TDF.

Marilyn Hacker and C.D. Wright—1/19 at 7:30: Part of "Readings in Contemporary Poetry." DIA Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566); $5.

Aesop's America—1/20 at 2 P.M.: Fables written and told by Larry Litt. 96th St. Branch of NYPL, 112 E. 96th St. (289-0908); free.

Cathy Cash Spellman—1/20 at 3 P.M.: Reading from her novel *The Playground of the Gods.* Barnes & Noble/Astor, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Nawal El Saadawi and Patricia Williams—1/22 at 7:30: The Egyptian novelist, dissident, and critic and the African-American law professor and intellectual share their work and conversation. Writers in Performance/City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); $10.

Response: A Contemporary Jewish Review—1/22 at 7: A reading to celebrate the 29th annual New Jewish Poetry and Fiction issue with Lyn Lifshin, Josh Weiner, Hal Sirowitz, Deborah Zerden, and David Cooper. Hosted by Pearl Gluck. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Thomas Lux and Jean Valentine—1/22 at 8:15: The poets read their work at the 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $8.

Nicholas Christopher—1/23 at 7:30: Reading from his new novel, *Veronica.* Books & Co., 75th St. and Madison Ave. (737-1450); free.

Lectures and Panels

The Neo-Nazi Movement—1/16 at 8:15: Part of the "Fanatics and Extremists: A View From the Inside" series. Ingo Hasselbach, author of *Führer-Ex* and a former "skinhead," founded East Germany's first neo-Nazi party in the mid-eighties. After seeing the violence that began to erupt from his work, he renounced the movement and busied himself with exposing its international network of paramilitary camps and indoctrinations of race theory. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $18.

The Street vs. Seventh Avenue: Who Calls the Shots?—1/18 at 6: The panel brings together New York fashion writers, historians, and designers to examine the dynamic relationship between high and low fashion as it has played out on the streets and in the ateliers of this city. Registration required. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Avenue at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 members and students, $7 nonmembers.

Philip Johnson: The Rothschild Lecture—1/18 at 8: Johnson has helped define American architecture in the twentieth century. From the Glass House (1949) to the Seagram's Building to the AT& Corporate Headquarters (1984), his designs hav pioneered the International Style and Postmodernism. He speaks at the 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $18.

David Carson—1/24 at 6:30: Before the premier issu of *SPEAK* hits newsstands in February, art director–designer David Carson will discuss his recen career change; current ad campaigns with client such as Levi, Nike, and Pepsi; and the release of hi first book, *The End of Print.* Cooper Union's Grea Hall, Third Ave. at 7th St. (674-0500); $5 students AIGA and ADC members, $10 nonmembers.

Tours

Celebrating Martin Luther King Jr. Day in Histori Harlem—1/15 at 1: A tour emphasizing the history, architecture, and people of this area. Stops include Abyssinian Baptist Church, Strivers Row and the Apollo Theater. Call Big Onion Walkin Tours at 439-1090 for meeting site and furthe information. $9; $7, students and seniors.

SoHo—1/18 at 12:30: Explore SoHo's incomparabl collection of cast-iron buildings, built during th second half of the nineteenth century Meet at th Canal Street Post Office, southwest corner of Cana and Church Streets. (call 935-3960 for further information); $10; $8 for students, seniors, and Municipal Arts Society members.

Events

Poets in a War—Through 2/17: In observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II, the exhibition will feature manuscripts, first editions, drawings, and portraits of 130 British poets of the forties. Among the major writers whose work will be on view: T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell, and Dylan Thomas. The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.; free.

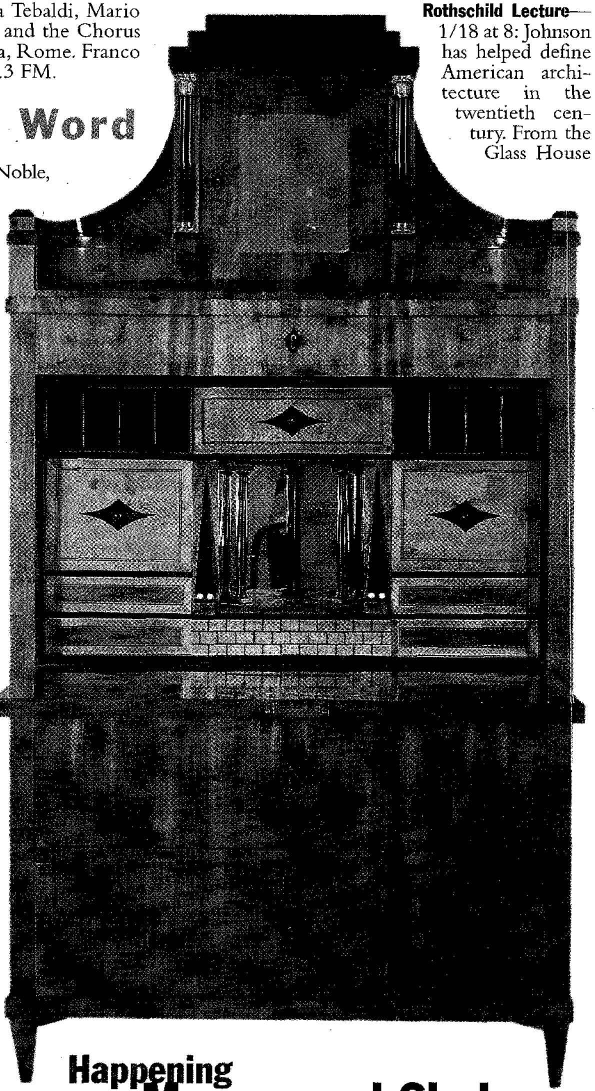
42nd Winter Antiques Show—1/19 through 1/28: Benefiting the East Side House Settlement (a social-services agency located in the nation's poorest congressional district, the South Bronx), this event showcases 69 dealers in art and antiques. This year the show focuses on all things American, featuring dealers in Shaker, Arts and Crafts, period American furniture, native North American, and folk art. Items range from antiquities to Art Nouveau. In celebration of its 150th Anniversary, *Town & Country* will underwrite the Gala Preview Party on January 18. Tickets for the gala range from $175 to $500. Show hours are from noon until 9 P.M., (Sunday until 6 P.M.) Seventh Regiment Armory, 67th St. and Park Ave. (718-292-7392); $15 admission includes show catalogue.

Antiques at the Other Armory—1/19 through 1/21: Affordable fine American, European, and Anglo Raj antiques, period furniture, Americana, folk art, textiles, paintings, and prints. The "Other" Armory, 26th St. and Lexington Ave. (255-0020); $8.

Sports

Hockey

Idle Idyll—A week for players to visit the family in Canada, have some stitches removed, and contemplate what their team needs in the second half of the marathon NHL season. With the well-deserved exceptions of Brian Leetch, Pat Verbeek, and (maybe) Mark Messier, who head to Boston for the All-Star game, the Rangers get to rest all week and ponder how to add muscle in time for the playoffs. Despite his team's first-place standing, Messier knows his preseason analysis ("We need to get bigger and stronger") hasn't been invalidated by the arrival of pugnacious Ian Laperriere. The vacationing Rangers will also mull the more tantalizing—but far less likely—possibility of trading for Wayne Gretzky. The Devils (vs. Boston, 1/16, at 7:30) can be quietly optimistic, having recently—finally—put together a spurt of offense. Still, they're clinging to the hope that 19-year-old Petr Sykora continues to provide a veteran's points, and that he can withstand the pounding he's sure to face now that he isn't

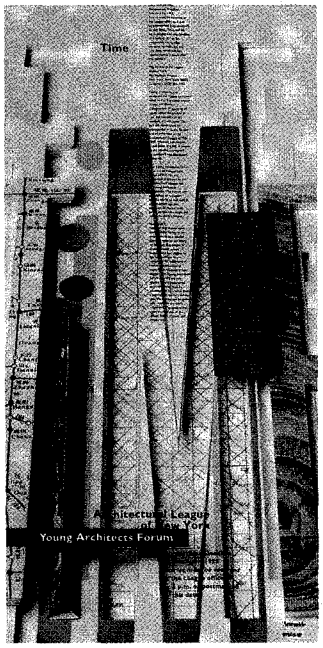


Happening

Movers and Shaker

As always, it's sprawling enough to encompass decorative arts and furniture from abroad, but this year's Winter Antiques Show specializes in American styles, including Shaker, Arts & Crafts, and native North American. (See listings.)

surprising opponents anymore. Will the Islanders (vs. Tampa Bay, 1/15, at 1; Hartford, 1/17, at 7:30) earn some respect by spring? *Doubtful. But if they succeed* in trading Kirk Muller for a high-scoring center, they'll escape the cellar . . . next season. CHRIS SMITH


Time
Architectural League of New York
Young Architects Forum

Institution **The Architectural *League of New York* wants projects—theoretical or executed, in any medium—for its fifteenth annual Young Architects Competition (designers are welcome, too). Last year's theme, "Time," produced seven winners (Esther Bridavsky designed the above call for entries); this year, entrants must respond to the question "Is form inevitable in architecture?" Submit your work by February 12 and call 753-1722 for details.**

Basketball

ligh Hopes—Things are looking up for the Knicks: Patrick Ewing is back from his ankle injury; they stopped their losing streak at three games; and Herb Williams, he of the automatic fifteen-footer, seems to have worked his way back into the rotation. With the exception of the perennial season powerhouse (and playoff choke artists) Seattle Supersonics, New York's opponents this week have a combined won-lost record of 32–66. This is the week the Knicks can make up the ground they lost during Ewing's absence, and yet . . . Mon., 1/15, Martin Luther King Day, at 1, the Knicks play Milwaukee at the Garden. The Bucks, a bad, unentertaining team (apparently former wunderkind Mike Dunleavy is still in the "non-winning" phase of his eight-year plan), are just the sort of group that gives the Knicks problems: Bad enough to make New York underestimate them, but talented enough—Vin Baker, their All-Star forward, always presents matchup problems—to take advantage. Wed., 1/17, at 10:30 at the L.A. Clippers. Maybe the visit to Charles Smith's old digs, the Sports Arena (Brendan Byrne West), will shock the former Clipper out of his season-long—let's face it, his Knicks-career-long—slump; if not, Charles may be going home. Fri., 1/19, at Seattle at 10. Sat., 1/20, at Vancouver: Greg Anthony's revenge? Gerald Wilkins's revenge? *Stu Jackson*'s revenge? I love this game.

Hammer Time—The positive fallout from the Derrick Coleman trade: (1) "The Hammer," Armon Gilliam, has been reborn as a go-to guy, something he hasn't been since . . . Phoenix? (2) P. J. Brown, formerly a sub-Rodmanesque defender-rebounder, is developing into a multidimensional player. And (3) Jayson Williams is actually *becoming* Dennis Rodman, but without the hair, the nose rings, and the nudity. Here's the bad news: For one, Williams, who's been playing All-Star-level ball for much of the season, still seems to be under the same constraints that kept his minutes-per-game under 20 last season. Ostensible shooting guard Kevin Edwards disappears for halves at a time, and Kenny Anderson is a goner after this season; it's just a matter of how many live, talented bodies Butch Beard and Willis Reed can get for him. As for the pivot, by now Beard and Reed probably wish Shawn Bradley had performed his missionary work in Romania, where he could have trained with the Bullets' seven-seven Gheorge Muresan. In the two years since Bradley was picked second in the draft and subsequently declared a mistake by the Sixers, Gheorge has mastered the English language and developed some nifty low-post moves. Mon., 1/15, vs. Toronto at 7:30. Wed., 1/17, at 7:30 at Charlotte. Fri., 1/19, at 7:30 vs. Washington (at Baltimore). Sat., 1/20, at 7:30 vs. Minnesota.

C u e

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Online

HUGO Wordslam—Nuyorican Poets Café's Bob Holman and MTV poet Maggie Estep will discuss how the spoken-word movement developed and where they both think it is headed. Join in the conversation: 1/15 at 9 P.M. *http://www.wordslam.hugo.com*

Authors of *Takedown*—Tsutomo Shimura and John Markoff, authors of *Takedown: The Pursuit and Capture of Kevin Mitnick,* will discuss their roles in the capture of the computer hacker–certifiable loser Mitnick. Join the conversation on Prodigy: 1/15 at 9 P.M.

"It's Pat"—Julia Sweeny, famous for her gender-bending role on *Saturday Night Live,* will be talking about the one-woman show she's just written about a recent family crisis. Chat with her on America Online: 1/15 at 11 P.M.

Working with Women—Carolyn Duff, author of *When Women Work Together,* explains how to work better with women in and out of the workplace. She'll be in the Women's Wire Forum on CompuServe: 1/16 at 9 P.M.

Stephen Covey—Author of the best-selling *The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People* talks about his newest book, *The Seven Habits of Highly Effective Families.* On America Online: 1/16 at 10:30 P.M.

Larry King—He's on radio, he's on television, now he's online. Chat with the king of chat himself on America Online: 1/17 at 10 P.M.

Susan Taylor—Editor-in-chief of *Essence* will discuss her books and her twenty years with the magazine. Chat with her on Prodigy: 1/19 at 2:30 P.M.

Pete Hamill—One of the great, gritty writers of our day (who, along with his brothers Brian and Dennis, is profiled in "Straight Out of Brooklyn" in this issue) will discuss a lifetime in journalism. Hamill, a *New York* Magazine contributing editor, will also talk about his latest book, *Piecework,* and his best-selling 1994 memoir, *A Drinking Life*. On CompuServe, *go* NYMAG: 1/19 at 9 P.M.

Need Windows '95 Help?—Denny is a comedian and a certified Microsoft Solutions provider. Of course. Tell him your troubles on America Online: 1/19 at 10 P.M.

"Beardstown Ladies"—The famous "ladies" who have made all that dough on the stock market may just let you have some crumbs of wisdom. They will hold court on America Online: 1/22 at 10 P.M.

Events

Virtual Culture—1/21 at 3: Echo and the Whitney Museum of American Art present an interactive discussion panel entitled "The Regulation of the Internet." Speakers include Ann Besson from the ACLU and Robert Peters from Morality and the Media. There will be an informal reception following the panel discussion. P.S. 122 150 First Ave. (929-0900).

NYC NET Presents the Internet—1/20 at noon: A seminar to help demystify the Internet for anyone who's still a little fuzzy on the concept. The NYC Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, 208 W. 13th St. (268-9285); free.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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kids

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Children's Events

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Snow Capped—Fresh snow brings not just shoveling, but Parks and Recreation Department–sponsored "Snow Days" for children in all five boroughs. Activities include sled races (each site has sleds to loan), snow-sculpture and snowman contests, snow relay races, snow Nerf dodge ball, and free cups of hot chocolate. Locations are as follows: in Manhattan at Pilgrim Hill, near the entrance at 72nd St. and Fifth Ave.; in Brooklyn on Payne Hill, behind the Litchfield Mansion in Prospect Park; in Queens at the Mary Whelen Playground, at Park Lane South and 79th St. in Forest Park; in the Bronx in front of St. Mary's Recreation Center off St. Ann's Ave. between 144th and 145th Sts.; and at two locations on Staten Island: behind the Staten Island Administrative Building at Clove Rd. and Victory Blvd. and off Martling Ave. between Clove Road and Sloson Ave. Call 1-800-201-PARK for times of Snow Days, if there is fresh snow.●●

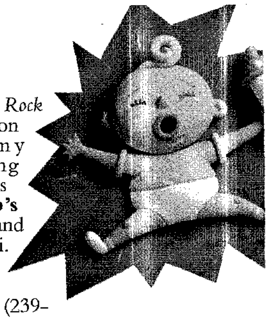
Kansas on Ice—Dorothy wears sparkling ruby skates in a musical performance on ice of *The Wizard of Oz.* Call for a schedule of performances 1/17 through 1/21, with a Spanish-language performance 1/19 at 7. **Madison Square Garden,** 2 Penn Plaza (307-7171). The frozen Yellow Brick Road moves to Nassau Coliseum (516-794-9300) from 1/23 to 1/28 and the Byrne Meadowlands Arena ((201-935-3900) from 1/30 to 2/4. Tickets are $12.50 to $35.00.

Outer Space—Act like a rock and let a full-size replica of the "Sojourner" unmanned Mars 6 space module roll over you. (The rover is designed to navigate uneven terrain without rolling over, so your body should be a cinch.) Dr. Cheick Diara of NASA will answer questions about the space program and American efforts to land exploring robots on Mars. 1/20 and 1/21, noon to 4. **Liberty Science Center,** 251 Phillip St. (201-251-0006). $9 for adults, $8 for students and seniors, $6 for children ages 2 to 12.●

Fly Ball—**The Brooklyn Historical Society**'s interactive "Play Ball!" exhibit commemorates the fortieth anniversary of the Brooklyn Dodgers' World Series win. Kids can play radio sports announcer in an old-time studio setting. 128 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn Heights (718-624-0890). General admission $2.50, $1 children and seniors

Small Screen—**The Fourth International Children's Television Festival** proves what an inventive medium the boob tube really can be—and how entertaining in the bargain. Weekends through 1/21 the festival's programming is about Mother Earth. (The festival continues through May.) Screenings—on a big screen—of two different programs begin at 12:15 and 3 on weekends. **The Museum of Television and Radio,** 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800). General admission is $6 for adults; $4 for students and seniors; $3 for children.●

Theatrical—*On Top of Spaghetti,* **The Paper Bag Players'** new show, opens this weekend with talking bags and boxes mingling with the audience beforehand. Through 3/3. Shows begin at 2 (preshow activities begin at 1:30 on 1/20 and 1/21). Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. (772-4448). $15. *Freedom Train,* the story of how Harriet Tubman escaped slavery and helped others do the same, is performed with music of the period by **Theatreworks/USA.** 1/21 at 12:30. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959) $17. *Schoolhouse Rock Live!,* an adaptation of the Emmy Award–winning television series, is at **The Lamb's Theatre.** Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3. 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200). **The Grove Street Playhouse** begins another season of delightful restagings of well-love children's stories: *The Little Mermaid* is presente weekends at 1:30; *Hansel and Gretel* and *The Joll Gingerbread Man* are weekends at 3 through 3/24 39 Grove St. (741-6436). $7. Alice Eve Cohe combines puppetry, music, comedy, and drama in performance of *The Parrot* at **West End Gate** 1/20 at 1:30. 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (877 6115). $7. Carved marionettes perform *Cinderella* i a Spanish setting at the newly renovated **Swedis Cottage** in Central Park. Tues. through Fri. 10:3 and noon, and Sat. noon and 3 (988-9093); ticket are $4 for children, $5 for adults. Seventeen-year old Emmanuel Wilson and 10-year-old Mariso Rosa-Shapiro perform in *Flies in the Soup,* an original musical about a couple of reform-schoo parolees who pose as geniuses. Through 1/28; cal for specific schedule; **Tada!** 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); $6 for children, $12 for adults. Children i the audience may get up onstage at *Alfred the Dragon and the Phantom Balloon Stealers.* Saturdays at 3 **New Media Repertory Co.,** 512 E. 80th St (734-5195). Adults $7, children $6. **Puppetwork** perform a marionette version of Grimm's *Hanse and Gretel* 1/20 and 1/21 at 12:30 and 2:30. $5 fo children $7 for adults. Reserve.



Found Sound—An engaging two-hour worksho called *The Extraordinary in the Ordinary: Adventure in Music and Sound* is hosted by Rob Kapilow. The workshop is held 1/21 from 1 to 3 (and repeated a the same time on 2/25 and 3/3.) **The 92nd St. Y,** Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100). $12.50. ●

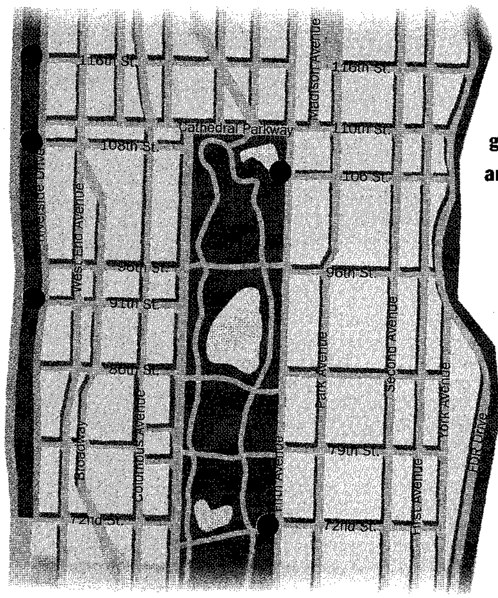
Times . . . a-Changin'—**The New Victory,** the first o several Times Square theaters to be refurbished under the city's renovation program, is dedicated to bringing first-rate theater to family audiences. *Sheila's Day* tells the story of South African and African-American women working together to arrive at common ground. Through 1/21; Sat., Sun., and Wed. at 2, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., and Sun. at 7. 330 W. 42nd St. (239-6255); tickets are $10 to $25.●

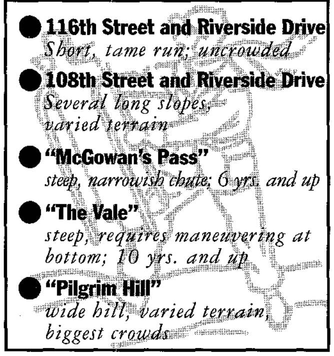
Olay!—*Flamenco Latino* performs Cuban Rumba-Guanguanco, Dominican Merengue, Columbian and Puerto Rican Bomba with playfulness and high energy. 1/20 at 2. **Henry Street Settlement,** 265 Henry St. (766-9200). Adults $6, children and seniors $4.●

Warm Weather—Ponder what your child might do this summer at a *Summer Opportunities Fair.* Saturday (1/20) is devoted to teen activities with representatives from 25 programs. Sunday (1/21) is for families with children's ages 4 to 12, with representatives from American Camping Association accredited day camps, sleepaway camps, and sports and specialty camps. **Ethical Culture School,** 33 Central Park West, at 63rd St. Noon to 4 (874-5200).●●

Data
Let it Slide

Inner tubes adapted for the snow have emerged as perhaps the most fashionable objects to slide down hills on this season. Flexible Flyers, molded plastic, toboggans, and even trash-can lids also do the trick quite nicely. In keeping with the mood of the children of this city, if not the adults', the Parks Department hosts Snow Day celebration parties in every borough whenever fresh snowfall blankets the neighborhoods. Park employees pour free cups of hot chocolate and preside over snowman-building contests and sledding races—even lending sleds to the sledless. (See listings for more detailed information.) Tempting as it is just to slither down every front stoop and snow-buried car in conditions like these, the following Manhattan sledding slopes are worth a walk, combining as they do moments of great excitement, decent run lengths, and, oh yes, safety. **BARBARA ENSOR**





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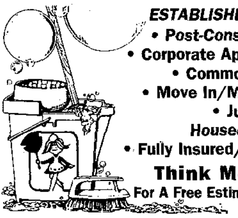

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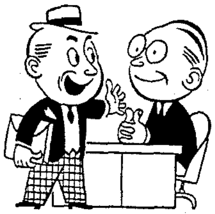

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Interracial? Yes!—My dream is to start a relationship that brings to marriage with a black woman in her late 20s or early 30s. Somebody creative, caring, beautiful and also 50-percent tough, 50-percent sweet. I am a very successful male, European, Upper West Sider, late 30s, 5'10", 160 lbs, fit, attractive, with a lot of interests in life. If you are thrilled by the idea of a family with wonderful mulatto babies, if you are serious, please send a note and (must) photo. 1531 ✉

Curves Ahead—Shapely Jewish lady with great looks and sense of humor, seeks handsome professional man, 40s, for fun relationship. 1524 ✉ ☎

We Laugh, We Share—We love and we care/A salty sea breeze blows summer ease through our hair/We stretch our minds and our bodies so able/Determination and friendship in which we are so stable/Our strength together is being honest and true/ Our faith is observed in being Hebrew/ Eisenhower, Kennedy or Johnson were President/When to this lucky world a newborn you were sent/Picture us together - yours I'd like to see/With a note and a smile addressed, please, to me. 1195 ✉

Reformed Workaholic—Pretty, slim, 35, 5'6", successful Jewish marketing exec seeks marriage-minded, secure, successful, attractive man, 30-42. If you like travel, offbeat movies, Steely Dan, kissing by candlelight, the Sunday NY Times and lots of laughter, let's have some fun together. Note/photo. 1490 ✉ ☎

Adventurous, Pretty Woman—Seeks Jewish man of substance. I'm successful, slim, mid 40s, well-traveled. Loves sports and the outdoors. You are energetic, thoughtful, athletic, enjoy life and also have much to share. Note/photo. 1540 ✉

One-Of-A-Kind—She walks into the room - heads turn. She is tall, blond, trim and successful. She is looking for a strong Jewish man over 48, who is comfortable with a woman who works hard and plays hard. He should be healthy, athletic, young at-heart, and still believe in love and romance. She is ready to work less and travel if Mr. Right responds. If he is out there, she hopes he will respond soon. A recent photo/short note will help. 1553✉

Jet-Set Yachtsman—Handsome middle-aged male seeks woman, 20-35, to join him in following the sun year-round. Exotic travel and luxurious surroundings. Send note, photo and phone. 1507 ✉

Incurably Romantic MD/Inventor—Humorous, handsome, multifaceted, tall, slim, 40. Seeks supportive, educated lady under 37. Phone/photo a must. 1561 ✉

Cute And Funny—Unpretentious Jewish entrepreneur, male, 38, athletic and worldly. Seeks a quality Jewish lady whose personality is equal to her good looks. Will gladly exchange note/photo. 1501 ✉

News Reporter—30, seeks polished, professional, polite Jewish man, 30s. You love your job and work hard at it - like I do. Great looks and sense of humor a must. Over 5'10". Detailed note. 1465 ✉

A Rare Portrait—CEO/fun-loving athlete. I'm a youthful 52; a caring, communicative, handsome, 6', divorced Jewish guy with my priorities straight. My passions include tennis, travel, fitness, kids, gourmet dining and, hopefully, you. I picture you as a classy, emotionally secure, fit and attractive woman, 36-48, who wants, as I do, to add that "one missing element" to complete an already beautiful canvas. Photo essential. 1488 ✉

True Story! Read All About It:—Beautiful, slim, Harvard-educated, witty Jewish female, 28, 5'6", is somehow still single! Seeks single Jewish male, 30-40, heart of gold, sophisticated, accomplished, handsome and brilliant. Please be funny, love movies/theater, Seinfeld, board games, romance and family. PS. Helps if you hate Newt. Note/photo/phone. 1492✉

Are You Still Normal And Balanced—Despite the singles scene? I still am. I am an attractive, highly energized and passionate man in his 30s, who is athletically built, intellectually graced and highly successful. I think and create beyond my advanced degree and love to laugh and play as a tender romantic. My intention is to connect with a beautiful and educated woman who is spirited and sensuous, 25-32, Christian, slim and athletic, who believes love, health and having lots of fun are the ingredients to a wonderful life full of abundance. Photo with note. 1555 ✉

6'3", Professional Gentleman, 45—Well-educated, European-American with traditional family values, Catholic, healthy, 195 lbs, cultured - relishes intelligent dialogue, NYC's culture, working out, exotic beaches, with an incurable romantic weakness - lover of life and fun. You are 25-39, professional, educated female, in shape, passionate, not selfish, ready to start a family - but most of all, a lasting friendship to bring out the best in each other. The only high we will share is one another and our future kids. No rebounders, confused or self-centered ladies need respond. Our looks go beyond the naked eye - the real beauty is in the soul. Photo, letter and home number. 1479 ✉

I Am A Man—Who is beautiful and sensitive, who knows how to love deeply and give from the depths of his soul. Am looking for a very special, probably very rare lady who can appreciate me and give as much in return. If you are 47-52, 5'4"-5'10", and can listen and hear and feel with your heart, please send a letter and photo (both are a must). 1436 ✉

Prominent Businesswoman—Attractive, slender, 5'6", and recently separated, seeks equally successful man, 40-55, for friendship and fun in NYC. Must be warm, intelligent, somewhat athletic, and financially secure. Major plus: loves theater, backgammon, dancing, or willing to teach me tennis! Send note/photo/phone. 1441 ✉

Street Urchin Done Good—Never-married white male, 31, 5'11", 172, dark blond hair, blue eyes, nonsmoker. I'm very down-to-earth and have the old-fashioned values that a blue-collar upbringing instilled in me, but also have the ability to communicate, the intelligence and the modern outlook I need to work as an engineer. Other traits: completely sincere, caring, sensitive, affectionate, romantic, Catholic. Enjoy dancing, movies, music, dining in/out, football, long drives. Seeking a slim, responsible, never-married female, 25-34, who's into a quiet, healthy life style. Why am I still single? Because I haven't been able to find a woman who (like me) loves kids but doesn't have/want any. NJ okay. 1446✉☎

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Adorable Claptonesque—38-year-old, 6', slender doctor, intellectual, humorous, eclectic, musician, gourmet, athlete, into jazz (WBGO), classical (WNYC), and the Dead. Seeks single white female: 25-34-year-old, nonsmoking, ultra-slim jeans-and-T-shirt-wearing, razor-sharp natural beauty who has passion for life and ready to dance in its sunshine. First time offered. Photo, note and phone a must. 1545 ✉

Hand-Holding A Must!—Caring, athletic PhD, Jewish, 45, seeks sincere, attractive female who is capable yet sweet, goes casual or formal, wants a family, and won't settle. Photo please. 1505 ✉☎

No Cute Line—Honest, handsome, sincere, passionate, long-haired, small company CEO, 44, 5'9", athletic, fun and funny - looking for smart, warmhearted, pretty, trim and shapely, nonsmoking counterpart, mid 30s-early 40s, for friendship, romance and whatever else develops. A career allowing frequent 3-4-day weekends a big plus. Confidential photo a must. 1503 ✉

'96 Wishes—Pretty, in-shape(ly), petite, 38, Jewish, fun, successful ad exec - seeks same in male, 35-45, for commitment. Likes include getaways, nature, museums and exercise. Note/photo. 1546 ✉

Kind, Affectionate, Sincere—Jewish male, 52, MD/PhD, with good sense of humor seeks compatible Jewish female, 34-45, for mutual caring and sharing. Recent photo appreciated. 1486 ✉

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he Bad News First—You are a andsome, dynamic, funny, intelligent, hysically and emotionally fit, successful ıan in his 50s-early 60s, who wants to ıare forever with his soul mate, but we aven't met yet. The good news is this nart, sexy, pretty, shapely (you judge), etite Jewish blond is still waiting for ɔu - her priority, the love of her life. Will xchange note/phone/photo. 1543 ✉

Fun And Romantic NYC Guy—Tall, andsome male, 40, brown hair and blue yes, fun-loving, romantic, financially table, intelligent, sincere, with a great ense of humor and passions for music, ports, traveling, dining out, my computer, eading and going to the movies - seeks an ttractive, smart, warm, 25-40 female for committed, lasting relationship that is illed with good times and lots of romance. Note/photo please. 1451 ✉

ID, Surgeon Specialist—36, 5'11", ewish, athletic, caring, down-to-earth, lynamic, warm heart and great smile... eeks upbeat, caring, athletic, thin, ttractive woman, 20s-early 30s, to share ife. Note/phone/photo. 1477 ✉

thletic, Attractive And Affectionate—ewish media professional, 37, 6', seeks harp, sensitive, shapely female, 25-36, to hare great dinners and decadent desserts. Nonsmoker. Photo please. 1454 ✉

Casually Elegant—Sparkling, warm lady seeks best friend/lover, 50s. 1556 ✉

110 Percent Female—Drives like a man. Loves like a woman. Sometimes acts like a child. Smart, slim, pretty, athletic and fun. Seeks tall, in-shape professional male, 48 plus, who loves to laugh and has a passion for life. Photo, pix, phone. 1533 ✉

Striking, Curvaceous Brunette—52, seeks very bright man, 65 plus. 1484 ✉

White Guy With Rhythm—Musician, 32, attractive and intelligent, seeks woman of any race, 23-35, who has good looks and good sense of humor. Prefer someone who believes there's more to men than cars and beer. 1478 ✉ ☎

Seeking Handsome, Tall Jewish CEO—35-50, to embrace the mind, body and cold feet of this pretty mid-40s redhead. Humor and availability a must. 1517 ✉

Life Partner Wanted—By attractive, sensual, warm, successful woman who loves: travel and hiking; New York's people and pleasures - from chamber music to "Master Class" to the Met to Mesa Grill to Mark Morris to k.d. lang to the Blue Note; her delicious 9-year-old son. Are you 45-58, tall, loving, good-humored, affectionate, successful, adventurous? Write; meet. 1445 ✉

Professional Black Female—Attractive, 38, slim, physically active, enjoys NYC, movies, music (jazz/R&B)), travel, Caribbean beaches, etc. Seeks single professional man, 30s-40s, fit, active, tall (5'8" plus), nonsmoker, sincere, with varied interests, for relationship/marriage without children. Race unimportant. 1450 ✉

You Were A Tomboy—Forever scaling walls, scraping knees, and finding it hard to wipe that smirk off your face when the boys couldn't keep up with you. Me? I'm a good-looking, well-built Connecticut writer/producer, 47, who enjoys running, lifting weights and driving race cars. You're 25-40, athletic, beautiful, funny and eager for the fast company of a regular guy with a premium outlook. Photo/note, please. 1474 ✉

The Man I'm Looking For—Is 45-55, smart, funny, loving, kid-friendly and able to connect. I'm very attractive, politically aware, Jewish, creative, stylish, fun-loving and (PhD) smart. 1510 ✉ ☎

Labor Relations Executive—Politically aware, introspective, divorced Jewish professional, 5'10", 210 lbs. I love classical movies, ethnic dining, Scrabble, golf, etc. Seeking a nonsmoking professional woman, 35-50, to share quiet evenings, exploring the mind and lots of laughs. Photo appreciated. 1535 ✉ ☎

Me:—Thin, pretty blond, 38. Passion for life, laughter, outdoors. You: attractive, intelligent man, down-to-earth, sincere, humorous. Let's meet! Photo. 1542 ✉

Great-Looking—Successful and classy lady (45) seeks fabulous male counterpart to to take the world by storm! Photo and note. 1470 ✉

Handsome, Athletic And Successful—Jewish male, 39, who enjoys living well, seeks attractive, nonsmoking female, 30-38 (need not be Jewish), to enjoy romantic evenings and possibly much more. Photo, phone and note. Will exchange. 1506 ✉

Missing—Someone special in my life. If you're a Jewish male, 29-36, attractive, easygoing, professional, athletic and witty, then this pretty, 33, 5'4", slender Jewish female is looking for you! Note/photo. 1544 ✉ ☎

Attractive Russian Lady—Mid 50s, seeks tall, 50-plus, caring, financially secure man. Note/photo. 1526 ✉

Partner Wanted—Ivy-educated, successful entrepreneur, 37, wants to share everything with a special lady. You are petite, attractive and slender, intelligent and capable, and focused on getting the best out of life. You enjoy travel, the outdoors, NYC and general fun, all with an adventurous spirit. I'm waiting for you... Contact me! Photo/note/phone. 1514 ✉

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Shapely 40-Year-Old—Attractive, divorced female - legal secretary, blue-green eyes, brown hair, 5'2" tall. Seeks down-to-earth, good-hearted, attractive, financially set, white Christian male, 38-45. Note/photo, please. 1525 ✉

Gay White Gentleman—Attractive, secure, masculine, well-spoken, nice guy, 50s. Enjoys city life, theater, concerts, restaurants. Weekends away are nice, too. In search of companion with similar interests and qualities. Photo. 1472 ✉

Asking Too Much?—I'm a thoughtful, down-to-earth, athletically-built Manhattan male, 34, who loves theater, movies, Central Park. Looking for a warm, playful, attractive Jewish woman, 25-34, to explore the City, share interests and ideas, laugh with, adore. Photo please. 1489 ✉

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Strictly Personals

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FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212-545-3668

RAFFLE PRIZE COMPLIMENTS OF Sonesta Beach Resort Key Biscayne

Even In Paradise—One is a lonely number. 41, 5'7", Rubenesque (you need not be) Jewish female seeks intelligent, funny, strong and sensitive male, 38-50, for pairing in Paradise. Call to hear more. Letter preferred. 1462 ✉ ☎

Don't Forget Paris—CFO-CPA (French company). Mix romance/business in Paris. Good-looking, athletic build, Jewish male, 39, financially secure, enjoys outdoors. Seeks attractive, intelligent, marriage-minded female, 27-38, who enjoys dancing, travel, tennis a plus, for last romance in suburbia (and Paris). Photo. 1498 ✉

Pretty, Fit, Voluptuous—Down-to-earth Jewish attorney seeks handsome professional, 34-44, who's intelligent, witty, kind and passionate. You value honesty, integrity and family. Photo/phone. 1536 ✉ ☎

Renaissance Man—47, 6'2", very handsome doctor, very bright, sensitive, stimulating, seeks a rare woman. 1564 ✉ ☎

Exuberant Entrepreneur—Seeks lady love. I am looking for one special woman who is attractive, confident and successful. My flair, panache and zest for life have catapulted me to the pinnacle of business success, and now I'm ready to share it all. There isn't anything I wouldn't do to make my special woman's dreams come true. Don't let this opportunity pass you by! Respond soon, and be sure to send a recent photo. 1431 ✉

Live, Love, Laugh—Very attractive, athletic female seeks smart, sensuous, fit male, 35-55, to enjoy friendship, intimacy and possibly more. 1476 ✉ ☎

Westchester Man, 43—Italian heritage; tennis, bridge. Seeks lady for fun and possibly more. Prefer (914), (203). 1429 ✉

Very Handsome, Green-Eyed Blond—41, Christian, athletic, professional, Scandinavian descent - seeks committed relationship with woman of substance. Handwritten note/photo/phone. 1522 ✉

Looking For A Bookend—A bright, flexible, active yet private woman with a sense of style, who is comfortable with herself and travels well, to balance this impulsive but pragmatic, irreverent, lovable, loyal, generous, athletic, single white male, 31, Catholic, 5'5", professional. Risk a call or note. 1494 ✉ ☎

stephanie, andrea & nancy

This New Year you're going to meet many interesting people.
But then again, that's what you said last year.

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"A Great Catch"—Say family and friends of this pretty and petite, 30-year-old Jewish professional woman. Loves beaches, theater, skiing and Central Park. Seeks Jewish man, 30s, with similar interests. Note/phone/photo please. 1537 ✉ ☎

Right Now Gifts Are Easier For Me—To give than love - this wealthy, British, generous 30something bachelor whose business demands keep him on the go, seeks 21-34-year-old, Rubenesque beauty for fun and adventure. Can't promise you a rose garden, but if you can bear to be spoiled, please reply with photo/number/note. 1481 ✉

You Have Great Taste—If you answer this ad: attractive, single, white professional male, youngish 50, who enjoys show business, politics, travel and fine dining, seeks single, white professional female, 35-50, who's soft-spoken, worldly, sensitive, friendly, slender and pretty. Will exchange photos (you first). 1551 ✉ ☎

NY Diagonal Boston—28, well-educated, pretty, fit, Jewish, fine family. Seeks man of high standards. Tennis a plus. 1508 ✉

Handsome Attorney—Sensitive, giving, honest, young 50s man, into personal, spiritual and holistic inner growth, the arts and nature. Seeks a bright, slim, successful, huggable good friend who desires intimacy and lives her life with passion. NY/NJ. Photo. 1566 ✉

Great Legs, Great Smile—Pretty, petite, classy lady - loves to dance, play tennis, bake cookies, watch movies, read, and enjoy the pleasure of the company of an attractive, affectionate, emotionally available, caring man, 44-54, who likes to laugh. 1554 ✉ ☎

I Want To Be With A Grownup—One who's taken his SATs. Fun-loving, shapely, attractive female professional seeks adult male, 35-50, to share quiet evenings, movies, music, dining and travel. Loves to pamper and be pampered. Note/photo please. 1550 ✉ ☎

Gay, Slim White Male—50s, attractive, financially secure, seeks similar companion, 40 plus, to share life's pleasures and commitment. 1513 ✉

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575 Madison Avenue

You Are Colombiana, 30-40—I, professional, happy, sensitive, adventurous, love cooking, animals. 1438 ✉ ☎

Argentine—Jewish, blue-eyed blond, successful, attractive - seeks successful, well-established gentleman, 50-58. Send photo/note. 1539 ✉

I'm A Very Attractive, Successful—Divorced Jewish exec, an easygoing, bright, very youthful older man, who loves tennis, golf, opera, movies, etc. Warm, affectionate, family-oriented, who also enjoys home cooking, my city apartment, and beautiful waterfront cottage. I offer a happy partnership with a pretty, slim, sensual, youthful, nonsmoking, "up" woman, 52-62, who is available for a commitment. Reply with short bio and recent clear photo. 1495 ✉ ☎

Successful, Attractive—33-year-old professional with an independent, honest spirit and sophisticated tastes, who is good to her family and friends. I would like a man with the same substance to dance, travel, beach, sport and snuggle. Please enclose a picture and a note. 1557 ✉

Beautiful Asian Lady—5'8", 30s, seeks tall, financially successful, honest, good-hearted gentleman for serious relationship. Note/photo. 1559 ✉

Ivy Ed, MBA—Tall, very handsome banker, 34, enjoys travel, skiing, scuba, outdoors and the fine arts. Healthy lifestyle. Seeks female counterpart: beautiful inside/out, intelligent, self-assured and fun. Note/photo/phone. 1448 ✉

Pretty, Sexy, Sensual—Seeks handsome, successful, down-to-earth Jewish guy, relationship minded. Photo/phone. 1430 ✉ ☎

So Funny—You'll laugh day and night. Good-looking, healthy, 5'9 1/2", 170 lbs, 60 years. Make good living, emotionally intelligent, empathic. Like: Chopin, Israel, snow, the light at sunset, helping people. Favorite sports: bike riding, skiing, horses. Goals in life: to ski without terror, to approach a horse without it running away. You: upbeat, quick laugh, interesting. Photo appreciated. 1499 ✉

I Love To Cook—Warm, fun, down-to-earth Jewish female, MS, 44, seeks same in male, 40-55. Note/photo please. 1467 ✉

Gay Male—32, 5'10", 150, who lives to have fun and love the adventures of life and all the best it has to offer - seeks a modern gentleman with genuine values, for the development of an important partnership. Photo please. 1558 ✉

Woman Seeks Man—Who's intelligent, humorous, successful, healthy, sincere. 30s, enjoys life and wants to share it with special woman. Photo/note. 1440 ✉

Let's Celebrate 1996 Together—Warm, witty, attractive, fun-loving, energetic Jewish professional (you needn't be), with sensitivity and intelligence, seeks male counterpart, 45-58, to share NYC/country, the arts, dancing, walks, travel, humor, honesty, friendship, romance. Note/photo/phone. 1493 ✉ ☎

Great-Looking Guy—Late 30s, tall, fit professional - husband and dad material. Seeks one very pretty, fit, sweet, sexy woman for romance and commitment. Please be mature, intelligent, Catholic/Christian, family oriented and believe in traditional values. Note/photo/phone. 1449 ✉

Good-Looking And Well-Educated—43-year-old male, divorced, no children quiet, friendly and funny. Interests include golf, tennis, fitness and collecting. Seeks mature, attractive, 30-39 woman, for long walks and long talks. 1523 ✉

Hoping To Find—A heart like mine 6'2", clean-cut, very kind and romantic gentleman, MD, seeks a sweet and lovely lady, 28-38, who can appreciate a wonderful man. Photo. 1521 ✉

Hey Big Guy!—Pretty, curvy, 30s, no-nonsense brunette, ready and willing to be pursued by you - if you're under 45, successful and a fun-loving mensch. 1532 ✉ ☎

Attractive, High-Spirited—Slim, blond professional woman, 53, appears younger, great sense of humor, style and accomplishment. Enjoys movies, music, theater, contemporary art, tennis, travel. Looking to share my exciting life with gentleman of similar sense and sensibility. 1439 ✉

Manhattan Woman—5'5", 115, Christian, attractive, athletic, well-educated, interested in the arts and outdoors, with high-level corporate career - seeks professional man, 46-56, for marriage and family. 1452 ✉

Greek, Stunning Female—Professional, seeks Jewish soul mate over 42. 1434 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty Female—35, blond, green eyes, 5'7", slim, Russian-born Christian, creative professional, loves to travel, looking for a special man for long-term relationship. Sense of humor, sincerity, integrity, thoughtfulness and other real human qualities are greatly appreciated. 1482 ✉

Handsome And Funny—Successful Jewish, divorced man, easygoing, trim, NYC resident, looking for that very attractive and sexy woman, 32 and older, who can deal with communication, mutual respect, friendship and then more. Never did a personal ad before, so please be that one woman looking for that special, long-lasting relationship. Note and photo a must. 1563 ✉

New To The Gay Way—50-year-old, white professional woman, gentle, witty, perceptive, independent, seeks warm woman for friendship with potential for more. 1518 ✉

Soft Exterior, Warm Interior—Pretty, smart, sincere, sweet - heart of gold. Seeks equally sincere, attractive, professional, caring Jewish man, 45-55. 1528 ✉

Are You The One?—Good-looking, successful, adventurous male searching for sexy, smart woman who I can feel comfortable with at the same time. If you're out there, write soon. Life's emotional chill is creeping in. 25-35. Photo required. 1468 ✉

Wall-To-Wall Wisdom—Loving, multi-talented guy, 65, reveres animals. 1485 ✉ ☎

Older Woman, Younger Man—Love my mind first and then my body. Green-eyed beauty awaits you. 1516 ✉

Sweet And Pretty—Japanese, 40, seeks sincere, mature, financially secure man under 50, for serious relationship. Loves travel, music, dancing and cooking. Photo/note. 1444 ✉

Damsel—Blond, 5'5", 125 lbs, 48, seeks divorced, white, nonsmoking knight for happily ever afters. 1500 ✉ ☎

ogether Professional Designer—ishes to get together with warm, ise Jewish man, 55-65, for laughter, aring and more. 1473 ✉

ail-Order Bride Seeks Mate—outhful, just turned 41-year-old dancer rned attorney turned dance executive ho also directs and performs, seeks ingle (divorced, fine), nonsmoking male r friendship, love and family. I love FMU, the Knitting Factory, craggy oasts, great food. Tell me about you and end a photo if you can. Oh, and please omplete the following: If I were music, d be... 1453 ✉

eliable—Handsome, wry, down-to-earth Ivy, in the arts, (212), young, fit 49, 11", reflective, kind, informal. Loves ooks, nature, music, good talk. Seeks arm, bright, gentle Manhattan woman, 0s-40s, with depth of spirit, matching ood looks and heart, for just the very eal thing. Hugs too. Recent photo/note of ubstance (no form letters), please. 1560 ✉

legant, Athletic, Lighthearted—ingle white female seeks mature, 40-60, igorous, single white male to share NY xcitements and country activities. 1459 ✉

Rx For Happiness—This beautiful, alented, fun, loving MD and you - uccessful, self-assured Jewish man, 40-50, with simpatico. 1527 ✉

Playful, Attractive Woman—Warm, intelligent and creative, divorced Jewish professional, 46, loves the outdoors, the arts, cooking, fitness and spiritual pursuits. Seeks intelligent, humorous, kind man with integrity, for fun, adventure and companionship, 45-60, nonsmoker. 1530✉

A Natural, Charming And Pretty—Jewish lady would enjoy meeting a handsome, sensuous professional male, 40-50, who enjoys life. Let's walk arm-in-arm, be impulsive and laugh together. A brief note/picture appreciated. 1458 ✉ ☎

Funny Guy Wanted—For serious relationship. Very pretty, smart, fun, blue-eyed blond, creative, successful, happy - seeks warmhearted, handsome, successful, fit 40-something man who loves to laugh and wants a committed, caring relationship. Photo/note. 1483 ✉ ☎

Looking For Soul Mate—Male international management consultant who likes to ski, bicycle, travel and cultural events, looking for attractive, very bright and talented female in late 20s through mid 30s. You view life as an adventure and a challenge, and are looking for the same in a long-term friend. Note/photo. 1463 ✉

Handsome Widower—Energetic, successful lawyer with many blessings (especially two teenage ones) seeks relationship eventuating into forevermore marriage. This giving, emotionally evolved and psychologically balanced 51-year-old seeks similar qualities in a pretty, kind and mature lady between 34-42. Personal note and photo, please. 1437 ✉

Truly Beautiful—Artistic, Jewish, spiritual, fabulous lover, successful, sweet, ballroom dance, quantum physics aficionada. Craving spiritual (a must), normal weight, brilliant man, 49-60. Photo, please. Thanks. 1466 ✉

Number One New Year's Resolution—Attractive, energetic female attorney, 47, youthful, fit and sophisticated, hereby resolves to find successful, worldly, engaging and witty man with a passion for golf, travel, culture and romance. 1433 ✉

New To The Ad Scene—Jewish male, 40, banker, extremely athletic, good-looking - searching for Jewish female to mid 30s, with sweet temperament, who is pretty and who loves to laugh. 1534 ✉ ☎

Teddy Bear, Tycoon, Frog, 40—Needs Cinderella, 18-34, for romance, luxury and world travel. Photo/phone. 1504 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Adorable—Attorney, athletic, 6'1", 40s, spirited, caring man with diverse interests. Seeks lovely, fit professional woman for life's safari. Nonsmoker. Note/photo, please. 1432 ✉

Service With A Smile—Divorced Jewish dad, 6'1" 42, blue eyes, brown hair, 175 lbs, financially secure. Looking for high-powered, high-class, high-society, high-maintenance, highfalutin, attractive, well-built, imperious, financially secure woman, 30-50. Nonsmoker preferred. Please don't give me the usual diatribe. Tell me how you really want me to take care of you! Photo/note/phone. 1515 ✉

Jewish Ski Bunny—36, works for record company, seeks 30s sweetie. 1562 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Athletic, Sexy—32, 5'3", dark hair. Cultured, creative, adventuresome - loves music, working out, rollerblading and more. You: 30-38, handsome, fit, clean-cut with a wild side and great sense of humor. 1456 ✉

Classy Lady—Well-traveled, museum/dance/concert/fan, outdoorsy, seeks equally curious, energetic, creative, playful, 50-plus man. 1502 ✉

You Like—A tall, slim, attractive, independent blond. I like a tall, attractive, sensitive, humorous male, socially graced but a bit of a rebel, age 30-45. We like tennis, films, books, golf, theater, beach, baseball, animals, etc. Carpe diem. Note/photo/phone, please. 1480 ✉

Warm, Charismatic, Successful—Culturally aware brunette, bright - looking for best friend to share the good things that NYC and the country has to offer. Please have a sense of humor and be between 55-65, for a committed relationship. 1512 ✉

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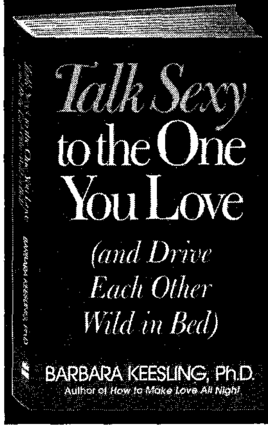

Talk Sexy to the One You Love (and Drive Each Other Wild in Bed)
BARBARA KEESLING, Ph.D.
Author of How to Make Love All Night

Older Woman Desired—40, 6'1", businessman, Jewish, very good-looking and romantic, seeks a slim and elegant woman for special relationship. Photo. 1442 ✉

If You Believe—In the art of the possible ...and can still laugh at the impossible, perhaps you would like to spend a pleasant evening with this pretty, slim, intelligent and engaging Jewish widow. Prefer early 50s-early 60s. Photo/note please. 1455✉

Paradoxical Babe—Gorgeous, sexy, slim, successful woman, 33. Sophisticated and evolved, yet with traditional Jewish values. Seeks urbane Jewish MD/JD type, 35-45. Note/photo preferred. 1509 ✉

Handsome, Slim, Athletic—Funny, successful Jewish male, 41, 6', who loves the outdoors, sports, travel, good conversation, romance, family. Seeking a bright, very pretty, slim, fit Jewish female, 32-38, who possesses humor, smarts, a warm heart and a great smile - for lasting, passionate relationship. Photo appreciated. 1496 ✉

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Exotic, Intriguing—Lady lawyer, successful, 30s, brown, beautiful and incurably romantic. Loves Khatmandu, Luxor and the Dark Continent - my other home. Seeks sincere, financially secure, attractive single man, 6' plus, 32-47, well-traveled, for long-term and more. Race unimportant. Note/photo/phone. 1443✉☎

Tall, Athletic MD—(40) with a fireplace and passport, searching for a slender woman who enjoys late nights, Brahms and dry humor. Photo, please. 1461 ✉

Smart, Sexy And Sane—29-year-old, Australian, Jewish professional woman who loves books, movies, NYC, working out - looking for mensch with a dry sense of humor. Photo please. 1520 ✉

Don't Want To Set The World On Fire—Only your heart. Beautiful, slim, 50ish, red-haired, divorced, financially secure non-career woman - looking for an intelligent, kind, classy, Jewish, nonsmoking gentleman, emotionally as well as physically fit, 60-70, with good sense of humor. Phone/photo a must. 1471 ✉

A Touch Of Class—Very attractive, well-dressed, sophisticated professional woman, who is warm, affectionate, well-educated, very athletic, enjoys most sports, theater, travel - seeks Jewish male, 46-53, who is educated, kind, attractive, with sense of humor, and sincere. 1541 ✉

Handsome, Well-Toned, Well-Built—Black exec, 38, 6'2", with tux, in search of slim professional lady with gown, for fun and romance. Race unimportant. Note/photo. 1475 ✉

Tender, Loving Care—Nurse, 38, seeks caring Jewish male to enjoy movies, Knicks and Mets, and our future life together. Note/photo. 1529 ✉

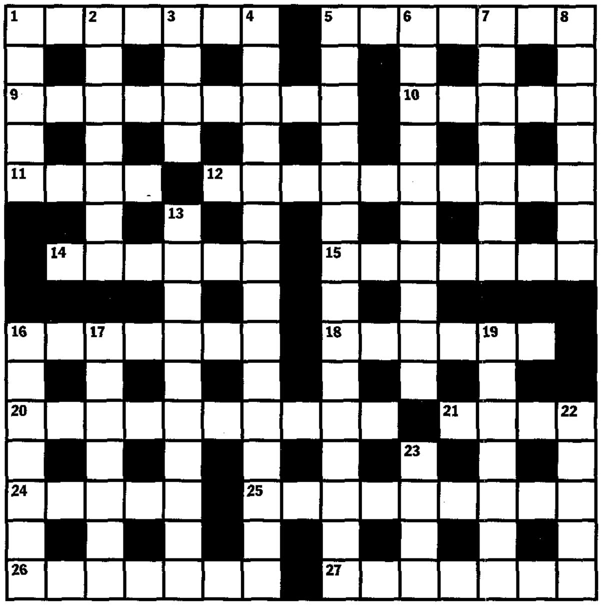
Mountains And Sea—Handsome, fit male, 32, 5'10" - loves skiing, boating, music, dining in or out. Seeks attractive, slim female, 23-37. Photo. 1538 ✉ ☎

We Are Ready—I am a pretty, warm, spirited, accomplished Jewish professional, 5'7", fit, young 49, with sensitivity, integrity and joie de vivre. You are a fine-valued, accomplished Jewish gent. I love family, friends, travel, learning, working out and music. Perhaps we share some mutual interests, but above all, we love each other. 1491 ✉ ☎

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Dying for a smoke? (7)
5 Dream of John Lennon. (7)
9,14 Carry out rotten fig with fibre content. (5,4,6)
10 Patron collects from this hotel pool. (5)
11 The little love, he's all of a-quiver. (4)
12 Peas in a pod cooked by dint of a wok. (3,2,1,4)
14 See 9.
15 Disembowelled chicken. (7)
16 How one blushed at the sins of Belloc. (7)
18, 24 Player of 4's 16 ac (After extra time!). (5,5)
20 Dead Australian soprano, missing final note on making come-back for the gold? (5,5)
21 Well, well, well. They have work with Brussels. (4)
24 See 18.
25 At home to a second rate Latin sex-symbol. (9)
26 Popular teacher indeed! (7)
27 In which old boys get knotted? (7)



DOWN

1 See 22.
2 Sneak out of Slough. (4,3)
3 Moor's ruination after one departed. (4)
4 "I have forgot much, Cynaral" — (Dowson) (4,4,3,4)
5 22, 1dn's valediction to 18, 24 in 4 gave admonition with penny change. (1,2,3,4,1,4)
6 A race relation's head busy rivetting. (10)
7 That's solid matter put on a pedestal. (7)
8 Spain's credit and renown declared by Portugese settlers. (7)
13 Bo-Peep's ring-leader. (4-6)
16 Son naked or lightly dressed. (7)
17 Perhaps in Scotland in Basil Fawlty, say. (7)
19 The Spanish voting system having trouble in Madrid. (2,5)
22, 1dn Butler introduced him to 4. (5,5)
23 4! (4)

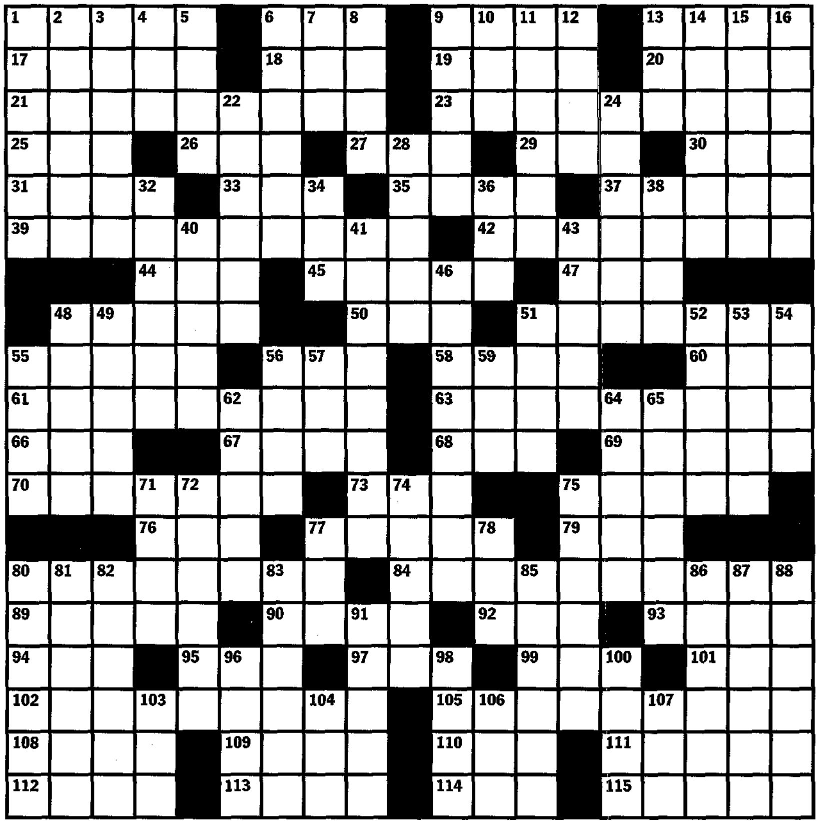
'Making a Comeback': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Start of a Dickens title
6 Same old routine
9 "Waiting for the Robert ——"
13 Shaving mishap
17 New father's handout
18 Freudian topic
19 Not ecclesiastical
20 Workman's safety agcy.
21 ROUND I: Road illuminant
23 ROUND II: Drizzle
25 Apr. 15 addressee
26 The King's lang.
27 Unlatch, to poets
29 After boo or bally
30 Elec. flows
31 Dialect in Dublin
33 Hatchback, e.g.
35 What the suspicious smell
37 Ice-cream flavor
39 ROUND III: Reactivated tickets
42 ROUND IV: Registers
44 Neckline shape
45 Usher's beat
47 Roman hearth god
48 Sends by post
50 Aloha gift
51 Acquires
55 Jury list
56 Pair
58 U.S.-Eur. pact
60 Avant-gardist
61 ROUND V: Developing from the outside
63 ROUND VI: Approaching adulthood
66 Slapstick missile
67 Get wind of
68 Salt Lake City collegian
69 Beer brand
70 Ancient penmen
73 Clay, today
75 Pony or bean
76 Monastic lady
77 Intermingled with
79 Burmese statesman
80 ROUND VII: Revolt
84 ROUND VIII: Upcoming performer
89 Opposite of o'er
90 Lady Chaplin
92 Pierre's pal
93 Life of Riley
94 Ideology
95 Future chicken
97 Single's order
99 Middle of a simile
101 Inc., in the U.K.
102 ROUND IX: Stellar radiance
105 ROUND X: Symptom of dizziness
108 Ye —— Curiosity Shoppe
109 Worse than a fibber
110 Reverential feeling
111 Touch of color
112 Tide type
113 Green Gables girl
114 Spanish article
115 Out-and-out

DOWN

1 More muscle-sore
2 —— del Fuego
3 Colleague of Sampras
4 Shropshire boy
5 Literary Gardner
6 Jamaican music
7 Exclamation of disgust
8 Dog who went to Oz
9 "Oklahoma!" aunt
10 End of Chou's name
11 Where August is, in calendar order
12 Sonic feedback
13 Neither hide —— hair
14 Mizrahi and Stern
15 Ultrafashionable
16 Bob Dole, for one
22 Ruler demarcations
24 Alley animal
28 Out of date
32 Jealous one
34 NBC's former parent co.
36 Blackjack card
38 Gumbo ingredient
40 Yo-Yo Ma's instrument
41 Metric weight unit
43 Jostler's weapon
46 Certain pastas
48 Frenzied
49 Fourth deadly sin
51 Nebraska county
52 Gold mold
53 Nerve: prefix
54 Absorbs, with "up"
55 Gladys's Knight's group
56 —— down (subsides)
57 "Faerie Queene" heroine
59 Tatum of jazz
62 "—— Look Into Your Eyes," 1992 tune
64 Best part of a cupcake
65 Reforming addict's goal
71 Monogram component: abbr.
72 Four pecks
74 Navigation system
75 Take disciplinary action
77 Have —— at (try)
78 Brownies' org.
80 Togetherness
81 Mortar's go-with
82 Holiday Inn rival
83 Pate
85 Mirror reflections
86 Inborn ability
87 "All the world's ——": Shak.
88 Showing more embarrassment
91 Half a university name
96 "Monster" lizard
98 Airline to Israel
100 Island off Alaska
103 GOP voter
104 Solo of "Star Wars"
106 —— Jima
107 Broadway sellout



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 85.

IARY ANN MADDEN #842

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

JUDITHKRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD

LEAVING LEAVING LAS VEGAS

HARRY CONNICK JR. AT CAESARS PALACE
A Cross Between Frank Sinatra . . . and . . .
Frank Sinatra Jr.

Above, Just the Bad News. A critic dissing, respectively, a book, a movie, a performer. Competitors are invited to supply the smart-aleck slug for a wretched review of *one* familiar title or artist of present or past.

Results of Competition 839, in which you were asked for invented titles for television in the new year.

Report: A severe outbreak of more-than-one-entry-per-competitor. Tsk, tsk, where applicable. You know who you are. Speaking of which, programs featuring Michael Jackson, Kathie Lee, and the Speaker (separate topics) were banished in order not to enliven the problems of the publicity-addicted. Reappearing: THE EX FILES, DKNYPD BLUE. You have the power to invent utterly plausible programming. We are appalled and proud. Thank you, good night, and don't try these at home.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

WRAP WITH ME—Today, Christo swathes Martha's Vineyard in slipper satin.
Rachael Brickley, McConnellsville, N.Y.

RESERVOIR DOGES—Venetian noblemen attempt to save fine art from water damage.
Kathryn Kehoe, Aspen, Colo.
sp. ment.: David English, West Somerville, Mass.

KEN BURNS'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD—A survey from Moses to MTV. Series still being edited at press time.
Fred Buffa, Staten Island, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

MY SO-COLD LIFE—Adolescent angst in a Siberian High School.
Martin Fernandi, N.Y.C.

UNILLUMINATED—The antic misadventures of Humberto, Cecilius, Theobald, and Virgil, a quartet of quarrelsome monks and scribes who become recording stars. Tonight: Virgil spills gold leaf all over the VH1 contract.
William Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

CONSPIRACY TODAY—Host: Oliver Stone.
Lawrence Saez, San Francisco, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

RIVIERA LIVE—Europe's answer to "Baywatch," by satellite from Monaco.
Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

HOMER IMPROVEMENT—Tim Allen travels back in time to build the Trojan horse but forgets to install the trap door.
David Titus, Melrose, Mass.

DA/MD—Prosecutors by day, physicians by night. New from Milch/Bochco. Jaclyn Smith and Ken Howard as Doctors Marcia and Jim Devine, Esq. Hal Linden as Judge Ira Flashman.
Allyn I. Freeman, N.Y.C.

BEYWATCH—An American tourist (Michael Richards) is mistaken for a eunuch and asked to guard a harem.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Ct.

CRUMHORN AND SACKBUTHEAD—The pyromaniacal Early Music scourges torch a 1699 Strad and a bass viol.
James Leary, Chicago, Ill.

CATCH A FALLING STAR—Interviews. Host: Arsenio Hall.
C. Olds, Freeport, Maine

MSN—Get your glue guns ready: It's 24 hours of Martha Stewart.
Madelyn White, Pawling, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Bobby J. Ward, Raleigh, N.C.

BUFFALO WINGS—Spinoff in which the crew is busier than ever with part-time jobs at Bennigan's.
Ellen Steinberg, Minneapolis, Minn.

TRIAL BY JERRY (Talk)—Gerry Spence, Jerry Springer, and Geraldo Rivera attempt to keep the Trial of the Century on the front burner for another year.
Ellen Conford, Great Neck, N.Y.

I.C. SPAN—24-hour coverage of proliferating independent-counsel activities as the campaign heats up.
Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.

BEVERLY HILLS 10021—The show for busy executives who don't know whether they're coming or going.
Ron Phillips, Metairie, La.

WHERE'S MY LINE?—Re-enactments from "America's Funniest Failed Driver Tests."
Dove DiSabatino, Hamden, Ct.

CHÂTEAU MARGO—A Hollywood starlet inherits a winery.
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

BUDDYROOS—A trio of bachelors in the outback move to a Melbourne apartment.
Terry Zheutlin, Wilmette, Ill.

OUT OF GOWN TRYOUT—On videotape, America's Funniest Wedding Rehearsals.
Cece Trachy, Westfield, Mass.

GAYWATCH—Jesse Helms is host.
David H. Cohen, Middletown, Ct.

THAT'S THAT—Julia Sweeney and Dabney Coleman in a new CBS series created by Michael Cimino.
Stephen Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

MURDER, SHE ATTEMPTED—Jessica hunts down the CBS executives responsible for moving her to Thursday.
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

CAULK SOUP—Highlights from the week's home-improvement shows. Hosts: Norm Abram and Greta van Susteren.
Laurette Ullian, N.Y.C.

TALK TO YOURSELF—The anti-dialogue show. This week's soliloquy: "Am I Passive-Aggressive?"
Douglas Monaghan, Floral Park, N.Y.

CATERINA CATERING—Shelley Long as a banquet manager in a posh hotel with Stuart Margolin as the maître d'.
Chris Lewnes, Brooklyn, N.Y.

RITE ON—America's Funniest Weddings, Funerals, and Vows of Chastity.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

I LOVE LUCCI—Special. Emmy winners roast Susan.
Barry Bellinger, Washington, D.C.

SEVEN DUDLEY SINS—The Dudley Moore Marathon Film Festival, including "Arthur 2," "Wholly Moses!," "Six Weeks," "Blame It on the Bellboy," "Best Defense," and "Santa Claus: The Movie."
Jim Ringel, Boulder, Colo.

DEAREST DAEMON—An ad executive marries a beautiful woman possessed by Lucifer. Donny Most, Linda Blair.
Betty Loshin, White Plains, N.Y.

THE TROUBLE WITH ART—A man yanks his NFL team to Baltimore, where a CFL team already exists.
Daniel Wohl, Aberdeen, N.J.

MALRAUX'S PLACE—Romance and intrigue in the French underground. Tonight: Mimi has dinner with André.
Laura Kelleher, Arlington, Va.
sp. ment.: Norman Brookins-Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE SCOTT O'GRADY SHOW—"Great pilot!": *ET.*
Jinjur Frost, Las Vegas, Nev.

JUDO AND THE PAYCOCK—A bombastic expert in martial arts barhops through Ireland seeking the perfect fighting bird.
Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

Sales & Bargains *continued from page 56*

dise held until they clear; 50 percent deposit required; Mon.–Fri. 8:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. till 3 p.m.; 1/17–27.

Abs Flab?

THIS SHOP IS CUTTING PRICES BY 25 PERcent for all its women's activewear in winter weights and colors. Sports bras and exercise tops, sizes A–DD, light, medium, medium/high support, and industrial strength, by Champion Jog Bra, Women's Workout Gear NYC, Hind Drylete, Gilda Marx, San Francisco City Lights, and Lily of France, were $21–$38, now $15.75–$28.50; velvet skirts and matching sweaters by Joe's, were $50–$65, now $37.50–$48.75; dresses by City Lights and Anthropologie, were $65–$78, now $48.75–$58.50; leggings, big tops, and fleece sweats by Basic Threads, were $30–$54, now $22.50–$40.50; aerobicwear and accessories by San Francisco City Lights, Moda Prima, and Mossimo, including Supplex leggings, cotton-Lycra leggings, cotton leotards, and unitards, were $23–$54, now $17.25–$40.50; cold-weather running and walking gear by Moving Comfort, In Sport, and Hind, including windbreakers, running tights, walking pants, and running outfits, were $40–$92, now $30–$69; running, aerobic, and cross-training shoes by Nike, Reebok, and Saucony, sizes 6½–11, were $59.95–$84.95, now $44.95–$63.75 (not every style is available in every size). *Women's Workout Gear • NYC, 121 Seventh Ave., near 17th St. (627-1117); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m., Sun. 1:30–5.30 p.m.; through 1/28.*

Bicci Keen

YOU CAN BUY THESE WOMEN'S CURRENT fall, holiday, and resort fashions direct from Bicci's sample sale. Career, sport, and day-into-evening garments, in missy sizes 2–16 and 2–12 petite, include three-piece silk-gabardine pantsuit with lime jacket, black pants, and patterned silk vest, retail $550, here $245; gold-trimmed wool-crêpe skirt suit, retail $400, here $169; red or black satin dinner suit, retail $420, here $169; satin dress and jacket, retail $400, here $169; double-breasted long-jacket wool-crêpe business suit, retail $420, here $169; sage-green wool-crêpe pantsuit, retail $480, here $179. *Bicci, 500 Seventh Ave. (use W. 38th St. entrance), seventh floor (730-0099); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; by appointment only (ask for Jaclyn).* ■

COMPETITION

THE TWELVE STEPS—Hourlong drama about a group of international spies.
David P. Mikelberg, Belle Harbor, N.Y.

P.B.P.—The latest fashions in pierced body parts. From the team that brought you "America's Funniest Tattoos."
Al Hattal, Potomac, Md.

RUNAROUND SIOUX—A Native American blackjack dealer is breaking her players' hearts. Tonight's episode: "Hit Me Again."
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

THE WILDE ONE—An Oxonian fop (Bronson Pinchot) joins a motorcycle club and terrorizes the poetry club.
Pat Seeley, Silver Spring, Md.

BA-DA-BING, BA-DA-BOOM—Trials of a New York family in the Giuliani–crime-free–no-more-fish-market era.
Michael Schilke, N.Y.C.

WHEREVER, JOSÉ—MTV's answer to Carmen Sandiego for kids with attitude.
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wis.

WHAT'S THE RUSH—Sitcom based on Limbaugh's bachelor days in radio.
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

HOLY COW!—Phil Rizzuto talks sports with the clergy. Tonight: Super Bowl '97 predictions with John Cardinal O'Connor.
Alicia Ann Chomo, Wilmington, Del.

THE SHOW OF VIRTUES—Each week, William Bennett takes on another challenge to a sane contemporary life. Tonight: How accurate is the New York *Times* best-seller list?
Martha Herzog, Pacific Grove, Calif.

LIVE WITH DAVID CARUSO—Celebrities attempt to raise their voices while tackling hard-to-understand topics. Tonight: Stupid Actor Tricks.
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

ROO MATES—Cartoon. Marsupials sit around in an outback pub and grouse about the price of martinis.
Marc Doyle, Wilmington, Del.

WELCOME BACK, JOTTER—Former prodigy returns from writing TV to his magazine-competition roots.
Gregory (33 on 1/30) Greenberg, N.Y.C.

Random titles: LOSE SOME WEIGHT, STANLEY. GREAT CHEFS OF IOWA. CHIAS! LONI'S PLACE. PSYCHO FRIENDS NETWORK. RETRO HAIR. HOUSE IMPROVEMENTS. WINDOWS '96. GREEN BAY WATCH. THAT SOON-TO-BE-GIRL. BENSONHURST PENNYSAVER. THREE MEN. CHICANO HOPE. KONVERSATIONS WITH KATO. JOHNNY CILANTRO. JUST SAY NUGATORY. JANE AUSTEN JAMBOREE. WHITHER THE WEATHER? QUEEN OF MEAN FOR A DAY. WHOOPS, I'M THE PRESIDENT.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 842, New York Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by January 26. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of New York. Results and winners' names will appear in the February 19 issue.

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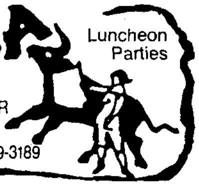

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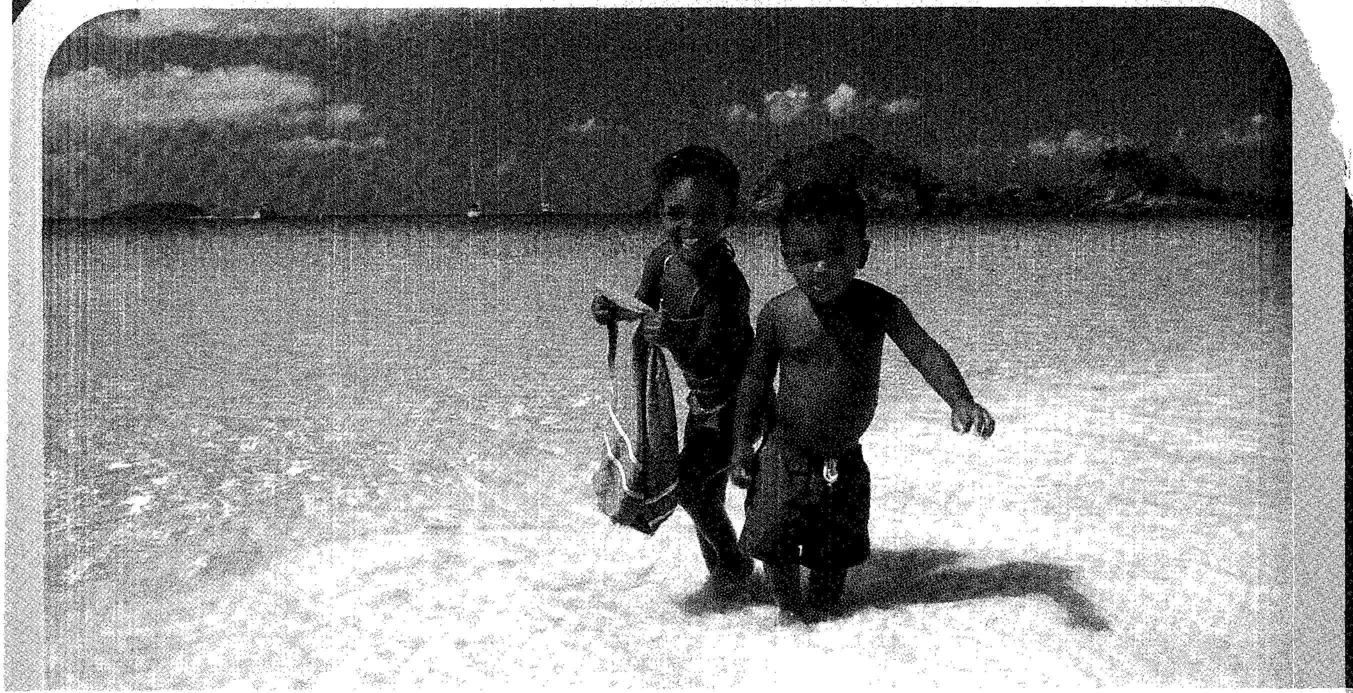

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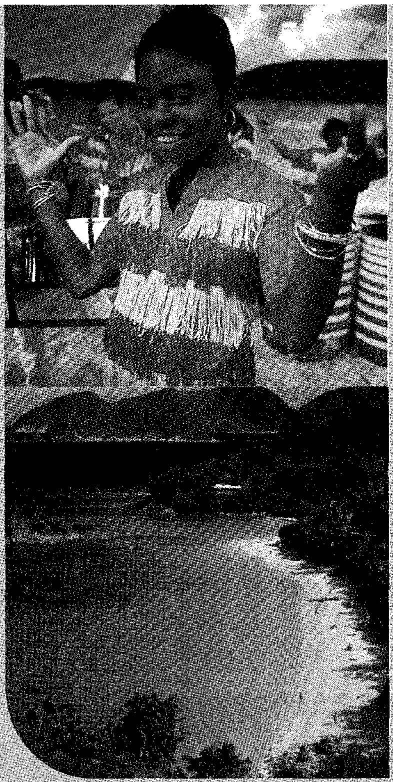

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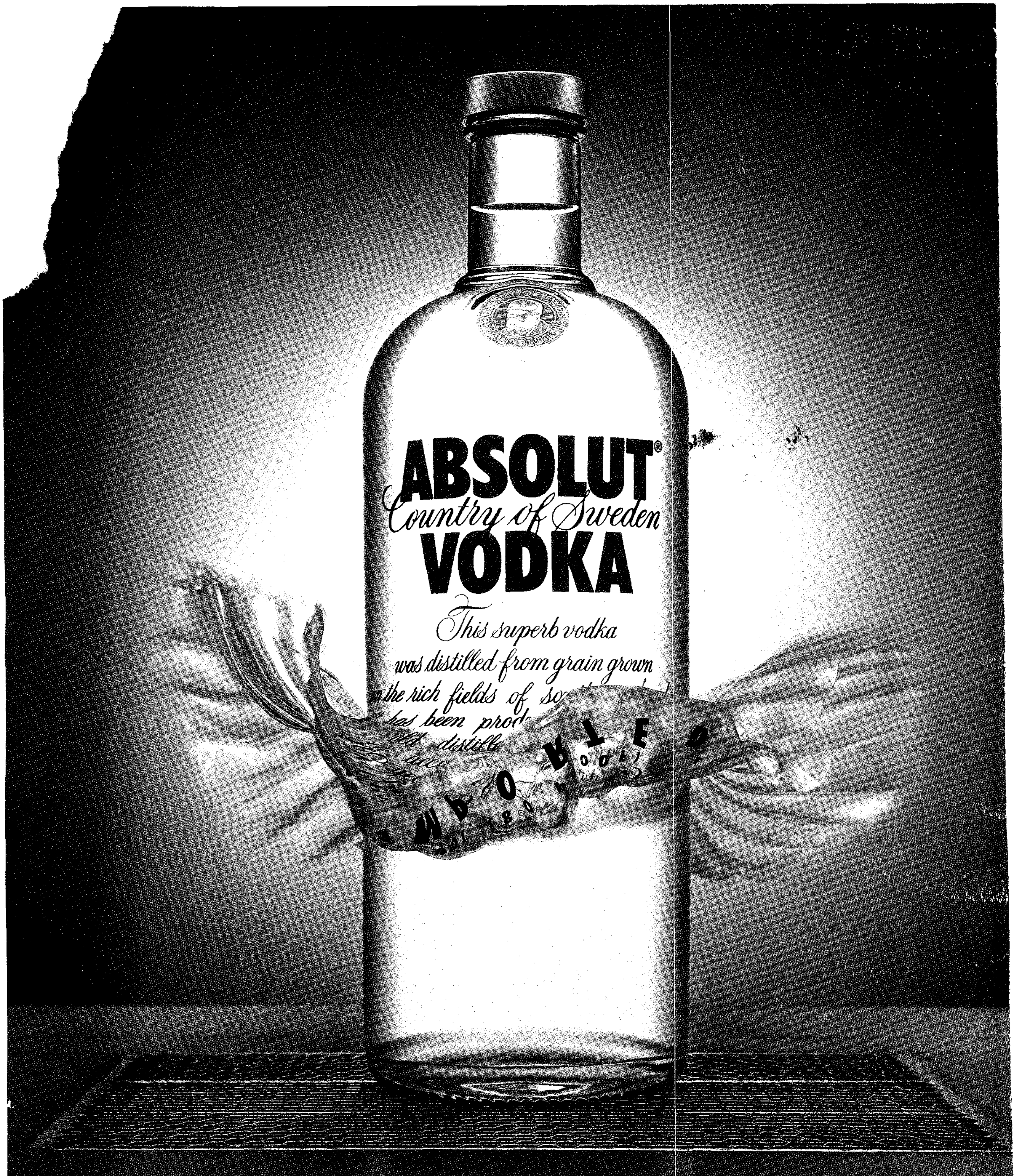
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